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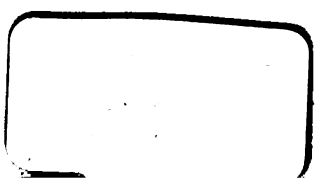

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THE

UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOLUME II.

EDITED BY

REV. HENRY W. FOOTE.

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1874.

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UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. AUGUST, 1874. No. 1.

STRENGTH MADE PERFECT IN WEAKNESS.

A SERMON PREACHED AT SOMERVILLE, ON THE SUNDAY AFTER THE FUNERAL OF REV. CHARLES LOWE, BY REV. HENRY H. BARBER.

"I must work the work of Him that sent me while it is day: for the night cometh, when no man can work" — JOHN ix. 4.

IN bringing you to-day some further words concerning our dear friend and your former pastor, I am aware that my offering may seem superfluous. The burden of our sorrow and the promise of our comfort have both been uttered. We have spoken together of our love and of our loss. We have felt our blessing in his life, and our blessing in the peace of his departure. We have watched the disappearing glow of the mounting chariot, and turned — well, if with the mantle caught from his ascending spirit — to smite the waters which part us from the next work that waits our hands. It is wonderful how soon even the heaviest trial adjusts itself to our experience, and comes to have a strange familiarity, so that we can hardly realize that there ever was a time when we were not in its shadow.

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But we would not, we ought not to turn away too suddenly from the lessons of an experience like this. Such bereavement becomes, through holy and happy recollections, a sacrament of gratitude and strengthening cheer. If there is a morbid grief which dwells too constantly and too long in the shadow of bereavement, sapping the energies of the soul and going far to cloud the world, there is also a selfish and shallow lightness which is impatient of the shadows, and unwilling to wait in the darkness while God's angels of sorrow do their work of discipline and instruction, and leave at length their healing benediction. The pressure of events usually comes strongly and soon enough to crowd the special trial into its proportioned place in our varied life; and we may well wait the Providential order, not striving to elude our burdens, but only seeking to gain their lessons and to bear them well.

Surely we whose sense of personal loss, however great, is less absorbing, may well take care that the grateful and tender emotions which have been stirred in us by the passing from among us of a life of such usefulness and worth, a spirit of so much sweetness and strength, with the peace and joy which transfigured death into deliverance, shall not be too readily displaced by the next interest that claims our thought. Doubtless, goodness makes its mark unfailingly; but certainly, too, that goodness whose memory we cherish and renew, makes deepest impress on us.

Besides, there are some portions of the services which Mr. Lowe fulfilled which have not yet been dwelt upon, and some very precious memories which have not here, at least, been adequately recalled. Of his various abilities, of the qualities that made up his general character, and of the work of his public life, nothing can be said to-day so just and so discriminating as what has been said already. The openness of his nature, the singleness and frankness of his purposes, and the heartiness and energy which he carried into every sphere of life he entered, made him to be well known and well loved in widely varying circles; and there are many far and near who will bear witness, with tender and grateful appreciation, to the same characteristic virtues, the same generous and kindly and engaging qualities. But of what he was among us and to this community, of the qualities which

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endeared him to those who knew him in the more personal and private relations of intimate friendship and companionship, of the many testimonies to his help in exigencies of difficulty or trial, and of those last days in which the quality of his spirit shone forth with wonderful brightness and beauty in the dissolving of the earthly tabernacle, something further may here be said.

The career of Charles Lowe was a long series of high undertakings, of grand beginnings. There was something almost sublime in the steadfastness and energy, no less than the patience and sweetness, with which, when forbidden to carry on for any long time a chosen course of usefulness, he returned again and again to the work which commanded his heart and life. If to have lived always in the life of noble causes, if to have struggled manfully with weariness and weakness, if to have felt himself, working or resting to work again, a part of the great ministry of Christian service, however holden or straitened, still a helper of men to the light and strength of divine realities, — if this be to have lived successfully and well, then his life is fortunate and full. There was a healthy spirit in his weak, frail body which never lost sympathy with the largest enterprises and the loftiest aims. "Not only do we need God, but God needs us," are well-remembered words he spoke on the day I first knew him; and they expressed the watchword of his spirit and the key of all his life.

But his success was not only that of high endeavor. There are attained results which would not shame a vigorous body and a longer life. Each of his pastoral settlements, though brief and broken, leaves a well-attested record of useful work and of efficient service rendered in times of sorest need, — a witness borne now that he is gone, with tender words and grateful tears. And in the larger work which he did for the church, and in the various enterprises that he projected or helped to carry out, his industry and constancy and executive talent, joined to his large charity, persuasiveness and kindness of spirit, made his endeavors remarkably successful and his work more than usually effective.

There is a lesson for us all in the resolute purpose with which he made the broken strength of his interrupted labors effective for so rich and generous results of a lifetime's work. The fact of uncertain health and probable interruption was accepted by him,

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not as ground of exemption from the responsible work of life, but as incitement to constant diligence and careful husbanding of all the fragments of strength and opportunity. He owed much of his efficiency to his habits of trained and patient labor. Mr. Lowe was systematic in thought and word. Never hurrying, he never procrastinated. Few men are so orderly and businesslike in their intellectual habits; few so far-sighted and comprehensive in their plans of future work. There is an instance of this in the fact that, notwithstanding his extreme debility, one of his last acts was to dictate the arrangement so far as practicable of the number of "The Review," which would not appear for six weeks after his departure. His powers were all remarkably well in hand. He was ready, tactful, discriminating. This made him able to discharge delicate and even painful duties, which his earnest purpose to compose difference and harmonize difficulties sometimes led him to undertake, when any one less gentle and delicately discriminating would have failed, and when one less generous and courageous in duty would have refused to mediate. He was more practical than imaginative. He did not spend his strength in dreaming of things he could not attempt. What he dared to dream of, he dared to do.

He was fruitful in beneficent projects; yet these were not chimeras, but practicable plans, thoroughly thought out, and almost sure to be executed or at least attempted, if their fulfilment depended at all upon himself. What interest of our community or of our country was there in which his interest also was not warm and active? There is hardly any department of our higher life which his thought did not grasp, and in which his fertile sagacity did not meditate some possible improvement or correction. And in how few matters of high importance has he not contributed an intelligent judgment, and the help of his personal influence and effort.

During the war he was constantly finding or making opportunities of service, from the time when his ringing voice was heard in our public square, summoning the citizen to the duty of the hour, to that Sunday at the close of the conflict, when, with the fresh news of Lincoln's assassination bearing upon his heart, he helped to reorganize the dismantled church at Charleston on the

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basis of loyalty to the national government. He sought and filled a chaplaincy among the troops gathered at Long Island, and afterwards was active in the work of the Sanitary Commission, several times going to the seat of war to minister to the welfare of the soldiers. He was eager to give himself in the most effective way for the healing of his country's wounds and the restoration of his country's integrity.

He was one of the first to take up the work of establishing schools for the freedmen, assisting in the formation of the New England Freedmen's Aid Society, and was one of the last to consent to the dissolution of that organization. He felt what we all are coming to see, that giving political power to an ignorant and hitherto subject race was attended with immense danger of abuses and misgovernment, that it imposed on the people of the North a heavy responsibility, and that the work of missionary instruction in the elements of learning, in the art of living, and the duties of citizenship, ought not to be given up for a generation. For several years he was an active member of one of the most important committees of that society, and for a long time he gave a day each week to its service, besides making several visits to the South to study and superintend the working of the schools.

But this activity in large interests of the country and of civilization did not cause him to overlook the local interests of his parish and of the community in which he lived. He was greatly interested in all the methods of education, and was one of the most valued and helpful advisers in forming the High School Association in this town, and in the measures that were taken by that organization to found a public library. He thought much upon the methods and results of our public school instruction, and accepted a few months ago a position upon the school board of this town, in the hope of carrying out some improvements which he felt to be needful and important. Several of my latest and most earnest conversations with him related to a plan, which he hoped to make practicable, of introducing some form of industrial training, experimentally, at least, into one of the public schools. While he was Secretary of the Unitarian Association he organized the Ladies Commission, for the purpose of weeding our Sunday-school libraries of worthless and pernicious books, thus ren-

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dering a service which every wise parent and teacher will gratefully acknowledge.

Had he been less a churchman and philanthropist, Mr. Lowe would have been an ardent devotee of culture. He had the tastes and instinct of the scholar; and amidst his most active labors, and even in his months of illness, he could not forbear some effort to master new knowledge and join in literary work. This taste made the last enterprise of his life, the conduct of "The Unitarian Review," a labor of love; and had he lived to carry out his plans, there is little doubt that he would have made it both a source of personal satisfaction, and a valuable agency in promoting theological scholarship and in furthering social and Christian progress.

Not an extremist in theory, every cause of wise reform engaged his hearty co-operation. I have often heard him speak with great satisfaction of a movement in which he joined and led, during his ministry here, for lessening intemperance by moral and social effort. He believed that for the time much good was accomplished. He was earnest that the church should efficiently organize for charitable and religious effort. When during the war many women were left here without support, he established in this society a relief agency which furnished employment to fifty persons. His last words in this church were in behalf of those who were suffering from the unusual straitness of the last winter. Many of you will recall the earnest sentences in which he told us that we were placed in proximity with those who are distressed, to the end that our sympathies might be developed and our hearts softened and enlarged by ministering to their relief. But there was no tolerance of needless dependence in his generosity, no weakness of sentimentalism in his philanthropy. The impulses of his heart were always balanced by quick intelligence and large common sense.

Essentially, he was a helper of men and thought and worked most to that end. His purposes of beneficence and Christian enterprise commanded confidence and secured helpers in an unusual degree. The secret of it was, that he was himself thoroughly consecrated to human service. His distinguishing

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moral quality was unselfishness. He felt with with his land, and was one with his kind.

The testimony is singularly full as to the confidence and affection which Mr. Lowe everywhere inspired. As a boy among his schoolmates, as a tutor in college, as a traveler in this country and abroad, — he everywhere won the hearty respect and love of his associates. "He converted the Bedouins to faith in Christianity," said his traveling companion in the East; "and by his interposition saved many a poor fellow from cruel punishment." He had a completeness of moral sympathy which brought him into cordial and delightful relations with humanity everywhere. "His letters were like love letters," said one who was stationed as a missionary at a distant post while Mr. Lowe was Secretary of the Association.

He was equally hearty and successful in carrying out plans suggested by others as in those which he himself originated. When Mr. Sears' happy suggestion of local conferences was brought forward at Syracuse, it was Mr. Lowe that acted upon it. He called a meeting of ministers, and the system of local conferences was planned and brought forth in this church. Severe and ungenerous criticisms were sometimes made upon his course as Secretary, but I never saw or heard of any sign or trace of wounded personal feeling in any written or spoken word of his. It was not that he lacked sensitiveness, but that he cared more for the cause he had at heart than for himself. He disarmed criticism of its bitterness often, by cheerful acceptance of any possible justice in it, and by cordial assertion of the right and value of frank statement of honest difference.

The thoughtfulness, the gentleness, the painstaking, the delicate suggestions, the cordial appreciation of another's work, or of the slightest service to himself, which characterized all his intercourse, — how these things press on our remembrance! He was a friend of whom one may speak without measured phrases. His character was so round, his spirit so sweet, his work according to his strength so full, that there is no occasion to choose or balance words in speaking of his life. The truth concerning him is his sufficient eulogy. Not that I suppose him to have been without imperfec-

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tion or sense of moral weakness; but the imperfection was not permitted to grow to any visible harvest of bitterness or evil, and the inward struggle was always victorious. If there ever was any hard or selfish side of his nature, I never found a clew to where it lay. He was frank and simple, and wisely prudent. He never lost mental or spiritual poise. With enough confidence in his powers to enable him to wield them at all times, there was never a look, not a trace, of self-consciousness in his bearing. The glow of his speech was without suspicion of fanaticism; the zeal of his religious and denominational fervor, without any touch of harshness, narrowness, or sectarian bigotry. While earnest and positive in conviction, and persistent in the method he judged to be wise and the cause he believed to be good, he was ready to concede everything but essential truth, and efficient work in its behalf. His urgency for that made him yielding in everything but that. He rejoiced in all signs of increasing co-operation in religious effort, and welcomed every promise of broadening Christian fellowship. To borrow his own happy figure on a well-remembered occasion, his ear was quick to hear and glad to recognize the clink of the approaching hammers, which told him that from opposing sides the builders of the way of the Lord were drawing near together, and near to the central heart of truth.

It was a severe trial to Mr. Lowe when he was obliged to give up repeatedly, and at length finally, the active work of the profession he had chosen. After leaving the Secretaryship of the Association, and again on his return from abroad, he was urgently pressed to take charge of an important neighboring parish; and each time he held the proposal in careful and deliberate consideration, longing to undertake what I am sure his judgment at once forbade him to think practicable. He preached but once after his return, and the exhaustion that followed this effort showed him that he could not hope to enter the pastoral work again. But with his whole soul he loved and believed in that work, and was fitted for eminent success in it. His gifts of voice and presence attracted and fastened attention; and the glow of his earnestness, the completeness of his sympathy, and the practical and constructive quality of his mind, made his pulpit offices always impressive and helpful. He loved this church of his latest and longest ser-

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vice. Burdened before with the heavy duties of large parishes, and struggling often with severe illness, it is not strange that he remembered the years of his ministry here with especial satisfaction. The lighter duties of a smaller parish, the advantages of this neighborhood, your ready consideration of the exigencies of his precarious health, with other circumstances, perhaps, joined to make this the happiest and most fortunate of his three pastoral settlements, and also made it pleasant for him to continue his home among us.

In the conduct of the various activities of the parish, his organizing mind and practical wisdom, together with his energy and enthusiasm, made him remarkably efficient and successful. He never allowed you to forget the claims of your Christian faith upon your service and generous contributions, nor to lose sight of the various causes of charity and philanthropy which needed your support. The children loved his presence, and he knew how to meet them and awaken their interest. Our Sunday school has always had his remembrance and regard; and I doubt if any one of its anniversaries has passed without a written or spoken word from him.

But it was as a pastor in times of trial and bereavement that he came closest to the hearts of his people. While his sensitiveness of nature may have sometimes checked and limited his utterance of sympathy, and made it impossible for him ever to obtrude undesired or merely formal consolations, and while his physical weakness kept him sometimes from those he gladly would have comforted, and made his pastoral service often costly to him in a degree that was little suspected, yet none could be left in doubt of the fullness of his sympathy; and very many will hold him in dear and sacred remembrance for the tenderness of his counsels, and the uplifting help of his strong and cheerful faith. From each place of his earlier settlement come testimonies to the inestimable worth of his presence and sympathy at such seasons; and I need hardly speak of the preciousness to many among you of the service you could not spare in your trials and bereavements, so cheerfully and tenderly rendered down to the last months of his life.

It was good for us that he dwelt among us so long. His

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counsels were never refused to our perplexities, his sympathies never cold in our discouragements and sorrows. Every good work among us had his cordial word of encouragement; if possible, his active co-operation. His friendly presence cheered and gladdened our gatherings for social intercourse; and his earnest and timely words enriched our evenings of discussion and our meetings for religious conversation and communion. His successor in the ministry of this church may be permitted to bear grateful and heartfelt testimony to the kindness so constant, the helpful counsel and sympathy so generous, delicate, and cordial, as to make very real and strengthening the sense of having in him, without any official tie, a spiritual adviser and colleague. His earnestness and activity in every large interest of humanity, kept steadily up in the midst of frequent exhaustion and constant weakness, have been to us all a stimulus to high and generous aims; and his gentle and self-sacrificing spirit, manifest in all his bearing and relations with us, has been an incitement and example of goodness, — more persuasive, perhaps, because of the frailness of the form through which such vigor and devotedness of spirit were made manifest.

The long impending blow came suddenly at last. We had watched his failing strength during the spring with much apprehension; yet the wonderful elasticity of his constitution, as evinced in past recoveries, buoyed up our hopes that we might keep him a little longer with us.

During anniversary week, he attended for a part of each day the meetings in which he was always so deeply interested, though feeling too weak to take part, as in the case of the meeting of the Unitarian Association he earnestly desired. His last public act, I think, was to move a resolution of respect to the memory of a lamented brother in the ministry. At the close of the week he drove with his family to Swampscott, hoping to find in the salt breezes the refreshment and invigoration which he had often experienced there before. For a day or two he seemed better, and enjoyed walking a little upon the beach. On Sunday night, however, an attack of hemorrhage occured which greatly prostrated his strength, and confined him to his room. He rallied somewhat after a few days, and though the attack was renewed

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at intervals, was able to sit up at length, and hopes were cherished that he would soon be as well as before. He enjoyed sitting at his window and looking out upon the sea; and was glad to be from home because of the freedom from care which gave him the uninterrupted society of his family. But three days before he died there was a recurrence of his worst symptoms, and when the hemorrhage was over he began to sink rapidly. During the night of Thursday, June 18, he suffered intensely; and when his wife, who left him this once only because he insisted that she should rest, greeted him in the morning, both knew without words that the end was near.

But though unexpected, the change did not overcome him. When those he loved were able to give him up he was more than ready. "Now all is right, now all is beautiful," he said. His abounding peace that day lifted all who were about him into serene exaltation. He passed much of the morning in finally arranging his affairs; and in dictating loving words of remembrance to many friends, only ceasing to mention their names from the fear that the task of transmitting his messages might be too heavy a burden. The thoughtful love, which always spoke in his eye and in his actions, in the unreserve of these last hours found full expression in his words to all who were about him. "How I love you," he said to us who stood for a few moments by his side; and I knew that his heart was reaching out then to embrace you also who were not there. When I tried to tell him for myself and for you how much we owed him and how dear we held him, and what a strength and blessing we had felt in his presence, he said repeatedly and warmly, "I only wish that I could have done more." He spoke most affectionate words of cheer and counsel to one with whom he had been much in a recent heavy bereavement; and bade us good-by in his heartiest tones and with his sunniest smile.

Afterwards, he recounted with his friends many of the most pleasant scenes and genial friendships of his life, recalling with especial delight and gratitude the memory of many kindnesses received, and many seasons of happy intercourse with one and another which he had been permitted to enjoy. It was an hour of most precious communion with those he loved, in the best

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experiences of a lifetime and the best hopes of that immortal life which stood near and real before him. He addressed himself to each of the dear ones about him, with tender and cheerful words of counsel and affection. "Think that I shall be well and happy," he urged them. He said that he was glad to lay down the suffering body, and put on the new health and power of immortality. "I shall want to rest awhile," he said; "but after that there will be higher work for me to do." He thought that he should be near and helpful to those he loved. "Be cheerful, be happy," he told them; "do not shut the sunshine out of our home; let there be nothing gloomy because of my departure; there is no separation."

Some incidents of this day, simple in themselves, you will be glad to know, as they illustrate the character of our friend. The following is of interest as showing also the true idea of one of our Christian rites. As night approached, he urged those about him to go down to the evening meal. His wife declined, asking that a little refreshment be brought to her at his bed-side. "Yes," he said, "I will take it with you; and it shall be our communion service." So they ate and drank the Last Supper together, remembering Christ in the bread and in the cup, in the way he doubtless meant; not making it a formal observance, but talking simply and naturally of the Divine Brother whose love he felt, and whom he was soon to see. "I have not always felt religious emotion as I wished," he said with an earnest look; "but I feel it now," — a confession which may have its comfort for many other dutiful and faithful spirits, who have blamed themselves for lack of religious feeling. I should not repeat these words if I were not sure that he would be glad if any should find help from his statement of an experience which has been common to many of the saintliest among men, and did I not believe that the largeness of his aspiration dwarfed his sense of attainment. The energies of his frail body had been so constantly transmuted into action, that little vital force perhaps was left to feed the springs of emotion; and so the very faithfulness with which he served his Master may have sometimes brought him into a state in which he doubted the warmth of his affection for him. If that were so, his fidelity was abundantly justified, and his doubts resolved gloriously at the last. His Chris-

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tian affections glowed warm and strong in the fore-feeling of the Blessed Life. "It has been one of the happiest days of my life," he said at evening. The long weary march lay behind, and the rest of home in sight. The blessings of the past were recalled, not for regret, but for gratitude; the pains and infirmities of the past, not for repinings over its weakness and burden, but for content in the approaching change. So his exalted spirit made good and ill, life and death, things present and things to come, minister to its gratitude and peace; and chose the divine side of each, because the law of a divine life controlled and glorified it in all. At the evening it was light.

With the morning of his last day there came to our friend an earnest longing to be gone. The words of farewell had been spoken, the final arrangements made; nothing was left but to await departure. He who had always thought of others before himself was almost eager now to relieve the strain and weariness of those who watched and waited about his bed. Nor need we forbear to state that he shrank from the thought of enduring long the great distress which at intervals oppressed him. Happily the paroxysms were few and short. He greeted with tenderness and delight an old and dear friend, who came in his last hours; and all his thoughtfulness for others, as well as his desire to be gone for his own sake and theirs, found characteristic expression. Having been greatly refreshed by taking a little water, he seemed to regret the new strength which he felt could only prolong the parting, and exclaimed, "It was a mistake; it has revived me;" and added, "How I pity you all."

Something of the exaltation of the preceding day remained to the last. He was repeatedly raised to look out upon the sea, in which he seemed to find ever fresh delight. When it was thought that he would hardly speak again, he surprised those about him by joining in the chanting of the twenty-third Psalm, his voice sinking at the verse, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," but rising again to distinctness with the words, "My cup runneth over."

And so, celebrating Goodness and Mercy, he sank down into peace. He joined soon in the New Song beside the Crystal Sea. It is the privilege of spirits such as his to make death beautiful for

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us all in their departure. It is one of the marvellous compensations of the Divine order, that the greatness of our loss suggests at once the greatness of our consolations. None who witnessed the exaltation of those last days of peace can fail to feel its cheering influences whenever the shadow of death draws near; and I have dwelt upon them now, believing that you will catch something of their cheer and their revelation, and in his vanquishing of death be helped yourselves to subdue its fear.

Yet it is still more in the memory of what all his life has been that his death is hallowed to us. Had his last hours all been clouded by distress, or sunk in unconsciousness, little could even then be lacking to the sanctity and beauty of these memorial hours. Death would still be shorn of terror, through the power and sweetness with which goodness affirms itself immortal. The dying grace vouchsafed him was but fit completion of a gracious life. But as we thus turn back from the beautiful scene of his departure to remember the lessons of his life, let us carry with us these clear impressions of the Divine comfort granted him and conviction of immortality assured to him. If they sweeten death in our thought, they also ennoble life. And this is the more urgent lesson; since we can better forego peaceful foresight of death than the inspiring power of earnest, consecrated living. Perhaps we ought not to be reconciled with death, save through the uplifting and disciplining agency of self-forgetting work for man, and loyal following where the Heavenly Will leads on. No willingness to die that comes otherwise is divine, though it may be natural, even inevitable, sometimes. No other is so much victory over death, as defeat and despair of life.

Our dear friend, I am sure, loved, even hoped, to live. The years of weakness and weariness had not made life a burden; or if sometimes a burden, one that was patiently and cheerfully borne. The work he found to do, the good he found to enjoy, were constant incitement and compensation. His singularly balanced nature and happy temperament gave little place to depression or morbid forebodings. He lived generously in the present and the future, using faithfully the measure of his strength, always hoping, always planning to do more. It was only when this expectation gave way, suddenly to him, that the current of his desire and longing

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swung at once, with little struggle, into accord with the new onlooking. Death nor life was able to disturb his trust nor part him from his assurance.

The dear and honored presence is withdrawn. We miss henceforth the warm clasp of the hand, the clear, genial glance of the earnest eye, the sunny smile, the cordial tones,— the fellowship, the counsel, the helpful suggestions, which these conveyed; we miss the hearty, kindly, gentle, and devoted temper in which he lived among us,— which clothed him with the spirit of service, and made his presence a benediction. Shall we not all catch the mantle of his spirit as the prophet ascends? While the impress of his character lingers fresh in our hearts, framed in the setting of his happy and divinely peaceful death, let us hold and fix it there for our spiritual quickening and admonition.

For the night cometh. Whether finished or incomplete, we must leave our work at the going down of the sun. Too soon for us the night has come in which the long-worn frame of our friend can work no longer, but has welcome rest. The unbated energy of all these weary years of flickering life, but most brave, persistent effort and endurance, makes the lesson of the night that has fallen one with the deeper impressiveness of the striving and attainment of the day's full hours, of the sweet and hearty loyalty with which he worked the work of Him who appointed to him the day, and has now appointed the night. Night, as we see; but to him the break of the eternal dawn. The lesson of his day and night help us to a faithfulness like his, and brighten for us also the evening shadows!

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THE GAIN OF HISTORY.

WHEREIN consists the gain of history? The question implies a larger one, to which its answer alone will furnish a solution: Does mankind advance? Do the changes of history involve corresponding gains? This question suggests the thoughts to which I will call your attention at this time.

The question is vast and vague. It is so vast that I shall be able to touch only two or three leading aspects of it, such as may seem most suited to this occasion. It is vague, because it may appear doubtful where the history of the race begins. Scientific speculation points us back through vistas almost interminable, up through which has pressed the life of which our human life is only the culmination. It would make the history of our life identical with the history of all life upon this globe. I shall not venture upon the tempting fields that are thus thrown open. I shall not ask whether the lowly Ascidian, in whose little sack was contained, as we are told, all the possibilities of earthly life, was or was not better off than we, his remote descendants. The question, whether the dreamless sleep of this lowly life might be considered as in any way preferable to the fully-rounded consciousness of the present, would flow into the larger question, as to whether non-existence is not after all better than existence; for if to sleep is better than to be awake, then not to be is better than to sleep.

Neither will I compare civilization with the barbarism from which, as we are told, it sprang. The gulf that separates the two is now so wide that it cannot be easily spanned, even by the help of the imagination. Barbarism contains so much that is foreign to us, so much that is repulsive to us, that we cannot enter into the heart of it. Our thought of it is apt to swing from a sickly romanticism on the one side, to a superficial literalism on the other; and even could we make the comparison fairly it would involve questions larger and more fundamental than I propose to raise to-day.

As we avoid complications with scientific theories on the one

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side, so will we avoid theological complications on the other. I will not take you to the garden of Eden, that we may judge whether the so-called fall of man was really a fall or an elevation. The great mystery of evil we will not attempt to sound.

Avoiding then all matters of theory, we will take history as it actually, or, at least, as it openly, begins. We will take it at the moment, at least, when it begins properly to be called history. Such a moment was that when the Chinese, some three thousand centuries before Christ, under the inspiration of their emperor Fo-hi, awoke to the consciousness of the higher life, and found themselves with the rudiments of a science, a philosophy, a literature, and a religion. Such a moment was that in which the ancient Iranians, under the inspiration of Zoroaster, awoke to the consciousness of the great conflict between good and evil; or that in which the ancient Indian raised the songs, sweet and lofty, many of them, which we find embodied in the early Vedas. The true moment for comparison would be, could we reach it, that which our Aryan ancestors occupied at the time of their dispersion. The nature of their civilization we can guess with some approximation to the truth from inherited customs and from the testimony of language. We can, however, get the fullest revelation from the Vedic literature to which I have just referred, the product of the children who stood the nearest to them, and who received from them the fullest inheritance. These ancient Aryans were, as I have said, our ancestors. We can look back and see them, dimly, in their ancient home, that home which we may call ours also. We can catch some faint vision of their civilization, we can hear the distant echoes of their songs. We find them already surrounded with many of the comforts, many of the luxuries of civilization, and not wholly free, though more free than ourselves, from the vices of civilization. The family was there, with its sanctity and its mutual helpfulness. In them the race had begun its life of thought, of faith, of aspiration, its life of questioning and struggle, its moral and its æsthetic life. They were our fathers. We look back upon them over these four thousand years, if we may use so definite a number where all is so vague and uncertain. The space that separates us includes all that we know as to the history of the family of nations to which we

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belong. It includes the wanderings of our race, their battlings, their triumphs. It includes the beauty of Greece, the stateliness of Rome, the philosophy of Germany, the practicality of England, the liberty of America. It includes the hoary traditions of what we call the old, the science of what we call the new. It is worth while, as we look back to where our fathers stood at the very beginning of this mighty process, to ask ourselves whether, or wherein, we are better or better off than they.

In entering upon the discussion before us, it may be well to ask what interest we have in its decision. On which side would the natural faith that all is for the best range itself. We are naturally optimistic, and I think that we are apt to assume that faith in the progress of the race is demanded by any form of optimism. We ask, Can all the experience and struggles of these long ages have been in vain? This faith in the steady advancement of the world is specially strong in the period of youth. So long as the individual is gaining every day in strength and knowledge and mastery of himself and of the world, so long does he feel that humanity is also making constant gains. Perhaps the first feelings that, after all, this may not be so, that the race may be, if not absolutely degenerating, at least stationary, marks the moment when the first impulse of youth has spent itself, when the man has reached the highest point in his ascent, and pauses before taking the downward path. In many cases, however, this faith maintains itself during the whole life; and this is especially the case in the youth of a nation. The nation's advance is felt to typify the movement of the world. The individual catches the spirit of his people and feels possessed of a perpetual youth. The converse of this may be seen in the fact that when the Roman empire seemed sinking into decay, falling through the rottenness of its own corruption, the belief became wide-spread that the world itself was hastening to its end. In the midst of the active, triumphant life of to-day, anything that casts a doubt over the faith that universal progress is the manifest destiny of man seems to build a wall about the horizon which stifles us by its closeness. Whatever truth there may be in this faith, perhaps it assumes too much. The faith of optimism may be presented in another form. If the world is the best possible, should it not be at every stage

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the best possible? Would not our faith be better satisfied with the belief in a system of compensations, by virtue of which no one age can boast itself over another. I think that we are apt to assume too hastily that the earlier exists for the sake of the later. We are apt to think of childhood and youth as existing for the sake of maturity: might we not as easily look upon maturity as existing for the sake of childhood and youth? Because we like fruit we look upon the flowers of the peach and pear as existing for its sake; but because we like roses and lilies we take it for granted that the seed vessels exist that flowers may be produced. Whatever interests us we take to be the final cause. So we men in our philosophies look upon childhood and youth as merely transitional stages. But why might not a less interested observer look upon children as we do upon the flowers of the woods or the garden? So we look upon the earlier civilization as merely a preparation for the later. Spinoza had a great thought in his mind when he denied the principle of final causes. Every moment and every thing he felt had its end in itself. He could conceive of nothing as existing for the sake of something else. The thought seemed to him to degrade the world. We may not, perhaps, accept this position in its completeness, but I think we may at least affirm that nothing exists merely for something else; that however much each may contribute to that which comes after, each has sufficient excuse for being in itself. This view applied to history would introduce a great repose into the scenes which are pictured there. We should feel that history did not exist merely for its consummation. You hurry through a novel to find that John and Susan were married at the end. But the interest, the substance of the story, does not consist in this. You read as much in the marriage column of every newspaper. When you have reached that the story is finished. The child in the theatre is hurried on in breathless eagerness to the last act of the tragedy which seems to him to cap the climax to the whole. But this is the moment when the old play-goer is apt to leave. The play for him is already over. The histories of philosophy give us in few words the result of this system and of that; the young student studies it, and fancies that he has got the gist of all. As he grows older he learns that the value of each system consists less

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in its result than in its unfolding. It is so in history. We hurry on from point to point to reach the end, but the history is going on all the time. Each moment has its own worth and beauty. Our preachers and moralists are apt to point to the slowness of God's working, to check by the thought our restless impetuosity of pursuit. The moral is a good one, but it is for the most part too superficial. God, we are told, was so many myriad of centuries employed in fitting up the earth for man, and so many more in leading man up to the place he occupies to-day; God's plans move slowly, but they reach their issue without fail. If God's only object had been to create man, or even man of the nineteenth century, I think that the work would have been more quickly done. If the work moved slowly it was because each stage in it was an end in itself. If love brooded over all, each was in its turn beloved. The plan was accomplished at every moment.

I had a friend who in traveling thought that he had learned no city till he had so identified himself with it as to have some feeling as to what it would be to live there. If we would study history aright, we should so identify ourselves with every epoch as to feel that it was worthy to stand out by itself from among the rest, and have all minister to it. We should then understand better why it was that, as we phrase it, God did not hurry through his work. The assumptions of our conceit might be disturbed, but we should be brought into a healthier relation with the world.

On the other hand, as Ruskin affirms that no picture is complete that has not an opening into the infinite, so it may be that no age is complete without the possibility and the fact of a progression towards something better, and that progress is thus essential to the optimistic view even of the earlier epochs considered in themselves. But even this fact would put the ages upon a certain equality. The same infinitude of possibilities would stretch before the latest as before the earliest; and in the presence of this great fact the later would hardly exult itself overmuch in respect to the earlier.

Among the circumstances that may tend to the exaggeration of the actual rate of progress which society may be making, is found the fact that we start in our estimate from some comparatively recent period of history. We look back, for instance, to the

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period of persecution. Looking back upon such points, we feel, truly, that we have actually advanced. I need hardly remark that the sweeping away of abuses that have been produced in the course of history does not imply that history itself is an advance. A man who is rowing up a stream may, through a moment of inadvertance, or through the striking of some fierce rapid, be whirled backward down the stream up which he has advanced with so much difficulty. When he recovers himself, and begins again to ply the oar, he advances, certainly, but would hardly consider himself as making actual progress. We may illustrate the same thing by the triumphs of the medical profession. This is continually accomplishing wonders in the struggle against death, yet death, in every individual case, wins the victory at last, and that too, in almost every case, before the natural term of life has been reached; and in spite of all discovery and all improvement the average length of life has not materially increased. The profession finds enough to do to enable the world to hold its own against the rapidly increasing strength and hurry of the current. Much of the so-called advance of our civilization is of this nature. It enables us to hold, or to regain, our own. Then too, I think that we are apt to look upon the past in the most unfavorable light. Thus, for instance, we think of the Roman empire as a period of universal corruption. We forget the statement of Gibbon, that the period between the death of Domitian and the accession of Commodus, a period of about ninety years, was that in which the condition of the human race was the most happy and prosperous.

On the other hand, facts are often insisted upon for the purpose of lowering our pride, which, properly understood, would increase it. Thus we are told how the Chinese anticipated many of the discoveries of which we boast; that they discovered, for instance, and applied the properties of the magnetic needle in the twelfth century before Christ; or that the Egyptians possessed mechanical appliances which surpassed anything with which we are acquainted. A further question, however, arises with respect to the relation of these discoveries and inventions to the general mass of knowledge, and the use that was made of them. If I wished to exalt our period I would take just such a fact as this early discovery of the magnetic needle by the Chinese. I would show that with them it was

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a single fact, accidentally hit upon, while with us it has its place in the great organized body of scientific knowledge; and I would ask, What have the Chinese accomplished with the magnetic needle through all these centuries? Europe has by its aid explored the ocean; it has penetrated to the Arctic seas; it has discovered new worlds; what have the Chinese to show for its possession? This comparison makes clear that what with them was an accident, with us is an integral part of our civilization. Or what has Egypt to show for its wonderful machinery? Its most characteristic work would seem to be the pyramids, which are imposing indeed, but which are simply symmetrical piles of stone.

If, after having thus cleared away certain prejudices, on the one side and the other, we now look directly at the field before us, our civilization divides itself into two elements: the one that of life, the other that of thought. The world that opens before us is so vast and complex as to discourage all attempt at presentation, but we shall seek to distinguish only the most general tendencies. These can perhaps be presented in few words, and if the statement be true, its truth will be obvious with very little proof or illustration. And we shall pass with special rapidity over the first of these elements, dwelling chiefly upon the second, as more in accordance with the character of this occasion.

It is a universally admitted fact that the tendency of our society is towards individualization. This tendency is based upon what may be called the arithmetical view of life; the view, namely, that regards society as made up of units, any one of which is equal to any other. The early society we may perhaps assume to be, under one form or another, patriarchal. It was thus an organization from which each individual derived his worth, in which each had his place, and in which, while true to his position, each had his function and his support. In time of scarcity all indeed suffered together, but the prosperity of the whole involved the prosperity of each. There was a a lack of stimulus, but there was security; there was a lack of enterprise, but there were the old-fashion virtues of fidelity and loyalty. The so-called patriarchal institution of the South was, in many respects, a mere travesty of the normal condition of this form of life. It was the creature of one age astray amid the life of another. It was like a bird of

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night bewildered amid the glare of day; or it was like a raft fitted for the smooth current of the river, but soon dashed to pieces amid the whirl of the ocean. Such was the patriarchal institution, adapted to the repose of earlier forms of society, but amid the intensity, the change, the hurry, the turmoil of the present, it was out of place and was thus fruitful of evil. Thus the painful breaking up and separation of families was a feature of it hardly to be avoided in the circumstances of our present life. It was like the breaking up of the river raft upon the ocean.

The new position of the individual is more manly, more independent than the old, but involves, in a multitude of cases, the life-long, hand-to-hand battle with the wolf at the door, of which the old knew nothing. It leads labor and capital to be regarded as opposed to one another, as having not merely different but antagonistic interests. The strife between these two interests is beginning to constitute one of the great features of the time. Of course, organization of some sort is the remedy; but thus far organization has taken chiefly the form of trades-unions. These institutions are often of the highest benefit, but in them the principal of individualization has been carried to its extreme. This involves a complete leveling process, and the arithmetical view of society reaches its extreme results. One great object of the trades-unions should be to render possible individual advancement in any trade. The members of it should be able to rise by means of it. But this would break up the arithmetical equality of the units, and the trades-unions seek to render this impossible.

We are in the habit of defining progress as the passage from simple to more complex relations. If this be progress, and if the individual exists for the sake of society, there has certainly been advance; for our society is infinitely more complex than it was once. But if society exists for the sake of the individual, then our doubt returns; for while society has been growing complex, the life of the individual has been, in many cases, growing bare. The workman in a pistol factory could once make a pistol; now he knows about nothing except a minute part of the pistol. In pin factories many men pass their life in sharpening pins. Their activity is literally reduced to a point. The activity of teachers in our public schools is becoming confined to the passing of

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scholars over and over, not a single text-book merely, but a few pages of a text-book. Thus individual lives tend to become not mere units, but unorganized units, mere points without extension. Very much the same arithmetical principle is found in a democratic government. It is a mistake to think that a democracy is specially unmanageable in a time of crisis. Its great power is found in its ability to meet crisis. In a crisis men are valued not as mere units, but for what each is worth; and in a democracy the men having most ability are soon pushed forward eagerly to the front. Under this changed aspect of affairs the old virtues shine forth in their old glory. But when the crisis is over, we fall back upon the arithmetical theory of life: one unit is worth as much as another. No longer is the best man sought for the place of trust. The offices are to be filled by the people, not for them. Hence come the cries of Rotation in office, and To the victors belong the spoils; principles which carried out, would lead to the destruction of a nationality, as truly as the disintegration of the stone would lead to the downfall of the building of which it was a part. I do not forget the immense advantages of a democracy. Perhaps the greatest of these is that of reaction against abuse. No democracy, worthy of the name, can be long oppressed even by itself. It is thus a protection against the accumulated evils of society. Compared with former tyrannies, even with present monarchies and aristocracies, it is to be preferred. But these evils against which it guards are the products of history, and the removal of them by history does not leave us its debtors. It is as if a river should sweep away in one generation a sand-bank which it had deposited in a former. At best liberty is not progress. It is a condition of progress. Its worth depends upon its use.

I know that the process that we have described leads to great wealth. It develops the resources of a state. But wealth is not an end in itself: like liberty, it is a means to an end. Its value depends upon its use. So far as it is used for the promotion of knowledge, for the production, or the popularization, of real beauty, or for the ends of philanthropy and religion, so far it may be an object of just pride; but so far as it renders society feeble or corrupt, so far as it is absorbed in extravagant tastelessness, so far as it makes life more difficult instead of easier, so far

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it is not a blessing, but a curse. The poorest home beautified by taste, which is no mean form of genius, is richer than the costliest one burdened by deformities of upholstery that represent merely money. Labor-saving machines that make work; help that hinders; luxury that burdens; comforts that enervate, are like an over-abundant currency that gives everybody the sense of being rich while the cost of living is so enhanced thereby that all but the very rich are poor.

But it is of its knowledge that the age makes its greatest boast. The achievements of science we feel to be its greatest glory. In this is found the fruit of the weary years through which the generations have toiled up and on to the proud position which we occupy to-day. But here also the question with which we started presses upon us with as much pertinence and pertinacity as ever.

We find voices, and voices too of authority, not lacking to throw discredit upon the fact of gain. Goethe was fortunate in that the scientific as well as the æsthetic world was thrown open to him. He represented the science of his day as truly as he did its literature. He indeed opened one of the lines of thought which has led to the richest results. His great work, the Faust, was doubtless an outgrowth from his own life. The poem begins with a wail of sorrow for the absolute impossibility of knowing anything. Faust had studied everything only to find that we can know nothing. The Faust has been called the saddest of poems. The consciousness of this hopeless ignorance is one of the chief elements of this sadness, and the poem is all the sadder because it, in this, expresses the feeling which so many share to-day.

Goethe was probably the last man able to represent all science. In these days science is too vast to be condensed into a single focus. A single branch of one science, if it be studied faithfully, is enough to occupy a lifetime. Goethe was fortunate in standing at the parting of the ways. Perhaps few, if any, at the present day have such varied knowledge as Herbert Spencer. Perhaps thus he, as truly as any other, may be considered a representative man of the age. If he cannot fill this place perfectly, it is because no man can fill it. It is interesting to notice that he takes up the cry of Faust, only more cheerfully. He begins his work by pointing us down into the abyss of the unknowable.

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Alpine travelers tell us that sometimes a terrible abyss is bridged over by a reach of hard, drifted snow, so solid that one can walk over it, for the most part, in security; so thin that a stroke of the Alpenstock will pierce it, leaving an opening through which may be discerned the blue vacancy beneath. Herbert Spencer drives his staff through the thin stratum of drifted words, of consolidated forms of thought, of congealed tradition which we have felt to be so solid beneath our feet, and bids us look and see the fathomless depths of the unknowable above which we stand. The very words in which we express our science, the very ideas which form its substance, the ideas of space and force and the rest, which together make up our science, these dissolve themselves into irreconcilable contradictions at our touch, just as a bit of snow, when we grasp it, melts and runs out through our fingers, leaving our hand empty. He tells us indeed that what we call our knowledge bears a certain constant relation to reality, so that practically we have enough to guide us in our lives, and bids us be content with this practical sufficiency. But does this satisfy the great longing for knowledge, for knowledge for its own sake, which has been the inspiration of the race. The practical results of knowledge have been so vast because they have been incidental. The Chinese have cared for no knowledge save that which is practical, and therefore their arts have accomplished so little. Herbert Spencer himself is not satisfied with this. His inspiration is the pursuit of knowledge for the sake of knowing. What practical concern have we with the method of the origin of life upon the world? what with the succession of geologic strata? what with the thin nebulous matter out of which the globe may have been formed? As matters of knowledge these things stir our deepest life, otherwise they concern us not; and it is questions of this nature that most absorb the interest of Herbert Spencer.

I am not asking whether the result of which I have spoken be or be not true, but whether it be a thing to exult over. When we look back at the noble lives of men who have toiled after knowledge, who have toiled cheerfully, hopefully, through all hardship and pain, and have died fancying with joy that they had done something to increase the sum of human knowledge, and then look upon this as the end, and utter, as the result of all, the words that

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consumed the heart of Faust, "We find that we can know nothing," I confess that the end seems hardly to crown the work. We might almost envy our Aryan fathers, as they pushed forth forth from the strand, full of the enthusiasm of discovery, if now the voyage is practically ended, and we must turn our prows in other directions for other gains, loading our ships with merchandise instead of truth.

Let us now leave the extreme results of Herbert Spencer, and glance at those who take the world more in earnest. Perhaps we should first meet Büchner and those who on the whole agree with him. These reduce the universe to matter and force. Here again I do not dispute the result, I ask merely whether it is gain; whether even if it be true and worth the knowing, as all truth is, it is a discovery to be boasted over. It is a very singular fact that if this be the result of our modern science, we have reached substantially the position occupied by the Chinese some three thousand years before Christ. The earliest book of the Chinese, so far as it can be comprehended, represents the universe as made up of two elements existing in every object in various proportions. Of these two elements, one was active, the other inert. We may call them, therefore, force and matter. The modern science understands better the laws of force. It can calculate the transference of force; but its elements are lifeless in its hands. The matter is dead matter, the force is aimless force. We have merely superficial and mechanical relations. With the early Chinese the elements were living, were divine; at once the substance and the rulers of the world. And when I look at the living world about me, I confess that of the two these seem nearer right. At least, I do not feel inclined to exult greatly at our gain.

The views that I have considered are extreme. They mark rather tendencies than accepted results of our science. The truest science has less of theory. It concentrates itself upon the business right before it. This business is, under one form or another, analysis. Nothing is more inspiring than its triumphs in this work, but at the last it gives us, as it is its business to do, elements in the place of the wholes which we put into its hands. Now let us have the elements by all means, but not at the expense of the wholes. Of the two, these are vastly more important. The

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sense of the glory of the heavens is worth more than the knowledge of all that the physicist can tell us about them. The sense of the beauty of the flower, the sense of the life that embodies itself in its sweet and delicate form, is worth more than all that science can tell us about it; just as the genius of Shakespeare, the thought of Plato, and the soul of Jesus, are worth more than all the chemist or the physiologist could tell us about them. The burial urn contains the ashes of the dead, but that which made their life no urn can hold. And every thing that lives, nay, every thing that is, this measureless universe itself, has its reality in its wholeness, not in its parts.

Our Aryan fathers, if we may judge, as before, from those of their children who were most closely united with them, stood with glad awe in the presence of a living universe. When the poet sings to-day, —

> "The sun himself shines heartily,
> And shares the joy he brings,"

the words hardly have a meaning. The mechanical view of the world is so habitual with us that we cannot share the fine insight which the words express. To our fathers they would have expressed a simple truth. The fire on the hearth, the breeze that swept across the earth, the lightning that flashed in the heavens, the dawn that ushered in the day, the deep expanse of the heaven above us, the blue depths into which our gaze may press only to lose itself in the illimitable reaches of light, — all of these were living, helpful, and glad. All shared the joy they brought.

They were not only living, they were divine. I remember one night in mid-ocean when the sea was specially luminous. Wherever the surface of the water was broken the strange soft light gleamed forth. The wake of the vessel, the track of the blackfish, the crests of the waves far as the eye could reach, seemed touched with flame. It seemed as if we were sailing on a sea of light just hidden by a thin veil of waters, and wherever the veil was broken through the light shone forth. Something like this seems to have been the view which our fathers took of the universe. It was divine, and wherever the uniformity of its surface was broken through the divinity shone forth.

I grant that this was an extreme view, in its details hardly

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defensible to-day. All that I would urge is that perhaps our bare, mechanical theories are equally extreme.

But, it may be urged, if our physical theories are too materialistic, our religion is spiritual enough to counterbalance them: in this at least there has been only gain. But here we must notice that a godless world implies a worldless God. There may be a spot where pure spirit has its home; but here, upon this earth, the body without the spirit we call dead, and the spirit without the body we call a ghost. Just so far as our view of the world is materialistic is our religion ghostly. To speak more technically, we cannot place the infinite and the finite over against one another. If we attempt this, instead of the infinite and the finite we have two finites only.

Perhaps I may seem to have erred in speaking thus on an occasion like the present, to have shown too little sympathy with the results that, in many aspects of them, are the glory of our present age. If I fully accepted the negative results which we may seem to have reached, I think I should have taken an hour less genial to urge them. But I am a believer in the present and in the future; I believe in the great law of progress in the world of life. I believe, however, that the analysis which I have just offered is in the main correct. The elements which we have examined are the peculiar elements of the life of the present. If then the world is really gaining, the conditions of the gain are to be found in just these elements. That it is gaining can be proved only so far as it can be shown that these elements furnish the conditions of advance.

Approaching the subject from this point of view, we find that in the comparison of the present with the past we have placed the present at some disadvantage by comparing fragments of this with the whole of that. The religion of our fathers, their science and their philosophy, their materialism and their idealism, were all one. With us the elements of thought as well as of life have become differentiated. Each receives separate treatment, and thus when compared with the undifferentiated whole, each lacks something that is found in that. But each has thus become developed into a fulness of detail that was before impossible; and therefore just so far as they can be recombined into a unity sim

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ilar to the old, do we have a fulness and a grandeur of conception far surpassing that.

I think that we may assume as the first and most pressing need of the spirit is to feel itself at home in the world, to feel itself at one with it. The Brahmins in their forest meditations uttered this thought in a form clearer than has often been given to it. Fear, they urged, comes from a sense of difference between the soul and its surroundings. At the slightest hint of such a difference fear enters. They thought to remove this sense of disquietude by affirming the absolute oneness of the soul of man with the soul of the universe. This, however, was a mere abstract assertion, so abstract that it repelled all detail by making the consummation of this union accomplished in unconsciousness; but none the less it is an abstraction that contains a mighty truth, and the need which it was designed to meet is one that has been the stimulus of thought and life ever since.

The great object of thought and of life is to produce this sense of the oneness of the spirit with its surroundings. The spirit studies that it may find itself in the outer world; it acts that it may impress itself upon the outward world. This statement may be denied, and especially the first portion of it. We study, it may be urged, to learn facts. But men do not study to learn facts, they study to learn the truth which the facts represent. Facts are interesting as they lead to truth. We study facts that we may put them into a form in which we may think them, and thus get at the truth that underlies them; and the more thoroughly facts can be thought, that is, the more thoroughly the spirit can find itself in them, the more thoroughly does it feel itself at home with them.

The great difficulty that most who are not absorbed by the joy of actual exploration find with the physical theories, or habits of looking upon the world, so prevalent at the present day, is that in them the spirit feels itself surrounded by foreign elements. The mind does not fully recognize itself in them. Already a solution of this difficulty is sought by an elevation of our notion of matter, by bringing matter into harmony with the spirit. Thus Tyndall urges that matter should be exalted in our thought till it is looked upon as the other side of the great mystery, and equally

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worthy and wonderful. A solution has been sought by others by making thought a property of matter, developed by it under certain circumstances; which view, however, must not be confounded with that of the Stoics, who made intelligence an essential property of matter. These attempts come from the physical side. From the metaphysical comes the attempt to reduce atoms of matter to points of force; and, as we are directly conscious of force through will, these points of force assume a higher significance, and the material is sublimated into the spiritual.

All these attempts fail of their end, because the fundamental antithesis is not between mind and matter, but between the unities, the wholes amid which alone the spirit feels at home, and the atoms or points with which science has to do. To the physical view the world is broken up, is ground down, into infinitesimal atoms of points, connected merely externally, and the wholeness is found in the conjunction and the correlated movement of these. Here is the great antithesis. The mind cannot think the world of science, taken merely as such; and science cannot formulate the world of mind.

The real medium between the internal and the external, between mind and matter, is found in the world of ideas. The mind is at home among ideas, and among these only, and so far as it finds the ideal element embodied in matter, so far does it feel itself at home with that. Who feels a statue to be a material presence? Who is oppressed by the mass of physical details in a cathedral? While matter divides and subdivides itself till it is finally lost in the endlessness of the process, the ideal is one and absorbs the diversity of the material into itself. This ideal element also manifests itself in the natural world. Our joy in beauty springs from the fact that in it we find ourselves face to face with this ideal element. This is the life of the individual, it is the moving power of history. This is the unity of the universe. In the thought of God, said Spinoza, the universe exists as a single idea. So far as this ideal element is perceived in the outward world, so far does the spirit feel at home with it.

This thought brings us face to face with a word the most misused of any in the English language, misused, first, by extravagant use, and afterwards by extravagant abuse: I mean the word

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"teleology." Its true use is not to be found in that view which would make anything exist merely for the sake of something else, but in that which would make each exist for its own sake, and also for the sake of something else, and indeed for the sake of all the rest; just as the carved stone of a triumphal arch exists for the sake of its own beauty, and also for the completion of those next it, and for the strength and beauty of the whole. Neither is it neccessarily found in that view which sees a special act of final causation in every nice adaptation; still less in that view which makes everything designed for human use, the grape-vine, as one has said, to produce wine, and the cork-tree to produce corks for the bottling of it. The true teleology is found rather in the great fact of mutual adaptability and in the grand and onward movement of the whole.

I know that in making reference to any form of final causation, I may seem to be setting myself back into the dark ages. I will not attempt to justify myself by abstract considerations. I will not even quote the authority of Huxley, who, in his essay upon Descartes, shows the limitations of purely scientific thought. I will not enumerate the leading men of science who have recognized teleology under one form or another. I will simply shelter myself behind the name of one who, more perhaps than any other, has attempted to sweep our minds clean of every teleological conception. I refer to Herbert Spencer. He says of the various religious beliefs, that they are parts of the constituted order of things. Especially does he claim the direct authority of the unknowable for what would appear to be the Spencerian philosophy as representing the progressive tendency of the times. He tells his disciple, who might hesitate to utter his highest thought lest he should disturb the faith of others, that it is not for nothing that he has in him the sympathies with some principles and repugnance to others; that he, like every other man, may properly consider himself as one of the myriad agencies through which works the Unknown Cause; and adds: "Not as adventitious, therefore, will the wise man regard the faith that is in him." "Not for nothing," what do these words imply on the lips of one who has refused to recognize final causation either under the form of a plan or a tendency; who has refused to recognize even the tendency in the liv-

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ing body to assume a certain form? They imply, perhaps, that when he thinks formally, he can keep himself within the artificial limits he has fixed, but that when he thinks really, his whole intellect comes into play. "Not for nothing," I welcome the words, but I think we can hardly confine them to a single class of cases. If, for instance, the Spencerian philosophy was to be inspired by the Unknown Cause, all the circumstances that, working through all these ages, have at last made the Spencerian philosophy possible, would not have been left to the action of external causes. "Not for nothing" is the great questioning which marks our time? "Not for nothing" also are all the faiths and aspirations of the nature. "Not for nothing" is all that combination of facts and relationship, the myriad delicacies of organization which furnish the background for these faiths and aspirations. Science has educated even our unscientific minds too far to let us admit a *Deus ex machina*, however great the occasion; and if Spencer exclaims "not for nothing" is this mighty impulse of thought that marks the age, we can only answer, "not for nothing" is anything.

I do not refer to the name of Spencer to settle anything by his authority, but simply to show that one may speak of teleology and yet have a foothold in this nineteenth century. As soon as we admit this, as soon as we recognize the ideal element which is the life of all things, so soon do we recognize the possibility of reconciliation between ancient and modern thought. The ideal element, taking up into itself all the results of our analyses, assumes a grandeur and a glory that had never been possible to it before. Of old, men recognized the ideal element only when it forced itself upon their notice; now we can see it everywhere. The savage or the child can enjoy the beauty of the flower. To the scientist, who is merely a scientist, who tears the plant to pieces and sees only that which remains, sees only that which is technical and mechanical, the flower is no more beautiful than the root. To the man of science, however, in whose heart the child still lives, who still has the sense of the unity, the beauty and the mystery of life, the root becomes hardly less beautiful than the flower. To the man who unites this twofold life, the ideal element does not manifest itself here and there only, but everywhere. The universe

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becomes, not here and there, but at every point, transparent and transfigured. The atoms or the points show themselves in their discreteness only to be lost again in the unity of the whole, which has become richer and fuller by the change. Thus the new does not supplant the old, but completes it. And herein we see the reality of the world's advance. By the combination and utilization of our results, a fulness of life was possible that was never possible before.

How this principle applies to the differentiation in our modern society we cannot here discuss. I would merely say that the education of all may make each share something of the fulness of our modern life, however narrow his individual lot may be; and further, that this differentiation of society calls for and makes possible the ideal element in statesmanship, just as the analyses of modern science give fresh space and power to the ideal element of thought.

I have spoken with more or less abstractness: concrete examples may make my thought more clear. For these we have not far to seek. Two of our number, who have recently left us, force themselves, in this connection, upon our thought. One of them showed himself the child of this large century by the very circumstances of his life. The child of both hemispheres, his mind was enriched by what each could furnish. He was, not merely by profession, but by all the strength and enthusiasm of his nature, a student and a teacher of science. Not only did he make the science of the age his own. The wealth of the age showed itself worthy of our pride by offering itself to his use, and opening new realms to his unwearied search. He was a man of detail; no fact was too minute or trifling for his observation. But in the midst of all this ponderous accumulation of knowledge the heart of the child, the heart of love, of wonder, the ever fresh sense of the beauty of the beautiful, still lived in him. The idealizing faculty accepted all this detail and used it for its ends. It was said that he shrank overmuch from theory. I do not know how this may have been, but what we all know is that he saw everywhere, in all the diversities of the universe, the presence of a plan. Just as a musical theme unites all manifoldness of variation into one grand all-pervading movement, the divine plan met

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him everywhere and glorified the whole. Thus to the child's sense of beauty, and the child's joy in it, was added the trained insight that saw that the whole was beautiful.

As Agassiz carried the ideal element into science, Sumner carried it into statesmanship. As the one was cosmopolitan in space, owned by two continents, the other was cosmopolitan in time. The history of the past was familiar and real to him as the life of the present. He did not go to the past as a student merely. In him it lived afresh. His lips caught eloquence from the orators of old, and the experience of the past threw light upon the present. Upon the confused and warring elements of our life he brought to bear the power of an idea. To this he consecrated himself. It has been said that his nature was marked by an over self-assertion; if this be so it is fortunate that his lesser self was so absorbed into that idea which was his larger self, that his self-assertion became the assertion of this idea. The hardest and harshest elements of the life about him became the servants of this idea. He forgave the hand that was raised against himself, then, which was much harder, the hands that were raised against his country. And when he died the memory of his consecration and of his forgiveness united to give fresh power to the idea which had been his being.

I have said that the real gain of history is found in the fact that in this age life may be larger and fuller than in an earlier age. In illustration I point to Agassiz and Sumner. You may have differed with them in many things, you may have criticised some of their methods and results; but I ask, confident of the answer, In what other age would these lives, so large, so full, have been possible?

I am in this comparison referring not to the personalities of these men, but to their opportunities. There have been students as earnest and childlike; but when has the world been thrown open to the gaze of the spirit as it is to-day? There have been statesmen as pure and strong; but when, save in these later generations, do we find examples of a successful statesmanship, which has taken note of man as man, which has united the lowest and the highest in one view?

I do not refer to these men as representing the ideal element

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in its most perfect form; but in part as symbols of the true use, the use which will one day be actually made, of the material which the age is accummulating. At present it is overburdened by details. It is the novelty and abundance of these details that gives to it the aspect of materialism. At each newly discovered fact in regard to the relation of mind and matter comes the cry of materialism. But no fact can be more materialistic than the fact that we have bodies. No theory of the origin of the human race can be more materialistic than the fact of the birth of the individual. So soon as the new facts are familiar as the old they will become spiritualized like the old. For spiritual facts, though for a moment lost sight of, are as permanent as any others, and more real than all others, and in the long run incorporate all others into themselves, and are the larger and fresher through every gain. So that while our Aryan fathers saw more or less grotesque, more or less sublime forms of divinity, looking out from the earth and the heavens, and saw more truly than those who see no divinity at all, when the want of the present is completed, every detail of science shall add to the glory of the ideal, and the spiritual shall be seen to be first and all pervading as well as last.

Meanwhile, though another age shall lead our work to its full completeness, we have the joy of the seeking and the finding, and may be content.

C. C. EVERETT.

NOTE. The preceding paper was the oration delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, June 25, 1874.

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MOTION.

THE universe about us is in motion. Nothing on which the eye can fall, or the existence of which the hand of science can demonstrate, is at rest. The sun rises and sets, the moon waxes and wanes, the very stars are in motion, to the telescopic eye. Clouds drive over the heavens, and billows roll over the deep; vapors rise from the ocean, rivers run to the sea, and the free winds play around the globe. Plants are ever growing or decaying; and animals maintain their waste, or their waste consumes them. Our modern theories show that the sensible properties in inanimate and apparently motionless matter, such as temperature, color, weight, are really modes of motion in the particles of matter; and this re-echoes the sublime statement of the earliest seer, that the introduction of motion into the universe was the first act of creation.

For, upon a closer examination of motion, and more accurate investigation of its laws, what do we find? That the first law of motion is this: A body, free from external influence, moves with uniform velocity in a straight line forever. This is the first law of motion, derived from the widest generalizations, by legitimate induction from observations, on an immense variety of motions, in nature, and in the laboratory. But to what an astonishing result does this law lead us when we apply it to the case of a body at rest, the velocity of which is nothing. A body at rest, free from external influence, would remain at rest forever. In other words, the first result from the scientific observation of motion in matter is, that matter cannot move. Hence follows the inevitable conclusion, that the cause of all the motion in the universe, is something else than matter. Higher than this the investigation of motion itself cannot lead us; but this is high enough for a most valuable stepping-stone.

Why do we ask the cause of motion? Whence do we derive the idea that there is a cause for it? It is not simply the impossibility of our imagining a beginning; the beginning of motion we often see. But the motions which we most narrowly examine are those produced by our own will; we are conscious that our own

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volition is the cause of such motions; and this consciousness is the foundation of our faith that motion always has a cause. Is this foundation trustworthy? Beyond all question it is. Nay, it is the foundation of all possible physical science; no man can extend a generalization beyond the particular instances for which he drew it, unless he leans on this consciousness of causing. To return to motion, — matter cannot move, our will can move it; there is nothing to suggest any other origin for motion than volition; hence we naturally, and legitimately, infer that the motion which we see, everywhere in the universe, is produced by a will, independent of matter, and superior to all the phenomena.

Thus the first law of motion, established in the earliest revival of science, demonstrates not only the existence of God, but his perpetual presence and action. Every moving thing in the heavens, or on the earth, bears the same sort of testimony to his being and presence, as that borne by the human voice and action to the presence of a man. Whenever we see anything in motion, God is the mover. In the ancient tongues this was one of his names. The winds blow at his command, the sun rises because it is his will, the falling rain and running stream are his gift; and each beating pulse, each breath that we unconsciously draw, is a proof that this machine of the body is, each moment, dependent on the sustaining love and power of its Creator.

Since we thus refer all motion, even that in our own frames, to the will of God, it may be thought that we are destroying man's freedom, — making him a mere machine, kept in motion by the Maker's supervision. But this objection to the doctrine of man's present dependence, forgets that the consciousness of our freedom is the very basis on which we have built our faith in the existence of God. It is from our own consciousness of power, to cause motion at our own will, that when the first law of motion has excluded us from ascribing it to powers inherent in matter itself, we ascribe all motion to his will, rather than to any unconscious natures.

This consciousness of our own power, our own will, may be denied in words; but it will presently betray itself, lurking in the mind; it cannot be really denied; it is the foundation of all philosophy and faith. The body, in all its molecular changes, by

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which ultimately the free movement of the limbs is produced, is moved by the will and power of God; the first law of motion proves that; yet the direction of the movement in the limbs is with man, consciousness testifies directly to this; man is free, and cannot heartily believe himself to be otherwise.

Our muscular power is not ours, but it is, to a certain extent, under our control. We cannot lift a finger without the aid of him who formed us; and yet it is we who move our hands. So the engineman, who has not, in his own muscles, strength to drive a single loom, yet, by controlling the valves of his engine, keeps the machinery of many spindles and looms in motion. Thus, with all man's frailty, and his absolute dependence upon other powers, he yet remains a cause, — free and efficient to control and direct the engine of his body, wonderfully framed and intrusted to his care.

Our argument has been, thus far, drawn only from the uniform velocity of motion; but the second clause in the first law would lead to the same result. A moving body, free from external influence, moves, not only with uniform velocity, but in a straight line forever.

As we have no apparent examples in nature of a uniform velocity, so we have none of uniform direction. External influences perpetually accelerate or retain the velocity and change the direction of moving bodies. But as the first part of the law is derived, not from actual examples or instances, yet by irresistible induction from observed facts, so the second part follows by like unavoidable inference from phenomena; indeed, both parts are defended, by some mechanicians, as axioms, needing no other proof than Leibnitz's principle of the sufficient reason.

As the varied motions of the universe cannot have sprung from the action of matter, that being inert, so the constant changes of direction in the motions prove that the forces, independent of matter, are still acting. The rebounding of a solid from a solid shows that the particles of the solid adhere by some form of force different from a cohesion of contact, — elasticity implies that the particles are held together by some force which permits their distances from each other to vary within certain limits. When the ball leaves the muzzle of the gun its path instantly begins to be concave toward the earth; and would be so at any conceivable degree

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of velocity. The meteor passing the earth at eighty miles a second bows to her as he passes. Thus the moon also is perpetually deflected from its path by the earth, and the earth by the moon, and both are turned constantly aside from their straight course by the sun; and the whole host of heaven is constantly moving in a rhythmic dance wherein each star influences the motions of the whole, and is influenced by the movements of each of the others.

Our consciousness that we cause motion leads us to ascribe all change of velocity to force, all force to will. The same consciousness bears witness also that all change of direction implies the influence of will. The weight of bodies, the attraction of gravitation, the correlated forces of the universe, these are but reverent forms of words in which we speak of that which can only be referred to the Divine Will. The untaught man, the poets of the earlier ages, were more true to reality when they used more religious forms of speech. It is not so much figurative, as literally true, to say that He who formed the Seven Stars and Orion still guides them on their way. Their circling orbits by their figure, and the golden orbs themselves by their motion, continually manifest the presence of His guiding hand. The forces of cohesion and repulsion, of electrical and chemical change, of heat, of light, — all of the forces by which the existence of a particle of matter can possibly make itself known to our human senses, are but manifestations of the living action of the Most High.

Thus the first law of motion leads us to see God in all things, and all things as the present creations of his hand. It might lead us astray, it might lead us to Pantheism, were it not that it first leads us to perceive that force is an attribute of will, and independent of matter; thus keeping us to the conclusion that the Creator and Governor of all things is free, living, — and our hearts add, good.

THOMAS HILL.

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THE SIMILARITIES OF PHYSICAL AND RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

I.

GROUNDS AND METHODS, NEGATIVE.*

THE word "science" at the present day is commonly employed in reference to *physical* knowledge. Such an expression as the Science of Religion or the Science of God strikes us as unusual. It seems to involve a figurative extension of the word beyond its proper sphere. Yet, until a hundred or two hundred years ago, science denoted merely knowledge in general, or, in a more special sense, systematized knowledge of any kind. Shakespeare speaks of "music, mathematics, and other sciences." In the middle ages, the science *par excellence*, — which would have been supposed to be referred to, if the general word was used for some particular but unspecified branch of knowledge, — was the science of theology. To express the science of nature it would have been necessary to join with it some qualifying adjunct.

The change in the use of the word indicates a great revolution in thought. It is an interesting historical witness to the wonderful achievements of physical investigation, and to the lofty claims that it makes at the present day. "I alone," modern science tacitly says, by the very name by which it designates itself, — "I alone am scientia, — real knowledge, — all else is more or less guess-work."

And this is not merely a tacit assumption, an unconscious arrogance, but a claim which men of science nowadays are very fond of publicly proclaiming. The certainty of science is contrasted with the uncertainty of other branches of pretended knowl-

* A certain resemblance which may be seen between this paper and a lecture by Rev. A. P. Peabody, D.D., delivered last winter and soon to be published, perhaps requires me, in justice to myself, to state that this article is the fruit of independent studies and conceptions, — having been, in fact, very fully sketched out in my note-book four years ago, and briefly presented to my people at Watertown two years ago. J. T. B.

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edge, — especially with that of religion. Science, it is declared, is most careful in its requirements of proof before it gives credence, Religion most careless. Science carefully examines nature and life to see what things really are, builds up its laws by an inductive accumulation of fact upon fact, and then demands that every generalization be experimentally verified before it is accepted as true.

Religion, on the other hand, with pious credulity mounts any vaulting hypothesis that the church may order her to ride, — leaps heroically upon it, up mist-formed *high-priori* roads, toward the highest heaven, and as she whirls through the dizzy heights lets down link after link of deduction with as much confidence as if the chain were fastened to some immovable support. Auguste Comte classes religion with metaphysics, as but "products of the world's crude infancy." "Science," says the great positive philosopher, "conducts God with honor to its frontiers, thanking him for his provisional services." Huxley presents against religion the charge, "that with her the belief in a proposition, because authority tells you it is true, or because you wish to believe it, which is a high crime and misdemeanor when the subject matter of reason is of one kind, becomes under the *alias* of faith the greatest of all virtues when the subject matter of reason is of another kind;" and he would enforce upon us the wise advice, as he calls it, of Hume, — "If we take in hand any volume of divinity or school metaphysic for instance, let us ask, Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number? No. Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matters of fact and existence? No. Commit it then to the flames, for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion."

Such are the charges currently made nowadays against the trustworthiness of the truths of religion; such are the unfavorable comparisons made against its methods and results as compared with those of science. Not a few men of eminent reputation in physical investigation have lent themselves to it. More of lesser knowledge have loudly exulted in it; and many and many who have got some little smattering of modern science have thought to show their superior enlightenment by most extreme charges against the validity of religious knowledge.

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Now, I would freely admit that there has been and still is, among what has been currently accepted as religious truth, a great deal that has not been as certain as it should be. Theology has advanced exaggerated claims to absolute knowledge. It has indulged in most groundless hypotheses. It has made most unwarranted assumptions about the plans and counsels and inmost nature of the Godhead, and about the details of the future life, and about scores of other things entirely beyond human power to know. Creeds have laid down dogmas about human nature and Scriptural inspiration, the authority of prophets and apostles, the work and deeds and nature of Christ, that have shown themselves plainly contradictory to observation and experience, to reason and the moral sense.

Mediæval scholasticism especially sinned grievously in these respects. It delighted in hair-splitting disputations over frivolous puzzles and in endless speculations about things not only transcending the possibility of human knowledge, but destitute of any practical moment. Its only criterion of truth was the deliverances of the church or the almost equally venerated Aristotle. When Bacon turned the human mind to the pursuit of the useful and the study of natural things, and enjoined the method of induction and the test of verification, knowledge made amazing conquests. The human atom, looking forth from his petty pellet of planetary matter, has measured and weighed the celestial bodies, traced their orbits through the heavens, divined the processes by which they grew from dusty nebulæ into glowing sun or life-blessed planet; he has tracked the subtle Proteus, Force, from form to form, and made it now fly with his messages and then drag him on his errands and spin and knit and reap and sew for him. It is not strange, therefore, that physical science should have grown somewhat conceited and imagined that its pet methods and its own narrow circle of work were alone compatible with any solid attainment.

And the religious world for the most part has unwittingly confirmed this assumption. Finding the researches of modern science in geology, astronomy, ethnology, and so on, bringing up formidable objections to current religious doctrines, instead of saying, "Religion knows only the truth: if the received doc-

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trines are shown to be inconsistent with any fact, let them be revised," — instead of thus honestly acknowledging the possibility of some past errors, and removing from religion the burden of sustaining portions found to be erroneous or doubtful, the religious world, for the most part, has clung to the most incredible parts as if they were its most essential elements; and it has sought to justify them by declaring that the unconverted reason is incapable of comprehending the high mysteries of religion. Religious truth (theologians and preachers, defending the old beliefs, have maintained) belongs to another realm from ordinary kinds of truth. It is not to be tried by the understanding. It is not to be brought to the bar of common sense, — but it is to be discerned by the inner soul, and its evidence found in the soul's satisfaction in it. "In the things of God," as Mr. Mansel, one of the ablest exponents of this view, tells us, "reason is beyond her depth, and we must accept what is established or we must believe nothing." By this view, which has been advocated and defended by such men as Hamilton, Mansel, Baden Powell, and Faraday, the field of truth is divided into two separate portions, — one, the province of knowledge, where science holds sway; the other, the province of belief, where religion has her throne. The two, however opposite they appear, can never, it is declared, really interfere or trouble each other. Science may establish that scientifically the sloth and the humming-bird and the kangaroo and a thousand other species of living creatures could not have come from Australia and South America and Greenland across seas and icy deserts to take shelter in Noah's ark. Scientifically, then, it is not to be credited, — that is all. But as a matter of religion, it is none the less to be accepted. It only requires more of that faith without sight by which the believer should walk.

Now, by taking this mode of defending itself against the incursions of modern science, the church has aided much in spreading suspicion of the certainty of its cherished doctrines. When its own advocates would make a believer's mind like those vessels that are built with water-tight compartments, — one-half of it for the play of common sense, the other for the dwelling-place of faith, such troublesome things as reason and observation being securely locked out when the soul is at its devotions or considering its

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creed, — it is exceedingly likely that those practically inclined should judge this realm of faith to be not a realm of fact, but of fancy. Bishops like he of London may exhort the modern inquirer as eloquently as they please to throw away doubt as they would a bomb-shell: but it serves only to make the investigator more suspicious of the validity of religion. He beholds science challenging for itself full and searching scrutiny, but his spiritual guides hiding away religious truth as much as possible from his inspection. He sees science becoming more firmly established the more vigorously it is criticised. He beholds theology, meantime, grudgingly and ungraciously, but continuously, yielding up, before the steady advance of scientific investigation, one after another long cherished dogma. The entire circle of religious truth falls under doubt. That which is declared to be beyond the depth of reason he suspects is only a turbid shallow of superstition; and this faith, which is not knowledge, will never do for practical men who seek realities. The only thing which seems to the modern inquirer entirely worthy of confidence is science, and to that he looks, in mingled fear and hope, to see what loved belief it shall next sweep away, or what modicum of religion, if any, it shall discover at last a scientific justification for.

Now, if it be the fact that knowledge is only to be found within the special circle and by the special methods of physical science, if religion has nothing equally certain to show, then, it seems to me, the fate of religion, among all educated men, is already sealed; and the wise will seek as soon as possible, in museums and scientific institutions, the only Teacher who can declare abiding, trustworthy truth. And, moreover, as long as there prevails the current, unrefuted *suspicion* that it is so, — as long as the religious world sanctions expressly or implicitly the idea that theology requires, to use Huxley's phrase, "a different measure and a different weight from science," it will be impossible for it to disarm the hostility of scientific minds, it will be impossible for it to maintain its foothold in society against the steady *crowding out* which physical discoveries are constantly exercising upon. If the religious domain in the modern mind is not to become such a domain as Strauss charges that it already is, — "a domain resembling that of

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the Red Indians in America, reduced to constantly narrower limits by their white neighbors," — it must be shown that, in its essential elements, it possesses certainty, not *absolute* certainty, — for we are learning that for man there is little or no absolute certainty, — but the same kind and measure of certainty as men act upon in trade and daily life, and especially accept unhesitatingly in science.

In the last century Bishop Butler wrote a famous argument in which he showed the analogy of religion to the course of nature, and that the same sort of difficulties that are found in it are found also in the constitution of nature. It presented strongly the inconsistency of those who, accepting nature as the work of a wise and good God, halt before the difficulties which they descry in the course of revelation. But that argument, well-put as it was, has lost its effectiveness against the doubters of religion to-day. For its corner-stone, the doubter's belief in Divine Creation, is just the thing now called in question; and the exhibition of difficulties in Divine Creation similar to those in revelation, instead of leading the inquirer to accept both, rather inclines him to throw them both overboard. The method of that argument, however, has always seemed to us a good one, *provided* only some corner-stone which the doubter thoroughly accepted as solid could be found from which to start the *reductio ad absurdum*.

Now this corner-stone seems to be furnished at the present day by physical science. It is, as we have just noticed, the oracle of almost every religious doubter, the arsenal from which he draws most of the arrows he casts against religion, the rival for the suffrages of belief with which religion is unfavorably contrasted, — the substitute, in fine, which his instincts of reverence and worship put in the place of God and constitute his Divinity. Now, if it can be shown that the same difficulties attend this unquestioned science as attend religion, and that religion, whether or not it has absolute proof, yet has just as good proof as that which in physical matters all accept, the doubter, it seems to me, will have little ground left to stand upon, and the practical trustworthiness of religion will be shown.

Now this, I believe, can be shown. Knowledge is not a special privilege of natural science. The proofs and evidences of religion

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are just as valid. For most of them are strikingly similar, not a few identical. The grounds and methods and results of spiritual knowledge are, in the main, either the same or closely analogous to those of accepted physical truths. The common charges made against religion are applicable also against contemporary science. Science cannot discredit religion without invalidating its own work; and those who unhesitatingly accept all the deliverances of physical investigation ought logically to accord the same belief to the similar proofs which religion presents of her main theses.

This similarity between religious and physical knowledge is what I aim to set forth in this paper. The subject divides itself into two great divisions, — first, a comparison of the grounds and methods of science with those of religion; second, a comparison of the objects aimed at and the results reached by the two.

I. The grounds and methods of science compared with those of religion.

The means of gaining knowledge are various.

There is, first, personal observation and experience furnished by the senses. This may be either (a) original; or (b) in verification of something already discovered, testified to, expected, or predicted.

Secondly, intuition. This comprehends (a) immediate cognition of consciousness or direct mental perceptions, and (b), corresponding to these, constitutional convictions universal and necessary among the bulk of mankind,— convictions suggested and developed by experience, but before personal experience existing as native predispositions, moulding and making possible experience, and, when developed, extending their affirmations beyond the limits of all experience.

Thirdly, testimony, — either (a) in witness of a fact, that is, evidence, or (b) in the shape of an opinion or judgment of some one presumed to know, that is, authority.

Fourthly, inference, by which these various data are worked up. This may be either (a) deductive, that is, reasoning from the general to the particular, or (b) inductive, reasoning from one quality in many to the same in all, or analogical, reasoning from similar qualities in one to the accompanying qualities in the same.

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Again, inference may be either (d) demonstrative, reaching certitude, or (e) probable, approximating more or less to certitude, reaching at one end of the scale moral certainty, at the other amounting simply to a theory or hypothesis.

Now, it is a prevalent notion, especially among those who unfavorably contrast the methods of religion with those of science, that of these various methods, science uses almost entirely the following four: sense-observation, induction, deduction of experimental tests, and verification, and has little or nothing to do with the opposite methods, — intuitive cognition and belief, evidence, authority, analogy, and other kinds of merely probable inference. Religion, on the contrary, it is charged, neglects almost entirely the first set of methods and trusts herself unwarrantably to the last.

Huxley, for example, in his lecture upon the Educational Value of the Study of Natural History, states what he says is the method of all science, and it consists of simply the four steps just mentioned. Newton declared that hypotheses are not to be regarded in experimental philosophy, but only observations and inductions. "Laws concerning real things," says H. Taine, "are the objects of the experimental sciences, and are discovered on the inductive road." Prof. Tait says, "Natural philosophy is an experimental science. No *a priori* reasoning can conduct us demonstratively to a single physical truth." Comte will not allow introspection as a source of valid knowledge. "Positive philosophy," according to him, "knows only sense-observation and the various inductions and deductions that may be made from it." Lewes similarly condemns intuition as having no safeguard. "Certainty is attainable," he says, "upon no other method than the method of science, — that is, verification. By virtue of that method, science," he declares, "*has* certitude."

Now, no such division or contrast in the methods of science and religion exists, I believe. If they be taken up successively, it will be seen, I think, that science, on the one hand, employs intuitive cognition and belief, authority and evidence, analogies, hypotheses, and various probable inferences, as well as religion; and, on the other hand, that religion, like science, grounds itself

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on observation and experimental verification. In short, science has its faith-basis, and faith its scientific foundation.

Let us consider first the faith-basis of science. Take, to begin with, intuition. Here has always been one of the chief bulwarks of religion. It is from the immediate cognition of consciousness that religion affirms that it derives those spiritual phenomena, personality, free-will, devotional sensiblity, and aspiration, and those great ideas, right and wrong, duty, responsibility, infinity, perfection, divinity, which constitute its foundations. And it is to the native convictions, universal in humanity, of a great Superhuman Spirit, and of a longer life for the human soul than its life in the flesh, — convictions at first perhaps dim and vague, possibly mere predispositions to this view rather than that, but with experience and intellectual development becoming clearer and more elevated, — that religion refers as among the strongest proofs of its truth.

Men of science, however, as we have already noticed, have entertained the greatest hostility to and scorn of intutition; and have made it one of their chief objections to theology that it trusts so confidingly to it. Nevertheless, intuitive cognition and conviction is the only ground upon which science can rest a large part of its own fundamental doctrines. Science, for example, accepts as the most trustworthy of all its departments the science of geometry. The truths established by it are indispensable to astronomy and to much of mechanics and physics. Yet, how is the truth of the fundamental axioms of geometry known? By sense-observation? No skill and care would ever enable us to learn or prove experimentally any one geometrical proposition in the absolute way in which we know them. Any finite amount of difference vastly less than what the sense could discern would falsify them. Yet the most delicately measured and constructed figures are but rude approximations. They may seem equal where they are unequal, and regular where they are irregular. They might *suggest* such truths as that the sum of the angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, and that the square on the hypothenuse is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides. But they never could make it absolutely certain. Our exact and absolute knowledge of these truths is known just as the axioms of

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morality are, — by the mind's eye, by the direct inner apprehension.

Or in any of the physical sciences, take up any so-called simple fact of observation, and see how, instead of the observer and his fact standing in direct relation, there is a perfect chain of successive intuitions between them.

A botanist, for example, relates to a scientific society that he saw last week the phenomena of a perfectly green rose. But how, Mr. Botanist, do you know that you really observed such a thing? You saw it, you say, with your own eyes. But how do you know your eyes are to be trusted? Perhaps you say that you smelt it or felt it, also. Still, let all the senses testify to it, how do you know they do not all deceive you? It is possible. The best observer may make mistakes. Every sense is liable to erroneous suggestion. Every morning we wake from a crowd of fallacious perceptions, and our open-eyed moments are but waking dreams. Taine calls perception, in his work on "Intelligence," "essentially hallucination," so liable does he show it to be to deception, and so constantly does it refer sensations to localities of the body where they do not really exist.

Of course, says the botanist, I am liable to mistake a false perception for a true one, but whatever is really perceived is infallible evidence for its own truth. But what is "really perceived"? When the actual observation is vigorously analyzed we find that what is actually observed is not any external thing, but certain inward states of consciousness which we call sensations, — sensations of color, smell, touch, &c. As Mill and Bain have shown in the field of philosophy, and Huxley and Spencer have reaffirmed as representatives of science, all that we really know of any object is nothing more nor less than our knowledge of certain forms of our own consciousness. There is no observation, strictly speaking, of any external object. We must either say, with Prof. Bain and his school, that "the belief in the existence of any portion of matter outside and independent of our consciousness is a most anomalous fiction," or else we must rest for its truth on an intuitive conviction of the veracity of the senses and the existence of an external world such as would give rise within us to our felt states of consciousness.

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Again, you say that you saw the rose last week. Still more intuitive beliefs must you, then, lean upon. For, how can you testify with certainty to what occurred last week? You have no present sensation such as you describe. You have only in your present consciousness an image or recollection of it, and how do you know that this present image is a truthful copy of the past sensation? There is no reason for it except that intuitive conviction of the veracity of memory which John Stuart Mill himself is forced to acknowledge is an "ultimate belief." No past experience can prove this trustworthiness of memory. For it must in each case be taken for granted before you can have any cognizance whatever of your past experience.

But still another intuition belongs to the chain. You said that it was *you* who observed the rose last week. You remember it as an experience of yourself, and you imply, and the worth of your testimony depends upon the fact, that you who a week ago had a certain sensation, and now have it not, are yet one and the self-same person. Now, how do you know this personal identity? Again, you must admit you know it only by an intuitive conviction.

Thus, to be able to trust the simplest past observation of a natural object, we must accept these four intuitive beliefs, — first, in the veracity of the senses; second, in the reality of an external world; third, in the veracity of memory; fourth, in our continuing personal identity.

Among the fundamental principles on which science depends are the three doctrines of the indestructibility of matter, the continuity of motion, and the persistence of force. Were it possible for matter to become non-existent, or for motion or force to lapse into nothing, there would exist in science incalculable elements, fatal to all positive knowledge or scientific interpretation of phenomena. What warrant have we, then, for the truth of these great principles? Inductive experiment? This has certainly contributed much to establish it. Delicate tests with balance and retort have shown that when matter, motion, or force seemed to disappear they simply changed their form, place, or direction. Solids changed to gases, molar motion to molecular motion, force of heat passed into magnetic or chemical force. Track the

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cunning Proteus into his new haunt, and you will find him there undiminished in quantity. This is what experience has suggested and approximately proved. But it has only done so approximately, never absolutely. It has shown that the more delicate were its means of measurement, the more closely it could follow every diverging motion or escaping matter, the more nearly equivalent was the quantity accounted for at the end with that which the experiment began with. But it has never proved this with any absolute exactness, nor for any larger field than the narrow circles which have been specially investigated. Moreover, all through the so-called process of inductive proof, the truth to be demonstrated has been continually assumed, as Herbert Spencer has admirable shown in the fourth, fifth, and sixth chapters of his First Principles. Whatever inductive experiments are made depend for their validity upon the continual assumption that the gravitation of the weights, or whatever unit of force is taken as the measure, remains constant, and of this, says Herbert Spencer (p. 187), no proof is assigned nor can be assigned. "Nor is it only in their concrete data," he continues, "that the reasonings of terrestrial and celestial physics assume the persistence of force. They equally assume it in the abstract principle with which they set out and which they repeat in justification of every step. The equality of action and reaction is taken for granted from beginning to end of the argument; and to assert that action and reaction are equal and opposite is to assert that force is persistent. . . . Clearly, then, the persistence of force is an ultimate truth of which no inductive proof is possible."

Or take the other great basic principle of science, — the uniformity of nature, embracing in that term both the uniformities of co-existence, or accompanying qualities of things, and the uniformities of succession, or, as Mill calls it, the universality of causation. The validity of all induction, of all reasonings as to matter of fact in past, present, or future, depends upon the assumption of this uniformity of nature. What scientific foundation, then, does science present for this universal basis of its knowledge? It has none. John Stuart Mill, to be sure, sought to rest this general basis of induction upon induction itself, even upon an induction by simple enumeration. But all his logical skill could

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not cover up the fact that he was thus proving the universal by a limited number of particulars, the greater by the less, the stronger by the weaker. It hardly needs to be pointed out that any particular experience, short of universal extent, cannot prove a universal law. However the evidence be manipulated, a general and absolute conclusion cannot be established upon a limited and uncertain premise. Experience can only testify as to what has been, not as to what will be. It can testify to what has come within its field, not as to what is outside. Although two events have accompanied each other a hundred thousand times under our observation, that is no proof that they will do so the next time. It is possible that they may not.

In point of fact, the principle of the uniformity of nature, instead of being founded on experience, anticipates experience. It is what makes experience possible in the first place, and afterwards shows it to be applicable. It is an ultimate law of the mind. As one whose predispositions all lead the other way, Alexander Bain, says, "The foremost rank among the inductive tendencies involved in belief is to be assigned to the natural trust that we have in the continuance of the present state of things" (Bain's Emotions and Will, second edition, p. 537).

Herbert Spencer, Lewes, and many others, urge that intuition itself is but transformed experience inherited from our ancestors, and organized within us, so as to form a part of our mental structure. But grant that the experience which testifies is not merely that of the individual, but that of the whole human race from its creation, this is still far from sufficient to afford logical validity to belief in universal uniformity. After even this extension back through all past generations is given to experience, the portion of time and space which it can bear witness to is but a little corner in the great field of nature, and the induction of the premise still falls immensely short of the universality which the conclusion demands. Unless science acknowledges that its fundamental principle has no logical justification, it must rest it on the intuitive conviction or natural faith of men in it, and recognize such natural faith as an ultimate foundation, sufficient as its own evidence, allowing nothing lower and needing nothing stronger beneath.

Second, authority and evidence. Every religion leans upon

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these more or less. Every religion has its founder, prophet, or teacher whose word it reverences. Before the disciple sees the truth of his master's teaching by his own mental sight or life-experience, he accepts it as true; presuming that it is true because he recognizes in his master a knowledge and a nature superior to his own. The precious utterances of such masters are collected in books, which soon become sacred. Some Holy Scripture, Bible, Koran, or Veda, is an heirloom in every form of faith. Then comes the need of evidence to prove the important questions of its authenticity and genuineness. The longer a form of faith endures, and the farther away it gets from its original fountain, the larger place in it do these two elements naturally take. In Christianity especially great stress has been laid upon them. With many it has been an undue stress, that neglected the internal evidence that would still remain for Christianity though all external evidence were swept away. Nevertheless there is a natural and proper place for authority and evidence among the proofs of the Christian religion.

And in science, too, there is a similar need and use of these two media of proof and personal conviction. All beginners in science, and the great mass of common people, have to lean upon scientific authorities. Some few scientific facts and laws they can observe or form for themselves. But for all the more difficult matter they must trust some one or ones whom they believe to possess competent knowledge. For example, even such a universally believed fact as the revolution of the earth around the sun, — there is not one man in ten thousand who has mastered personally the proof of it, or who is able to demonstrate it to any man who should declare himself a believer in the old Ptolemaic system. The other nine thousand nine hundred and ninty-nine accept it as a fact through their faith in a few astronomers' assertions.

Prof. Henfrey, in his paper upon the Study of Botany (see p. 105, Youman's Culture Required by Modern Life), takes pains to deny that it is indispensable for every prosecutor of natural history to verify or repeat the propositions of the abstract science; "in fact," he says, "the enunciation and demonstration of them, which form the great business of the philosophical botanist,

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would scarcely come within the space of possibility for the generality of mankind busied with other matters." This is equally true of almost every other branch of science. If the student of physical knowledge should accept nothing on authority, he would spend his life in retracing a few hand-breaths of early investigation. Progress is made in science, as everywhere else, by accepting in faith the results of the past, and making them a platform on which to mount higher. Not only scientific pupils must do this, but all beneath the very great masters; and even these greatest masters must do so outside of their own specialties. Even among those who stand high in scientific fame, how many, for instance, who accept and use the results of Laplace's Mecanique Celeste, Faraday's electrical discoveries, Champollion and Bunsen's Egyptian discoveries, Rawlinson and Oppert's decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions, or William Thomson's measurement of the size of molecules, have ever themselves followed through and verified the steps by which those results were reached?

Nor can science progress without a similar trust in and use of evidence. In chemistry, to be sure, most facts can be verified at any time by experiment. But even here it is not more than once or twice that a chemist will evaporate forty tons of mineral water, as Prof. Bunsen did, to show in it a little caesium. Chemists for the most part are content to take Bunsen's testimony for it. In astronomy the eternal stars generally allow instant verification of observations at any time. But for transient and exceptional facts, the testimony of a few, perhaps of a single observer, has to be relied upon. And it is relied upon, though the facts often are in apparent contradiction to the usual order of nature. When Tycho Brahe relates that he one night saw a star flash forth in great brilliancy in the constellation of Cassiopeia, or Prof. Young describes immense eruptions upon the surface of the sun as witnessed by him, or some other observer at a remote point of the earth tells of an eclipse seen only there, science confidently accepts their evidence. So, for the dates of ancient eclipses and planetary conjunctions, the occurrence of meteoric showers and the appearances of comets in former times, astronomers rely upon ancient records whose authenticity and genuineness is, to say the

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least, no more sure than that of the Synoptic or the Pauline Epistles. This method of comparing present observations with former ones is a frequent one with astronomers, and their main resource in determining exactly the length of the day, the year, and other natural constants. Hipparchus made the first clear application of it, it is said, when he compared his own observations with those of Aristarchus made one hundred and forty-five years previously. Laplace, in explaining the long inequality in the motions of Jupiter and Saturn, was much assisted by a conjunction of these planets observed by Ibyn Jounis, at Cairo, towards the close of the eleventh century. Poisson, by making use of an ancient eclipse recorded by the Chaldaeans, was supposed to have proved that the sidereal day had not altered one ten-millionth part in two thousand five hundred years. Similar calculations were made by Laplace. It is now concluded, however, that the sidereal day is longer by one part in two million seven hundred thousand than in 720 B. C. All these calculations, of course, assume the trustworthiness of ancient records.

In geology, botany, zoology, also, the man who will believe nothing but what he has seen with his own eyes will learn very little. No one observer can personally observe a thousandth part of the phenomena which constitute the accepted stock of scientific knowledge. At most, he can but scan a Hortus Siccus, a museum of minerals, shells, skeletons, and stuffed specimens. For the original locality and position of strata, for the living appearance, habits, and homes of the various species, and for the whole account of the fauna and flora of remote countries not yet illustrated by accessible specimens, the man of science must depend upon the reports of travelers, often no more in number than, nor so close in agreement as, the Four Evangelists. They bring back reports of glass sponges, and animals with eyes brought up from the rayless and plantless depths of the sea, as in the recent dredging expeditions. They give us accounts of fossil horses, no bigger than a fox; of veritable dragons, the winged-fingered pterodactyles, twenty-five feet from tip to tip; of birds with well-developed teeth in both jaws, and of fish with legs; of sea serpents, the sauroid reptiles of the cretaceous period, over seventy feet in length, — as Prof. Marsh's expeditions have

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done. They tell us of a race of dwarfs and other marvels, as Schweinfurth has done; they recount every day new wonder after wonder, just as much opposed to general experience as anything in the doctrines and accounts of Christianity, and the scientific world receives their narratives with full credence. Certainly scientific men should be the last to refuse as credible the testimony of honest eye-witnesses simply because their narratives contain some marvellous details.

Third, Analogy, hypothesis, and various kinds of merely probable inference.

Religion, it is true, often uses these in support of the doctrines it advances. It employes the argument from analogy, for example, in proof of the future life of the soul. Every atom of matter, it says, is believed by science to be absolutely indestructible. So also is every smallest quantity of force. If these other units, if all the rest of the force in the universe is thus able to survive the shocks of change, if all else is thus carefully guarded by nature from destruction, is it likely that the intelligent soul, the conscious unit, the spiritual force which is the most exalted of all earthly things, perishes at the end of this short life?

Again, every order of organized sentient being below man has a sphere of development and action commensurate with his capacities. Unless man be a solitary exception to the general order, he must also have such a sphere. But it is evident that in this handbreadth of earth and earthly life his vast capacities and desires cannot fulfill themselves. If his chances of development are like those of his fellow creatures, he must have an existence hereafter to give the opportunities not supplied here.

Now, whether these analogies be considered as supplying logical proof or not, they are just such as science uses.

Science asserts with entire confidence the existence of this and that chemical element in the heavenly bodies, iron and sodium in the atmosphere of the sun, Sirius, and other stars, blazing hydrogen gas in the dumb-bell nebula and other irresolvable nebulæ. How does it know any one of these facts, say the last? Simply by the fact that objects on earth presenting the same spectroscopic lines are hydrogen. As the nebula presents these lines, it is inferred to be of the same constitution in other respects also. It is by a

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like analogical argument that the white spots at the poles of Mars are held by scientific men to be snow, and the fossil skeletons found in the earth to have once belonged to living animals.

Of course all such inferences are but probable, whether used by religon or science. He must be very ignorant of science who reproaches religion with the employment of probable inferences, as if she alone was guilty or a sinner above her physical sister. It is rare that physical investigations attain more than probable conclusions. There are some cases, of course, where our investigation may be made exhaustive. Such are the cases where our inquiry is limited to a small class, a definite portion of matter, a moderate extent of time or area of space. But in almost all cases, — not alone in analogical reasoning, but in the best inductions, — in all those which much advance knowledge, our conclusions must pass beyond the narrow confines of our data. "In natural history," says Prof. Henfrey, "it is rarely in our power to ascertain all the particulars requisite for any given induction; it is scarcely ever possible to use this demonstrative induction. We are constantly obliged to derive a general consequence from a portion of the particular cases which it ought to rest upon, and in such cases anticipate the agreement of the rest, basing the hypothesis upon analogy."

The same is true of the other sciences, and especially of the great natural laws. The law of gravity, for example, has never been proved by any exhaustive induction. Only a small portion of terrestrial matter and a few of the myriad stars of heaven have been tested as conforming to it. The first law of motion, that "a material particle when not acted on by any extraneous force will continue in the same state of rest or motion," can never be completely proved by induction. No experience has ever or can ever observe it. The same is true of the conservation of energy; all the inductive proof that can be given for any of these is only approximative. Its cogency depends on the fact that the farther we extend our observation, the more delicate we make our tests, and exclude disturbing conditions, the nearer we come to the realization of the law. It is but the same kind of approximative evidence which religion brings to show the benevolence and providence of God. As we understand nature and human events more

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and more thoroughly, we find more and more that everything is good.

The fact is, as Stanley Jevons says (Principles of Science, Vol. I. p. 274), "not one of the inductive truths which men have established, or think they have established, is really safe from exception or reversal. . . . Euler expresses no more than the truth when he says that it would be impossible to fix on any one thing really existing of which we could have so perfect a knowledge as to put us beyond the reach of mistake." Though we have observed ten thousand swans to be white, it does not follow but what the next swan may be black. Though we have observed flame to burn a hundred million times, it does not follow but what the next time it may not, — the law ruling it being a change-bearing one, such as Babbage made in one of his calculating machines, or some unsuspected cause being in existence which may produce a different effect. "The conclusions of scientific inference," to quote Jevons again (Principles of Science, Vol. II. p. 465), appear to be always of an hypothetical and purely provisional nature. The best calculated results which it can give are never absolute probabilities; they are purely relative to the extent of our information. It seems to be impossible for us to judge how far our experience gives us adequate information of the universe as a whole, and of all the forces and phenomena which can have place therein."

The Gordian knots of existence not allowing themselves thus to be untied by any complete inductions, they must be severed in some more summary way. Religion does so by its grand hypotheses of God and soul, — for they are in a certain sense hypotheses, — transcending at first, nay, transcending forever, the sweep of any possible induction. For thus resorting to hypotheses religion has always been reproached, and it has had commended to it the Baconian method of laborious accumulation of facts and careful and orderly abstraction from them of general axioms or laws. It has been reminded of the great philosopher's warning against "anticipations." It has been admonished to recall the similar scholium of Newton, "Whatever is not deduced from the phenomena is to be called an hypothesis, and hypotheses, whether metaphysical or physical, have no place in experimental philosophy." But in point of fact, it is just this procedure of anticipating

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nature, of framing hypotheses, which has yielded all the more lofty and successful results of science. Those who have most advanced the natural science since Bacon's day, says Prof. Henfrey, "have departed from the rigorous method of induction, and by this alone rendered possible the rapid progress of the sciences." To the same effect, says Prof. Jevons (Fortnightly Review, 1873, p. 780), "whether we look to Galileo and Gilbert, his contemporaries, or to Newton and Descartes, his successors, we find that discovery was achieved by the exactly opposite method to that advanced by Bacon." In spite of Newton's condemnation of hypotheses, "the greater part of his Principia," says Prof. Jevons, "is purely hypothetical." His practice is the most splendid vindication of their use. Huyghen's brilliant achievements were gained by the same means.

The history of the inductive sciences, to quote the words of Whewell, "is the rise of theories out of facts and the passing of theories into facts. Laplace's, Darwin's, Spencer's great scientific achievements are all hypotheses. Geology, paleontology, archæology, are all built up by hypotheses. These sciences are but the interpretations we have guessed for a few of nature's infinite hieroglyphics. Neither induction nor deduction, Auguste Comte even has said, "would enable us to understand even the simplest phenomena, if we did not often commence by anticipation on the results;" and in his discourse delivered before the British Association in Liverpool, in 1870, Prof. Tyndall has urged upon his scientific comrades the importance of the imagination as the mightiest instrument of the physical investigation, and indicates as the organ that is finally to solve the ultimate problems of physics, "spiritual insight." It needs hardly to be remarked, that hypotheses, imagination, insight, are but secular names for the action and faculty which under the standard of religion are so much scoffed at as "faith."

But scientific faith, it will be said, legitimates itself by the test of verification. Religious faith does not. It is the bringing of its doctrines, by whatever argument supported, whether by intuition, authority, evidence, analogy, or hypotheses, squarely up to the test of verification as a final and decisive test, that justifies these methods in the hands of science. And it is the disuse of

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this test by religion that in her hands renders them suspicious. Now, on the one hand, religion, as I shall show farther on, is able to confirm its fundamental propositions by verifications similar to those employed by science. On the other hand, the doctrines of science, even those generally accepted, are in many cases destitute of any proper verification. The fundamantal law in pneumatics, that, where gases are allowed to mix, every gas is in a constant state of diffusion of every part into every part, cannot be verified by observation, except in those cases where the gases are distinguishable. The results of celestial spectroscopy, based as we have seen them to be on analogy, allow no means of verification. For the assumptions underlying them, — that substances on celestial bodies vibrate exactly as substances on the earth, and that some different substance, either a known or an unknown one, cannot have synchronous vibrations with the substance observed here to have these vibrations,— can never be established. Should either assumption be reasonably suspected to be erroneous, as the last already has been by Prof. Young, from certain phenomena, the whole superstructure would fall with it.

Social science, as John Stuart Mill has pointed out (System of Logic, chap. ix., sec. 5), is incapable of direct verification. The nebular and the development hypotheses, and all the accounts of the past history of the universe, in the astronomical, geological, or biological departments, are incapable of direct verification. None of these events can now be tested by observation. The only verification is to show that the cause assigned, according to present laws of causation, would account for the phenomena. Not that they did cause them, nor that the laws of causation have come down unchanged, nor even that no other cause could have produced the given effects. The same is true of those important scientific theories, the atomic constitution of chemical substances and the ether-waves which are regarded universally as the vehicle of light. No verification by any kind of observation is possible. For the most powerful microscope has never discerned a molecule or an atom. They are at least a thousand times smaller, according to Thomson's calculations, than any particle which the microscope can discern. All the verification that can be given is to show, in the phrase which Tyndall so frequently uses, in his paper on the Sci-

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entific Imagination, that the phenomena occur *as if there were such substrata*. There is nothing to prove that they are *actually* there, or that some other better explanation may not be discovered and banish them, as the belief in emitted corpuscles and imponderable fluids has already been dismissed.

So, again, the truths of geometry, the doctrines of the indestructibility of matter and force and the uniformity of nature, all laws claiming universality and absoluteness, as it was before shown that they could not be *proved* by observation, so neither can they be verified by experience, that is, in their universality and absoluteness. Their only verification is approximative and probable.

Thus is it shown by examination that science, when she would grasp any of the wider laws and deeper secrets of nature, must and does employ the very methods for which religion is rejected, and is open to the same objections. If the one is not to be rejected or doubted because of these, why is the other?

JAMES T. BIXBY.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

THE love of Christ, in its influence on our hearts, drawing us into a closer relationship with God, opening within us new sensibilities to what is heavenly, and bringing to us new accessions of life and joy, is a great subject. We do not propose here to enter into it. We wish rather to treat of the love of Christ, not as it takes us into the deepest experiences of the soul with God, but as it affects us in some of our relations with one another. Our love to our friends will be more beautiful and more enduring if pervaded by the higher sentiments which unite us to Jesus, the repsentative and the son of God. As we live in him, all pure affections, all generous emotions, all gracious and disinterested acts, all true and lofty thoughts, become easy to us. We shall not love our friends less, but all the more, because our love for them goes with us in our secret devotions, and there, devoutly and reverently, is fed from the fountain of eternal love. The sanctions of eternity are thrown around the otherwise fleeting relationships of

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life. The love of Christ, and through that the love of God, is a universal medium of communication by which we may be connected with one another, while we unite in supplication to a common Father. The interests of the day become ennobled by our relationship to him. The sun shines more serenely, and the stars with a warmer flame, when we see in them the expression of his benignity. And duty, whether in small matters or great, assumes a more imperial authority when it speaks to us in his name.

There is, then, no necessary antagonism between what we owe to one another and what we owe to Christ. We must give ourselves first of all to him as the representative and, in a very lofty sense, the son of God, who is revealing to us the way in which all our highest faculties may be made alive and kept alive. In him is the exemplar and law of our truest and best life. As we bring ourselves under his control, we subject ourselves to this law. Being thus born anew into the realm of spiritual sentiments, ideas, affections, we become more capable of loving, and more worthy of being loved. Faculties before unknown are awakened within us. Our emotions thrill us with a quicker sympathy, and our affections are stirred by a diviner enthusiasm. He who devotes himself to the highest ends of life is best fitted to enjoy and to give enjoyment in all its relationships and pursuits.

The man who with selfish purpose gives himself entirely to the daily routine of affairs is not the one who derives for himself, or who imparts to those around him, the greatest happiness, even within that narrow routine. He may possibly make more money than another. But he does not know how to use it to the best advantage. And without that knowledge what is money good for? He may have a more splendid house, a wider circle of visitors, more magnificent entertainments, and thus excite the jealousy of those around him. But in the genial intercourse of mind with mind and heart with heart, what do all these things amount to? Poverty of soul lays its blighting hand on all that he is or has.

Take a young man who has no higher purpose in life than his own comfort and self-indulgence. Give him, in outward goods, all that he can ask. To a certain extent, he may have taste, refinement, mental cultivation. Let him become the head of a family. He seeks his own ease and comfort. He attends to the

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forms of society. He devotes himself, perhaps laboriously, to little elegancies and trifles. But what is there to give interest, or dignity, or happiness? What is there to touch his soul, to call out his energies, or awaken his best affections? Let that young man give himself to some noble cause and lose himself in his devotion to it. Let him, from a solemn conviction of duty, gladly give up ease, comfort, or even his life, in its defence. His whole nature is quickened by this new enthusiasm. The quantity of his being is enlarged, and its quality is improved. He can now live outside of himself. Because he has thus given himself to a great and generous cause, all his affections are more generous and more alive. In the midst of his home, he is a more quickening presence, more sympathetic, more inspiring, more jubilant, than he otherwise ever could have been. In how many cases during our great war did we witness these transforming influences!

It is sad to think what a dearth of life there is, because of the want of this high self-consecration, — what dreary, comfortless homes there are, merely because those who live in them have never given themselves heart and soul to any great and generous enterprise. They look out only from the selfish point of view. A great poet has represented the souls of thoroughly selfish men as encased in ice, alternately shivering and benumbed, with only enough of life to be conscious of the surrounding all-pervading death. This supreme selfishness, or rather indifference, — this insensibility to what is generous and lofty, this prudent, self-complacent, self-indulgent regard for one's own interests, is what our modern civilization, with its wonderful development of material wealth, has been drifting towards. And nothing can be more fatal to the highest interests and happiness of man. A splendid frost-work of society, — sparkling like what we sometimes see around us after snow and rain on a winter's day, — as beautiful, but also as cold and as fatal to all spontaneous outgushing of warm and generous life!

In order to that, there must be faith in what lives and reigns above us. And Christ comes as the manifestation to us of that fair and heavenly ideal. If we do not love him more than what lies around us, houses and lands, father or mother, son or daughter,

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we are not worthy of him. Nor are we worthy of them. Unless we come to them and they to us in the richness of a life inspired and quickened by him, in the wealth of affections, impulses, desires, and hopes thus quickened and inspired by a loftier faith, we come to one another as trees encased in ice. But if, first of all, we give ourselves to him and the generous hopes and affections which faith in him may awaken in us, we shall be like these same trees, lifting up their branches to the spring-day sun, till from the lowest root to the highest twig they feel the pulses of a new life bursting out into leaf and blossom, while birds nestle within their shade, and the air is burdened with their melodies.

He who consecrates himself to what is highest of all, thereby elevates all his pursuits. There are those to whom a church suggests no sacred or purifying thoughts. And there are those to whom a common chamber is holy as a place of worship, and every loving act that connects them with their friends is, from the spirit in which it is performed, a religious and sacred act. Now this predominant religious spirit, which is expressed by loving Christ more than father or mother or any earthly friend, is what gives dignity and beauty to life and to the relationships of life. The highest mountain borrows its crowning grace and grandeur from the heavens which bend over it. The modest wild-flower in the valley is not half so fair, transferred to your chamber, as it is there in its birth-place, with all the fostering heavens bending down to feed and cherish it. And so the sublimest act and the lowliest affections which lie within our reach stand before us with a more imperial greatness or with a more winning grace, when done or cherished in a spirit of religious love and reverence.

When Jesus honored with his friendship the home of Mary and Martha he, by his presence there, took it with all its lesser acts and graces out of the sphere of perishable things. Not more true is it that their brother, wept over as dead and buried, was restored to them from the tomb, than that all their acts and affections, purified and ennobled by the higher spirit which he awakened there, were henceforth to be numbered among influences religious and immortal. She who sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word, presents to this day the most attractive picture that we can have of a young woman, in the sweetness, simplicity, and gentleness of her

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newly awakened affections, giving herself first of all to the guiding love and fostering care of heaven. And so it is with every home into which he enters in spirit, and where he dwells more loved and revered than any earthly friend, sweetening the cup of their daily life to all who are there, — strengthening their manly virtues by a mightier faith, softening their womanly graces by a gentler devotion, prompting to silent deeds which fill the house and perhaps the neighborhood with the fragrance of their love, awakening in them a holier joy, teaching a serener patience, mellowing their thoughts and affections with the progress of time, and ripening them through their dear and precious experiences here for that world where is fullness of joy and pleasure for evermore.

The larger encloses and dignifies the less. The solitary one, with no strong ties to bind him to his race, feeling that it matters little to any one whether he lives or dies, becomes of more value to himself when he finds himself taken into the loving confidence and sympathy of another. His own good name is dearer to him now, because he, in some mysterious way, shares it with his friend. His own life is a more sacred trust, to be kept more religiously free from wrong, lest its taint should communicate itself in sadness to another's heart. The home which he forms around him gives a more intense activity and strength to feelings which moved languidly in his own bosom, when there was no one else to have a claim upon him. And so, still more, when that home is regarded as but one in a wider community of homes, bound together by common sympathies and rights, all presided over by one system of laws, one genius and national spirit, one destiny, so that the nation's dishonor or defeat darkens the windows of each separate home, and fills them all with shame or sadness, while every heroic deed becomes the property of all, and not only confirms the integrity of the nation, and enriches its life, but infuses a new ardor of patriotism into every home, a more generous enthusiasm into every heart, and gives to the child a quicker glow of feeling as he reads of heroic and patriotic deeds in other lands. Every home, every individual life, is made richer and better because of the richer virtue and purer fame which are reflected upon it from the nation's glory.

And so, far more, if we lift our thoughts still higher, to that

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faith which calls down the powers of heaven to wrestle with us and for us in our earthly struggles, to that divine love whose purest expression has beamed upon us from the countenance of Jesus, which would enter our hearts to make them holy, and then sanctify and bless to us all our acts and our relationships. Through this we are introduced into alliance and companionship with heavenly agents. Our hearts may sometimes fail, or sometimes be cold and dead. Under the discouragements of the hour, we may see no way open to success. We may be grieved and shocked by the folly or the wickedness of those who arrange themselves on our side, and disheartened by the apparent skill and ascendancy of wrong. So far as human beings and human counsels are concerned, all may seem involved in one inextricable labyrinth of disorder and misrule. But there are powers mightier than those which appear. If we could only see into that invisible realm where the mightiest of all agencies are, we should exclaim with the prophet, when surrounded by the Syrian hosts, "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

J. H. Morison.

"When I recall the rich experiences and the consecrated friendships that are to me inseparably associated with the Church, I realize the more how much that is precious must have accumulated about it to the multitude of souls it has welcomed and nourished during all the hundred years. . . . But very many of those who were nearest and dearest to me during my ministry have left this earth, and will not be with you. . . . Inasmuch as I am forced to be among the absent ones, I take a kind of solemn joy in thinking in what a company I am; for whether the absence is occasioned by a difference of continent or by difference of sphere may be less of a distinction than we are apt to suppose. I think it would be hard to find anywhere in the world truer exemplifications of the Christian life than we had among those dear departed ones, whose loveliness and unselfish devotion to duty and religious fervor give now an odor of sanctity to the church they loved so well; and what a testimony they give to the value of that form of religious faith which has borne such precious fruit! May their memory stimulate us and make us strive that it may work in us also the same perfect work!"—*From Rev. Charles Lowe's letter read at the Centenary of the North Church, Salem, July* 19, 1872.

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EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF REV. CHARLES LOWE.

On the threshold of the department of this "Review" which was specially associated with Mr. Lowe, and where its readers will perhaps most keenly feel his loss, our feeling prompts us to place on record, in this memorial number, so much as space will permit of the multitude of tributes to his rare character and worth which have been called forth by his departure from among us. These tributes are alike unusual in their number and in their uniform appreciation of qualities which, one would have said, were too fine and delicate to be seized by the popular eye. There are some men whose influence on the world is, so to speak, external, and whose monument remains in organizations or institutions, or in literary works, to perpetuate their memory. Of them the monument itself will testify; and there is no need of words. But when one is taken away, who has spent himself in self-forgetting service, — not in building, but in being, — and whose influence was that personal effect of a noble life upon other lives, which is too deep and internal to reveal its full working until the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, the only monument which we can rear is that of the testimony of love and gratitude which is poured out upon his grave.

Such a bringing together in one symphony of common feeling, of the scattered voices which have given their loving witness, will present the strongest testimony to the power of his character. We believe that it will also help to continue the best work of that consecrated life by the real sympathy which it will disclose and will aid in quickening, between those of many differing opinions without as well as within the household of faith to which he belonged.

In the tributes from various sources which we bring together here, it will be noticed that the daily newspapers, which are often too hurried in their record of passing events to take special notice of the more interior qualities of those whom they commemorate,

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r with true appreciation on the impressions of his life, and th the religious journals of his own and other denomina- nd with the best minds among his ministerial brethren, dding fresh traits to the portrait of a Christian character exceptional beauty and power.

"The Advertiser" thus recorded the loss of "an honored and efficient leader" of the Unitarian denomination: —

"As a writer he was clear and forcible; and a sturdy common sense characterized everything which came from his pen. His latest productions are by much his best; and the growth of his mind during the later years of his life was very marked. His writings showed a much firmer and more confident grasp of his subject; and he became also a very effective extemporaneous speaker. His sermons were probably never brilliant, but they were the result of conscientious study, inspired by the single object of doing good. In the pulpit his manner was dignified and impressive, and he was always an acceptable preacher. Both by the natural inclination of his mind and by the convictions of his whole life he was averse to extreme views; and while his own opinions were firmly settled, he was always anxious not to interfere with the rights of others. In the councils of his own denomination he was always the advocate of moderate views, and he felt that the middle course was the safest. From the beginning of his active career, at almost every step, Mr. Lowe encountered the disappointments which come when the eager spirit is forced by the pressure of bodily disease to pause in the execution of cherished plans; but, in spite of many frustrated hopes, he has left behind him the fragrant memory of a useful and well-spent life."

"The Journal" said, —

"The announcement will cause regret to many in every part of the world where Unitarianism has any representation. A man of pure and sterling character, a preacher and pastor in whom were united scholarly and genuine Christianity, and a winning gentleman, a religionist of deep convictions, yet broad and generous in his feelings toward every phase of religious thought, he gained the respect and esteem of all with whom he came in contact. As Secretary of the Association he exhibited rare executive talent, combined with a faculty of reconciling contending elements, which made him equally efficient and popular. Neither stooping for the sake of pleasing, nor swerving in order to avoid criticism, he steered the Association clear of rocks upon which it was feared a split might occur, and at the time when he was compelled to relinquish the office to which he had been too faithful for his own physical good, no name was better known or more highly esteemed among Unitarians everywhere than that of Charles Lowe."

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"The Transcript" dwelt upon "his devoted, manly and Christian life," and spoke of his —

"Sincere zeal, . . . in each pastorate magnifying his office by his modest, conciliating and tender fidelity as a religious teacher, guide and friend, preaching by his daily walk and conversation as truly as from the pulpit.

"It was, however, in the last position he held, that of Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, that he became most generally known, and perhaps it was in that he made most widely evident his intellectual and executive abilities, the sweetness of his kindly and courteous disposition, and the graces of his Christian self-culture. His heart was in the denomination to which he belonged, because he believed that by its progress and prosperity the cause of rational piety, doctrinal truth and sound morality would be advanced. But in his ardor he was generously catholic, without bigotry or exclusiveness towards those from whom he differed in his own or other communions. In the clerical circles, of which he was a cherished member, and in the special organization whose welfare and efficiency he did so much to promote, full and loving justice will be done to his large merits as a clergyman and his singularly pure character as a man. In these relations and among all who knew him there will be no lips to speak of him but in praise, as they mourn his departure and miss his presence from the places that were so cheered and profited by his labors and his fraternal spirit."

One of the most appreciative tributes was that of "The Golden Age," of New York, which in few words summed up the essential qualities of his character: —

"Rev. Charles Lowe, who died at Swampscott, near Boston, a week ago, was one of the most catholic minds and affectionate and devoted hearts this generation has produced. He had a genius for goodness, and his spirit seemed to have blossomed out of the Sermon on the Mount. He wrote well, but lived better, and was himself a great deal more and better than anything he ever said or did. If he was in a sect, it was something as a peach-tree is in a garden, only to take up what is best in the soil and secrete the utmost of the air and sunlight into nectar."

With felicity a skillful and loving hand described him in "The Commonwealth:" —

"Mr. Lowe was a rare man. To speak simply the truth we must fall into the language of eulogy. He had as few faults as almost any one now living. His heart was so full of love for all that he drew all to him. This will explain the secret of his attractiveness. As Secretary of the Unitarian Association he had a most difficult position; yet he fulfilled

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its duties with universal satisfaction. But his interest extended beyond the limits of a denomination. He was an earnest worker for the freedman, and labored zealously for the education of the emancipated negro.

"Mr. Lowe combined in a remarkable degree the two qualities of love and fidelity to his convictions. In this he resembled Samuel J. May. While he won others by his sweetness of spirit, he was uncompromising in his convictions, and expressed them with the frankness of a child. Though not marked as a great preacher, he was very effective, and his mind ripened to the last, so that his latest writings show an increased breadth of thought, and a more comprehensive intellectual grasp. He had unusual executive ability, and his kindness of spirit was blended with common sense and clear judgment. As an extemporaneous speaker he would at times rise to an inspiring eloquence, and the fire of enthusiasm in his own soul kindled those who heard him. It is safe to say that in the denomination whose interests he cherished with such deep and constant devotion there is not a single man so universally esteemed and loved. As we write these lines our heart is touched with personal grief, and this is the common feeling among the wide circle of his friends and associates. As he lived so as to throw over all who came into his presence the light of his sunny spirit, so he died. His last hours were full of the sweetest faith. The sun brightened to its setting. As he lay on his couch and turned his face towards the window and saw the sea, he said, 'It is beautiful; but soon I shall see it when it will be still more so.' Religion during his life was the expression of all that was bright and beautiful; so when the last earthly hour came, and he drew near the end, his spirit was brightened by the hope of a richer and more spiritual beauty beyond. He passed into the more beautiful light of God.

"As we recall the memory of Mr. Lowe, we are reminded of Whittier's lines in remembrance of Joseph Sturge: —

> "'The very gentlest of all human creatures,
> He joined a courage strong,
> And love outreaching unto all God's creatures,
> With sturdy hate of wrong.
>
> "'Tender as woman; manliness and meekness
> In him were so allied,
> That they who judged him by his strength or weakness
> Saw but a single side.
>
> "'And now he rests, his greatness and his sweetness
> No more shall seem at strife,
> And death has moulded into calm completeness
> The statue of his life.'"

But perhaps the most striking sign of the way that the sunny virtue of this man's life had penetrated with wide influence is to be found in the voices of generous recognition which have come

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up from beyond his own religious communion, showing that his spirit had melted the lines of sectarian separation in a manner which he would have recognized as one of the most happy results of his life.

In "The Index" (Free Religious) "A. W. S." said, —

"The recent death of Rev. Charles Lowe, of Somerville, has filled the hearts of his friends — and they were many — with very deep sorrow. It was our privilege to have known Mr. Lowe, with some degree of intimacy, for several years. While he was serving his long term as Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, we were a member of its Board of Directors for two years, and had frequent occasions of meeting him and testing the gentleness, courtesy, and nobility of his nature. Though of decidedly conservative convictions, he was most broad, generous, and liberal in his spirit — always, as an officer of the Association, in practical matters, disposed to go far in toleration of the radicals of his denomination. His demeanor towards us, in this respect, we shall always remember with the most appreciative consideration. We ever found him an eminently true and sincere man, and as open and frank as the day. In spirit and character, as well as in faithful and valuable service, he was one of the brightest ornaments and most useful members of the Unitarian organization in America."

"Zion's Herald" (Methodist) said, —

"There is a pathetic interest attached to the July number of 'The Unitarian Review.' It bears the name of its late editor, Rev. Charles Lowe, while he himself has rested from his earthly labors. Its contents, however, were gathered by the hand that is now fast crumbling into dust, and his gentle and devout spirit is breathed through its pages. Mr. Lowe was a man whose death is a loss to the whole Christian community as well as to his own religious body. He possessed a rare combination of attractive gifts. He was of a kindly temper, a man of wide reading, with the additional culture of travel. Having a graceful and ready pen, a positive conviction as to the nature of the gospel of the Lord Jesus, and an earnest desire to secure the spread of its humane and spiritual influences among men, he was singularly fitted to be the active Secretary of the Unitarian Association, and the vigorous and successful editor of its review and religious magazine. It will be difficult to find another so earnest a representative of the sect who, at the same time, will exhibit a spirit so catholic and gentle, and have so much general facility for doing varied service in the denomination."

"The Advance," the Chicago organ of the Trinitarian Congregationalists, paid its tribute to "Mr. Lowe's deeply religious character."

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"The Universalist" said of him, —

"He had mastered the beautiful secret of so performing all tasks as to keep a conscience void of offence, both towards God and towards men. Unselfish, amiable, sincere, and high-minded, he was such an example of a Christian citizen and church officer as we could wish might be universally emulated. His death is indeed a serious loss to his own denomination; but when such a rare embodiment of the style of life all denominations exist to produce passes away, every genuine interest of our common Christianity misses a helper of its joy."

"The Christian Recorder," organ of the African Methodist Church, published in Philadelphia, said of Mr. Lowe, —

"Whether he was a Christian intellectually, we know not; but that he was Christlike scores of our preachers and hundreds of our people can testify. If heaven is the final resting-place of those who, like Ben Adhem, love their brother man, then is Charles Lowe at rest."

"The Liberal Christian" said, —

"In the death of Rev. Charles Lowe the Unitarian denomination loses a faithful minister, the world a good man. His was a life of honorable endeavor, rare purity and purpose consecrated to the highest and best ends. Lack of physical strength rendered it impossible for him to accomplish all that he would gladly have done for the cause of humanity, but he left behind him a record which shows most clearly how the noble mind can rise victorious above weakness of the body."

The beautiful notice of his life and character which appeared in "The Christian Register," from the hand of Rev. T. J. Mumford, will fitly close this remarkable series of expressions, from the public press, of love and sorrow: —

"The death of this universally beloved and honored representative of Liberal Christianity has occasioned rare depth and breadth of sorrow. Our denomination mourns the loss of its favorite standard-bearer; and all who knew him, whatever may have been the honest differences of opinion, bear cordial testimony to the elevation and purity of his spirit, and the largeness and warmth of his heart. There may have been men more remarkable for mere brilliancy of intellect and wealth of attainments, but in 'love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance,' he was unsurpassed.

"When Mr. Lowe entered upon his duties as the chief executive officer of our most important missionary organization, it was a very critical time in the history of the Association. There had just been a revival of activity, and the contributions of the people were largely increased.

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Compared with the operations of some great denominations, our transactions were still of very modest dimensions, but contrasted with the meagreness of our earlier efforts they seemed very encouraging. It was difficult, however, to prevent a relapse into indifference and parsimony. In planning and executing the new work for which there was an urgent demand, Mr. Lowe manifested commendable zeal tempered with equally creditable discretion. While his enthusiasm warmed the hearts of our people, and made them eager to heed his suggestions, his scrupulous vigilance in the use of their gifts secured the permanence of their faith in the uprightness and wisdom of his administration.

"Mr. Lowe served us in the department of thought even better than in the province of action. During his administration the question of adhering to our liberal policy, or yielding to the demands of a reactionary spirit, was well and finally settled. Honestly conservative in his own opinions, but uncompromisingly catholic and inclusive in his treatment of the views of more radical Christians, he bore himself through an exciting contest with masterly calmness and consistency. No criticisms, however severe and annoying, could ever provoke him into undue warmth of resentment, or morbid unwillingness to investigation. He lived with open doors, and invited unsparing scrutiny. His principles of official conduct were so carefully laid down, and so firmly adhered to, that the more they were examined the greater became the faith in his absolute fairness, and the more complete the satisfaction with his broad and generous policy. He went out of office rewarded and cheered by the sincerest expressions of denominational admiration and gratitude.

"After ceasing to be Secretary, he spent nearly two years in Europe, endeavoring to recruit his strength, and extending his acquaintance with liberal Christian movements in several countries. Visiting England, he was received with most gratifying cordiality. He reached home just before Anniversary Week in 1873, and no one who was present at the Music Hall Festival can ever forget the hearty and prolonged applause by which he was re-assured of our abiding love and honor. It was one of the most genuine and richly deserved ovations ever given to a public man. He devoted some months to rest and meditation, and then his desire to be useful became once more too strong to be resisted. Well aware that his time on earth was probably short, and feeling deeply that he must work the works of Him that sent him while it was yet day, he looked around for a congenial task. Offered the editorship of a monthly magazine, he saw at once that, if even a very moderate amount of strength should be granted him, he could render valuable service to our denominational literature. He entered upon this work hopefully, and never stayed his hand until further activity was forbidden by the authoritative voice of Death. His connection with 'The Unitarian Review' has proved to be very brief, but the affecting circumstances of the sudden interruption of his labor, and the apparent defeat of his half-developed

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plans, should move his friends to consecrate both intellectual and material aid to carrying forward an enterprise peculiarly identified with one so dear to us, and so intelligently and disinterestedly devoted to the highest interests of our cause.

"It has seemed fitting that we should briefly review some of the public services of our brother who has risen into the higher life, but Charles Lowe was much more than an efficient secretary and a capable editor. In every relation of life he was especially attractive and satisfactory. He was so gentle and modest, and yet so brave and strong, so pure and yet so charitable, so afflicted and yet so submissively cheerful and grateful, that it is now the delight of his friends to recall the charms of his remarkable personal character. If men are ever 'born to be loved,' surely he is one of those who have fulfilled this gracious destiny. And the cause of such a happy fate is an open secret; for, as was once said of Dr. Arnold, 'he loved his family as if he had no friends, his friends as if he had no family, and his country and his church as if he had neither family nor friends.' Let us cherish his memory with fond and thankful pride, and imitate his noble example of entire devotion to all that can promote the welfare of humanity by establishing the kingdom of God upon earth."

The official notices which have been taken of his departure by the various bodies with which he was connected showed not less, by their freedom from all conventional formality, the influence of the naturalness and gracious simplicity of truth which dwelt in him.

The Association of Ministers in and about Cambridge, who were his most intimate professional associates, testified to "the Christian love with which his heart overflowed, and the graces of character which made his presence as sunlight to our hearts. While we lament," they said, "his departure from among us, we thank God for the Christian faith which his life illustrated, and which is so full of consolation now, that the heaven which he has entered gives wider opportunity for the exercise of his virtues and the employments which he loved."

It was fitting that his long-time associates on the Board of the American Unitarian Association should have unanimously approved the following expression, offered by Rev. J. F. W. Ware, at their July meeting: —

"Having lived the just measure of a life, Charles Lowe passes from earthly labors, and we, his associates and friends, witnesses to his much fidelity and zeal, desire to put on record the simple expression of our love

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for him as a man, and our grateful admiration of virtues and energies which the depressions and wastings of disease seemed only to quicken. In his day, and beyond his strength, he served his denomination, the public, and his country, spending and spent for others, and growing into that life which is hid with Christ in God. Remembering his family with respectful sympathy, we commend them to the comforting of Him who alone comforteth."

To which the present Secretary of the Association added the expression of his own "personal sympathy, and deep sense of our great loss. In the position which he so nobly filled," wrote Mr. Shippen, "I hear on every hand the testimonies of his self-sacrifice, fidelity, of his rare sweetness and purity, and of his large practical wisdom. He has grandly proclaimed and illustrated the principles of our liberal faith, and left us all his debtors."

But not alone in the religious body which he earnestly served did the sorrow for his loss find something very different from a mere formal, official expression. The community among whom he lived recognized that it had been bereaved of one of its most public-spirited citizens. The Trustees of the Public Library of Somerville recorded the "active interest and earnest support which he had given" that institution. And the School Committee of that city placed "upon permanent record" their "sense of the great bereavement that has fallen upon this city, by the early and sudden death of one whose prominent position was rendered yet more conspicuous by the rare combination of excellences that marked his character. The duties of his sacred calling were his joy and delight, and his highest happiness was found in ministering to the happiness of others, in guiding, sustaining, and comforting those who were distressed in mind, body, or estate." And they resolved "that we deeply deplore the loss we have sustained as a Board, and those important interests also which we represent, in the final departure from our midst of a member distinguished for scholarly attainments, for sound judgment, and that delicate courtesy and kindness in all relations which made his counsel always wise, and his presence something like a benediction;" and that "we shall gratefully cherish the remembrance of his pride in the honor and prosperity of the city, his chosen home, and shall hold his singular worth in a most pleasant and sacred recollection."

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In the home of his childhood, and by the lips of one of his most valued teachers and most honored friends, the following tribute was paid to him by Rev. A. P. Peabody, D.D., in a sermon on "The Transcendant Worth of Intuition as a Ground of Faith," delivered before the New Hampshire Unitarian Conference, at Exeter, June 30, 1874: —

"Brethren, a week ago some of you stood with me by the lifeless form and the grave-side of one who — lovingly remembered by all who knew him — should be especially commemorated here, in the home of his youth, his parents, and his lifelong affection. His was pre-eminently the clear intuition of Christian verities, of which I have spoken. In his mind doubt and skepticism were rendered impossible by the moulding of his earliest character after the Christ-pattern, and the turning of his youthful steps heavenward. His Christian consciousness betrayed itself in eye and mien and voice. It outrayed itself in a wonderful beauty of holiness in his home-life and his social intercourse. It made him serene, glad and hopeful during years of weary infirmity and slow decline; and over and over again clothed him with new vigor for his life-work, when but for the recruited strength of the inner man, the outer man would have utterly sunk and failed. Wherever he went, he carried with him the sweetness and the penetrating power of a Christian presence. Even in the Arabian desert, the rude Moslem guides and servants, touched by his gentleness, his unruffled temper and his tender thoughtfulness for their comfort, paid an unwonted homage to Christianity as exemplified in him. Wherever he has lived or sojourned, his whole demeanor and intercourse have been a persuading and convincing power for the truth which he had found precious. And when the death-summons came, he received it without a moment's surprise or perturbation, welcomed it as his Lord's call, and passed away with a trust so peaceful, steadfast, and realizing, as to seem sight even more than faith.

"Brethren, such lives, if we only have grace to live them, are our best defence of the Gospel, our most efficient preaching, our truest service to our Lord and Master, and to the souls which he died to save, and ever lives to bless."

A minister so consecrated to his calling, so eminently endowed with the pastoral gifts and the traits of mind and character which ensure respect and affection, could not but retain the best part of the ministerial relation through all the separations of his home and his work from his former charge. His successor at Somerville has tenderly expressed the feelings of that people, in the sermon which is printed in another part of this number of "The Review;" and

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the tributes of his successors in the other parishes where he formerly ministered should here be put on record.

"W. J. P.," his successor in his earliest parish, thus wrote, in "The Index," —

"By the death of Charles Lowe one of the rare souls has passed away. Too many testimonies cannot be given to such a man's worth: not that such character needs the testimonies, but that friends need for their own satisfaction to utter them. Mr. Lowe began his professional work twenty-two years ago this month, as associate pastor of the First Congregational Society at New Bedford. He remained with the society only a year, his health thus early failing; but in that short time he won the love of hearts that through all the succeeding years of separation he retained. And his work during that year, especially in the Sunday-school, and in private homes, left an impress which has not vanished. Clear in thought, pure in heart, energetic and self-sacrificing in action, so he has nobly performed and nobly finished his life's service. So fair was he to all opinions, so just to others' motives, so true to the right, so filled with the spirit of good-will, that I think he never made an enemy, and attracted constant friends wherever his lot called him to live. Compelled to fight an insidious disease from the very beginning of his public work, he yet, by sheer strength of will and spirit, seemed to keep the forces of dissolution at bay, so that he did apparently a well man's tasks. And, though he has now died at forty-five, he was one of those of whom we may repeat the words, 'Honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair unto men, an unspotted life is old age.' Blessed be the memory of the man when dead, who by his life blessed so many souls!"

We quote the following from "The Salem Gazette:" —

"The intelligence came with startling suddenness, on Sunday morning, to the members of his former congregation, when announced at the North Church by Rev. Mr. Willson, his successor in the pastorate, who accompanied the announcement with a just, feeling, and affectionate tribute to his admirable character and qualities. 'The qualities of Mr. Lowe's character,' said Mr. Willson, 'came out perhaps in the most marked and striking manner in his office as Secretary of the American Unitarian Association. He showed scholarly culture, a well-furnished mind, and a winning fervor, as a preacher. He was graceful and effective as a writer. He was a trained student. Hs was alwa)s and everywhere a man of industry, who made use of opportunities. His spirit was Christian in its purity, sincerity, and unfailing kindness and charity. But it was in the office just named that not only all these traits and characteristics came into exercise, but more. There he showed that exquisite

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tact, and that calm, judicial poise of temper, for which he greatly distinguished himself, and which enabled him to meet with rare success the delicate questions and responsible decisions which often arose in his experience within that denominational bureau. Of Mr. Lowe's character and influence as a man and a minister, it is not too much to say that it secured universal respect and affection from all with whom he came in contact.'"

In the same paper a correspondent, "E. E. P.," who spoke from most intimate knowledge of Mr. Lowe, to the last hours of his life, said, —

"A soul of rare purity, strength, and sweetness was imprisoned here in a feeble body. An ardent spirit longing to do its part of God's work in the world was often baffled and disheartened by the poor tool which was given it to work with. But early in life he made up his mind he would not spend the days which might be given him here in the care of his body. Reasonably prudent he always meant to be, but work he must in his Master's vineyard. And so it came to pass that few, gifted with health and strength, have been able to do better work, or will be more missed from the post of duty.

"The number of those who counted him a friend, who felt that the world was better and brighter because he was in it, is not to be computed. No one ever knew him without loving him; but all did not know the force and strength of character, the firmness for the right, the high sense of honor, which lay behind the lovable qualities which they saw and appreciated.

"There was in him a surpassing unselfishness which made him always the giver, seldom the receiver. If there was any hardness to be borne, he always took it for himself, and left the ease to others; and this not from any ascetic spirit, but because it was ever more to him to make others happy and comfortable than to be so himself. This trait was sometimes the source of pain to those who loved him, and appreciated his bodily weakness and need of the cares he so freely lavished upon others, so unwillingly accepted for himself. The burden which the body had been to him was shown in the great joy with which he laid it down. When he knew the end was near, he said, 'This is a happy day for me.' Smiling, rejoicing, without a doubt or fear, speaking words of comfort to those present, leaving loving messages for the absent, — that chamber of death was as the very gate of heaven.

"Let those that loved him rejoice that his work on earth is over, that he is now one of the ministering angels in God's presence. For those who knew him can think of no other heaven for him but still to serve. Like a glad child he flew to his Father's arms, with no thought but of the love there; no remembrance of self, of what he had done or left undone. Thus once more is fulfilled the word of our Lord, 'At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me and I in you.'"

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Rev. Charles H. Brigham, at our request, has furnished this account of his intimate observation of Mr. Lowe under special opportunities for discerning his character: —

When one thinks of Charles Lowe, the lines of that tender ode of Horace instantly come to mind, and there seems to be no bound to the outpouring of respect and love. Surely a purer, nobler, more disinterested, more sincere soul, never wore the garment of flesh! I first began to know him at his ordination in New Bedford, when I laid hands upon his head in the prayer of consecration. A few years later, I was brought into more intimate relation with him as we traveled together in Eastern lands, in Egypt, on the Desert, and in Palestine. I was there the constant witness of his kindness, his consideration for others, his eagerness to prefer others to himself, though he more than any other in the party needed indulgence and help. He never complained of privation or hardship or fatigue, and bore all the annoyances with a patience and cheerfulness that shamed the fault-finding of the others in the party. He was very kind even to the noisy and lying Arabs, excusing their offences, and disarming their malice by his constant good humor. The dragoman in Syria, a zealous Moslem, said that if Mr. Lowe was a Christian he was a Christian too; that he did not want any better religion than Mr. Lowe's. Though he was weakest of all in the company, dropping into sleep from exhaustion almost as soon as he dismounted from his camel, he did more than any one to keep up the spirit of the party; and we knew not which most to wonder at, his perpetual cheerfulness, or his constant self-sacrifice. Every one who saw him came to love him, men and women, Christian and Moslem.

In later years, while he was Secretary of the Unitarian Association, I had from him innumerable letters, many of them written when he was very weak in body and tried by physical suffering. Yet the tone of all was the same, cheerful, bright, considerate, hopeful, never morbid, never desponding. His zeal in his work never gave way, and there were no harsh words about the acts or the characters of those who criticised most sharply the doings of the Association for which he was held responsible.

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There was apology and excuse for the fault-finders rather than blame.

This loving heart of Charles Lowe was so large that his fine mind, his broad culture, his accurate judgment, his firm will, his eminent qualities of intellect and conscience, were almost overlooked. He was so good that we almost failed to notice his rare wisdom. But he was a well-furnished scholar, an admirable writer, and a clear thinker, while he was such a sweet-souled friend and brother.

In his death we lose not only one of the finest spirits in our circle of brethren, but one of our best counsellors, whose place it will be difficult to fill. He was one of those rare sectarians who combine decision and charity in their zeal for the faith.

At Mr. Lowe's funeral short services were held at his house, Rev. G. W. Durrell, of the St. Thomas' Episcopal Church offering prayer. The services at the church were singing by the choir, prayer and reading of the Scriptures by Rev. H. H. Barber, pastor of the church, an address by Dr. Bellows, of New York, of which it was well said that "it was the heart's utterance clothed in language of beauty and faith," and prayer by Rev. A. P. Peabody, D.D. The address of Dr. Bellows was printed in "The Liberal Christian," and was as follows: —

"Since the death of Henry Ware and Ephraim Peabody our denomination has not met with a heavier loss, or felt a sorer grief, than in the death of Charles Lowe, long threatened, but sudden at the last.

"I could wish that the duty and privilege of speaking at his funeral had fallen to some one more intimately acquainted with him in ministerial and domestic life than myself. No one could well know more of him as a public man, and especially in what will perhaps longest continue to be remembered, his work as Secretary of the American Unitarian Association. It was there and in that relation that I was for many years brought into the closest contact with him; there that I learned to know and honor and trust him wholly, and there that he learned enough of me to make it one of his dying requests that, with others, I should occupy this place to-day. I must leave others at other times to tell you of his early work in the ministry at New Bedford, from which, in the full promise of great usefulness, at a post dignified and consecrated by many illustrious predecessors, he was cut off by failing health, or of his later

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work in Salem, and finally here in Somerville, where your sympathy and love fixed his home after he had been obliged to give up his pastoral labors among you. These short pastorates, all broken up by the failure of a strength on which he had too fondly reckoned, indicate his strong love for his profession. He won the hearts of every parish he ministered to, however brief his term of office; and, humanly speaking, it is deplorable that he was not permitted to serve the church and the world in the way he most desired. For he was peculiarly fitted by his strong faith in religious institutions, and affectionate, gentle, and sympathetic nature, for a pastorship; but his health never allowed him to engage long in any position which required stated and periodic services. His original tastes and his intellectual fitness would have made him, with an ordinary measure of health, a scholar and a theologian as well as a pastor. His love of study early carried him abroad, and I recall the affectionate enthusiasm with which Prof. Tholuck spoke of his promise when I met him at Halle. But he was never long permitted by his frail constitution to do anything for which his eminent gifts in all other respects so admirably fitted him. Neither much reading and study, to which his tastes called him, nor much preaching and ministering, for which he had qualifications that needed only sound lungs to make them eminent, was allowed him. He had no sooner shown his intellectual and spiritual abilities in both these directions, than his health gave way and compelled him to pause and choose some less perilous path. Yet his love for study and for preaching was never extinguished, and he was always hoping and believing that he might return to one or the other or both. His faith in his own profession was so profound and so affectionate that he could never give it up; while his interest in theological studies occupied his attention to the last, and inspired the final effort of his life, the attempt to make a theological review worthy of the denomination he loved and served so long and so ably, — an effort which had his dying words to attest the strength of his purpose.

"But meanwhile his chief work in life, and that for which all his varied gifts and experiences, his temperament, talents, and culture so admirably and exceptionally fitted him, had been apportioned to him. At the most critical period in the history of our denomination, when it was most torn with factions and most threatened with internal decay, Charles Lowe, in a day most blessed for himself and more blessed for our sacred cause, became Secretary of the American Unitarian Association. For six anxious, varied, and laborious years he filled that delicate, exhausting, and responsible post, originating or perfecting all the chief measures which resulted in the development of our resources, whether in money, missionary effort, organization, or enterprise. Whatever our publishing department became, he largely made it; whatever our new confidence in ourselves and each other has become, he as much as anybody inspired or directed it. He made himself master of the particular condition and

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wants of all our churches, and he studied with profound thoughtfulness all and every means by which their life could be sustained. That slight, frail form, with the open smile, the clear, dark, soft, yet piercing eye; the gentle, sweet, but ringing voice, that occupied so steadily the Secretary's chair, now listening patiently to the supplications, complaints and anxieties of parish committees, now to the grievances and sorrows of anxious ministers; this minute to the warnings of conservatives and the next to the threats of radicals; writing endless letters of inquiry, encouragement, suggestion, sympathy, — who of us does not know it and wonder how so much labor and care were ever encountered by so feeble and diseased a body! If there be a position suited to try a man's patience, wisdom and endurance, the Secretary's in those days was one.

"Mr. Lowe's qualifications for this post were so admirable that he may almost be said to have created it. He found it a place of moderate importance, he left it a post of first-rate dignity and influence, and in making the place so important, he lifted our denominational affairs into fresh light and promise. His zeal and faith, his patience and authority, his intelligence, his temper, his freedom from all personal ends, his power of winning respect and influence, without exciting envy or suggesting the love of power, or betraying the habit of command, all conspired to enable him to concentrate the energies and sympathies of our body in one general movement; to give us a kind of official head without alarming our jealousies and without allowing us to be very conscious that we had one. For who bore more meekly, with less betrayal of personal importance, with less obtrusiveness, the sceptre which fell into his hands? He had a planning, statesmanlike faculty, with large executive powers; a patient, persistent industry which made him able and willing to wait for the end, steadily pressing towards his purposes. Among these purposes a very dear one was the securing of an edifice in Boston worthy of the chief seat of our Liberal Christianity and the centre of our power, which should be the home of our organized labors, the gathering-place, exchange and laboratory of our sympathies and fellowships. Had his health permitted him to hold his post a few years longer, I believed he would have achieved this object. I wish it might still be effected, for what memorial of Mr. Lowe's services would be fitter than the completion of an enterprise so very dear to his heart?

"In the great trials which our honest divisions and antagonisms of opinion have produced, Mr. Lowe's broad, yet never loose or unsettled convictions, made him always a moderator and a balance-wheel. He stretched his sympathies widely in both directions; he prized all that was good in opposite tendencies, and helped, as much as any one, to reconcile our contestants to each other. We must all remember the many times when his coolness, tact, wisdom, and love have saved us from irritations, disputes and hasty actions. Somehow, nobody believed Charles Lowe could be his enemy, or could be far from right! He had

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in such large measure the sympathy and confidence of both sides — was so truly beloved and so heartily trusted, that it seemed impossible to bring any controversy to a bad conclusion where he was. How often has he closed the meetings of our local conferences, which he organized and by which he will be longest remembered, with his healing words, how often defeated the disposition to revolt, or to quarrel, or to divide! I certainly do not see how under divine Providence any one else can be considered as much as Mr. Lowe as the chief peacemaker in our own body for ten years past — when we have been sorely tried, because honestly agitated and confused by conflicting opinions. I cannot but believe that his labors, prayers, sympathies for our common good, will have a permanent blessing upon them; and that our Unitarian denomination will bear for a generation to come the evident mark of his wisdom and goodness upon its organization, spirit and victories.

"But what is all that a man can do, compared with what he is? Mr. Lowe's real work in life was the forming of his own character. Nature had given him an excellent understanding, a wise heart, a keen conscience and a vigorous will. His powers, in no direction consummate, were so evenly balanced that the total of them was large and strong. In equipoise he was exceptionally great; and although doubtless his pale face would blush in the coffin if I said he had no faults, his best friends are ready to declare they knew not what they were. God had given him everything essential to a first-rate career, except a good physical frame: this he never had. But he did the utmost with what he had of physical strength to utilize his talents and to do his Master's work. Few strong and hearty men have done more work, year by year, than he with his frail frame, his ever sensitive and complaining lungs. He loved God and man, truth and goodness, and it was his meat and drink to promote righteousness and holiness. Earnest, sincere, devoted, without manifesting a single self-seeking thought or purpose, ambitious only of usefulness and of service to the church, and specially our branch of it, he exhibited a uniform sweetness, earnestness, simplicity, and unworldliness which gained him the hearts of all his co-workers. There was a mingled dignity and gentleness, a combined force and affection in Mr. Lowe, that made him equally respected and beloved. His goodness was never weak, his gentleness never invited misuse or abuse. His mind had an edge, his will a decisiveness, his conscience a force, which made him as far as possible from being a figure of wax to be worked this way and that by others' fingers. He was complying only where his positive convictions were not touched. Nobody could drive him from his duty, or coax him to any compromise of his judgment.

"He was essentially and truly, and from the core and to the rind, a man penetrated with faith and piety; living always in his Task-master's eye, seeking God's glory and striving to build up the Redeemer's king-

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dom. Feeling more than others the uncertainty of life, he had his conversation in heaven, and was known and read of all men as one who had been with Jesus.

Those who knew his domestic life testify to his absolute faultlessness in his relations as a husband, father, son, and brother. He bore fatigue and long breaks in his power to labor with uncomplaining sweetness. Absence never diminished his love for his friends, interruption never lessened his devotion to his life-work, sickness never soured his lovely and loving temper. He bore the sorrows and the triumphs of our religious body in his inmost heart. Our views were not to him matters of cool preference, but of passionate love. He did not merely feel them to be on the whole better than others, — but he knew them to be of the most vital importance to the public welfare. They were God-sent, Christ-warranted, urgently necessary, — the source of inexhaustible blessings; and his thoughts and prayers to the last were for more faith in them among the brethren and more devotion to them among the people. How he loved his ministeral brethren, how attached he made the few familiar workers with him, — the devoted assistants in the office of the American Unitarian Association, — their tears will witness as I speak! how the denomination loved him, you all know. To name him was to praise him, and everybody found a welcome in any assembly of our public who blessed his name.

"That he should have been cheerful, disinterested, peaceful, hopeful, happy at the last, is only what all who knew him could have predicted. He thought of everything but himself, blessed the Providence that brought his death-blow to him away from home, because it gave him the undivided care and time of his beloved wife, named with warm affection the friends who had best loved him, met his release with joy, for he knew, he said, God had work for him in other worlds and nearer to Himself! A heavenly smile lit up his face as he met the eyes of his beloved ones, whose fears and anguish were lost in sympathy with his mighty peace. He looked at the great ocean, which lay in his view every time he raised his head, and seemed to feel that it reflected the image of God, symbolized the fullness of eternity, and whispered the boundless peace of souls that turn at last to their source, as rivers run to the sea. Great peace have they that love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them. Farewell, dear friend. Thy record is on high, thy rest is perfect, thy praise is in all our churches, thy memory shall not perish from our grateful hearts, thy earthly work is done, thy reward is come. Farewell!"

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OF THINGS AT HOME.

An article in "The Churchman," by Dr. Burgon, upon "The Mysteries of God's Providence," seems so in harmony with our thoughts on entering upon this department of "The Review" that we feel moved to quote from it. He says, —

"I know of nothing more perplexing, to a sincere believer in God's Providence, than the removal by death of persons whose lives, we feel sure, were most precious and might with advantage have been prolonged. To give the strongest instance which presents itself, suppose the loss of a young mother. I have (who has not?) such a case in my thoughts. Three little children under four years old, and a heart-broken husband who adored her, survive. She, the light of the dwelling, the joy and comfort of them all, — she has been taken away. Surely she was wanted here on earth for a good many years to come! Sympathy, encountering *him* in his solitary walk, is apt to enlarge on the calamitous nature of such a bereavement. How forlorn his life has become! What a dreary blank! I quite dread encountering his joyless face. Those children also, — that little girl, — what can possibly supply to her a mother's place?

"Take another instance. I have seen a ripe scholar and a profound thinker, who was also a truly great divine, afflicted with such very feeble health that he could hardly achieve the self-imposed labors of his admirable life. Soon after attaining his fortieth year his health quite gave way. Sent abroad in the vain expectation that a milder climate might prolong his days, and pursued by the prayers of thousands, he died in the south of Europe, leaving abundant evidence of what he would have been, what he might have done, had his life been prolonged to the appointed span of threescore years and ten. No one perhaps ever enjoyed a larger amount of the church's confidence and reverential respect than this man. Why was not another score of years added on to his life?"

He says some thoughtful words about the existence of evil in the world, and the painful spectacle of the bad living out their days, while the noble and lovely are cut down in the midst of their usefulness. He speaks of the necessity of a higher faith in the gracious purposes of God, not only towards the departed, but towards the bereaved. We know from our own experience that they rise to higher summits of sacred joy, and comprehension of the eternal life of the soul, than they had ever dreamed of reaching before the angel of death laid its hand upon the outward form of their beloved, and said, as Paul did of Christ, "Henceforth

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know ye them after the flesh no more." They wonder amid their tears at the willingness with which they lay the weary body in the grave, while they gaze upward so steadfastly into heaven, that the new living spirit comes forth from the veil of eternity, and walks and talks with them, and irradiates their whole present and future with undying light.

We quote a few more of the writer's words as touching upon the subject in a way to meet the longings of all those who have been almost in company with dear travellers through the valley of the shadow of death: —

"What ground have I for assuming with so much confidence that the little children I spoke of *are* deprived of a mother's care? I venture to take it for granted that her loss is to them simply irreparable. What if, on the contrary, it should appear that the gain has been to them — yes, and to her husband — incalculably great?

"'How is that possible?' I shall perhaps be impatiently asked. Now, it is quite enough, for all reply, that I should suggest that, for aught I know to the contrary, the pure spirit once within the veil may be able to pour forth such powerful supplications as may set in active operation a network of angelic ministries far, far outnumbering the hairs on every one of those bereaved infants' heads. That husband *may* henceforth walk about completely girded round with mercy and peace. I do not say that he *does:* but I insist that he *may*. And *if* he does, I further insist that the supposed difficulty has vanished.

"There are a few words more which I would fain add on this subject, but enough has been already adventured to warrant the introduction of the principal suggestion I had to offer, — namely, that what chiefly occasions us difficulty in this department of speculation is probably our habit of reasoning about the entire question without at all taking the other world into account. This is clearly unreasonable. In speculating concerning life and death, how *can* it be right to station ourselves exclusively on this side the veil, without so much as once adverting to the possibility that, by transferring ourselves to the other side, all the difficulties of the problem would vanish because contemplated from an entirely different point of view?"

Prof Porter, in his recent address to the graduates of Yale College, says that "the real cause of the prevailing unbelief of thinking men, at the present time, is the want of moral earnestness." This is very true of a large class of intelligent men, but we should hardly say it was true of so-called thinking men. We think it is more that their spiritual natures are not developed.

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They are occupied with the phenomena of nature, and the laws of the mind; they are happy in their researches and their affections, and feel no need of higher sources of joy. Let the hand of death lay its touch upon one nearest and dearest, or upon the powers of their own being by the stroke of sickness, and they will then cry out for the living God and immortality.

Our Universalist brethren have recently inaugurated their new Dean Academy at Franklin, which promises to be a place of great usefulness to high education and liberal Christianity. The address, by Rev. Dr. Ryder, was noticeable for its clearness, simplicity, and earnestness of tone. The question has been discussed in "The Universalist" of the relative advantages of large universities and small colleges, in reply somewhat to an article in "The Nation" disparaging small seats of learning, and recommending the community to spend all its strength and means upon great universities, where scholarly men can go forth, we suppose, in a phalanx, and date all their associations back to the same foster mother. This idea is a fine one, but we think there is room and demand for both kinds of institutions in the country, just as there is need in our denomination of pecuniary assistance alike for metropolitan and modest country churches. If we look at the past history of our country, and the present also, we shall find that some of our best men come forth from colleges, where though they may not have had all expensive appliances of knowledge, they have had earnest, conscientious professors, and, what is better still, an ardent thirst for knowledge, often lacking in the forced student of many a richly endowed institution.

M. P. L.

OF THINGS ABROAD.

THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

The Irish Episcopal Church has been occupying itself this past spring with a revision of its book of Common Prayer. The Athanasian Creed has come under discussion, and many different opinions were expressed during the session of the Synod. The first speakers proposed that the creed should remain untouched as it stands in the Prayer Book. This, of course, started the discus-

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sion. It was next proposed to remove the creed altogether from the Prayer Book. The speaker argued that it was a stumbling-block in his way as a clergyman, especially in places where Unitarian opinions prevailed. This proposition was seconded by another, who declared that this creed contained "thirty-six clauses, which no one could understand, and six from which everybody ought decidedly to dissent." It was then suggested that the creed should be placed among the articles, being only a statement of theology. Objections were made to this, that although this change might relieve laymen, it would be more oppressive to the clergy, as among them the articles were very strictly interpreted. The church itself, both in England and Ireland, the speaker argued, had been undoubtedly preserved from Socinianism, because the people had had these passages sounded in their ears so long, although they might not comprehend their full meaning. Another proposed that the damnatory clauses should be omitted, on the ground that they were abstruse terms badly translated and injurious to faith and the interests of Christianity, making the way to salvation narrower than the Scriptures. The Bishop of Derry continued the debate by a thorough defence of the creed. He believed "there was more pure Gospel in one glassful of the Athanasian Creed than there was in a whole muddy cataract of vapid so-called Gospel sermons." He called "its spirit the perfection of Christian charity." His remarks were received with "prolonged cheers," but there were not wanting those who were ready to oppose him. The Synod, after motions for and against the creed had failed, accepted a compromise. The creed was to remain in the Prayer Book, but a new rubric was to be inserted directing that on the festivals of Whitsunday, Trinity Sunday and Christmas Day, when the creed is chanted, the damnatory clauses should be omitted.

ENGLISH ORTHODOXY.

An interesting memoir has come out of late in England, of Thomas T. Lynch, a minister of the Independent Church. He appears to have been a man who, though not a popular preacher in the ordinary sense of the word, exercised a good deal of influence over men of letters, students and persons of refined habits of

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thought. In speaking of his position as an Independent minister, he says, —

"I am an evangelical Independent, but I am not a denominational one. Without clamoring for an evangelical reputation, I stand firm on my claim; and while ashamed of some who delight to call themselves evangelicals, and sadly convinced that evangelical talk clouds the form and saps the strength of evangelical thought, I cannot repudiate a term so often used to express what I believe to be the glorious essence of Christianity. As to denominations, to be denominational is, in my opinion, to be cliquish instead of brotherly. I would be brother to those who stand for spiritual independence for the sake of Catholic Christianity. It is the principle, not the sect, of the Independents for which I care: though there are always true Israelites in a fallen Israel, whose approval and sympathy are an honor, and whose number is greater than in despondent hours we suppose. To any church theory called 'Independency' I do not commit myself. Much mean tyranny, both democratic and priestly, have I seen in the Independent sect. But the Independents are a 'self-inconsistent' people. And in this lies their shame, but also their hope."

In 1854 he published a volume of hymns called "The Rivulet." This book caused a great sensation in the orthodox ranks. It was declared to be entirely destitute of vital piety, that it might have been written by a Deist or a Freethinker, and that it was surprising that such a writer should be an avowed minister of the gospel. Fifteen leading ministers, with Mr. Binney at the front, issued a paper, condemning such illiberality. Mr. Lynch remained quiet during the discussion, and then simply published another volume, called "Songs Controversial," in which he met the attacks of his antagonists with good-natured and pointed satire. To show the march of the times we will state that the former volume, "The Rivulet," has appeared in a new edition, and many of the hymns are accepted by all denominations.

The editor of the memoir speaks of Mr. Lynch as having a radiant spirit in a frail body. He described himself as having "a bird's heart, without a bird's wings," which comparison might be a fitting one for him who has recently passed from our midst. Mr. Bright has lately, in an address, says the editor, questioned the possibility of preachers keeping up a freshness in their sermons from Sunday to Sunday. The editor thinks Mr. Lynch was an example of this possibility. He loved to preach, and some-

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times in ill health he thought he suffered more from forced silence than if he came before his people. His sermons were not extemporaneous. They were carefully prepared, and yet he always gave rein to the feeling of the moment. They were spontaneous, and yet never carelessly written. To quote a lady of his parish, his ministry "was affluence with accuracy," and he never repeated himself. Persons of a skeptical mind have said, "that if they could have seen the Bible as he exhibited it, they never should have had a word to say against it." His particular mission he always felt to be that of calling on those who were estranged to the houshold of faith, by a large tolerance and wise liberality, which went out half way to win men to the Gospel of Christ.

In keeping with this subject we have before us an address delivered by the Rev. J. H. Thom before the graduates of Manchester New College, London. It is full of rich thought. In speaking of the preacher's office he says to the young men, —

"The one among you who to our outside eyes may seem the least likely ever to become a great preacher may yet, like Demosthenes, have reason to believe that the fire of God is in him, and that through the fidelity of his discipline and culture God will find for it a way; and the one whom we might suppose the least likely to rise superior to the conventional standards of outward respectability may have reason to feel that, as a minister of religion, he could conform to any lot and be clothed with the honor that cometh of God only. The responsibilities are altogether yours, and with you, after warning and introspection, must rest the power of free determination.

"And, first, a few words as to your natural calling, to be organs of God, instruments for drawing men to himself by gifts of thought and speech and persuasiveness of being. Near the commencement of his Ethics, Aristotle speaks of three classes of minds, and quotes from Hesiod a passage which, compounded with a similar classification by Livy, may be rendered in a free version: He is the best man who is a fountain of wisdom and good counsel; he the second best who is quick to receive these when they are presented to him; but of him who is neither spring nor channel, Aristotle and Hesiod say that he is a useless man, and Livy says he comes the nearest possible to having no mind at all. With this last class we are at present not concerned; the second class may render eminent services as accomplished teachers, as able organizers, as wise and assiduous pastors: but the highest functions in the Christian church are reserved for those who have springs of life in themselves, who know God more nearly than by the hearing of the ear, with whom the end of all effort, culture, and meditation, even the highest, is

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to aid them to receive more perfectly, with a more susceptible spirit, fresh communications from the source of truth."

He says some very impressive words to the young men, in regard to the social status and pecuniary disadvantages of the minister of religion. That temptation to maintain social caste at the expense of one's means, to harbor anxieties and longings after unattainable luxuries and possessions, he earnestly begs that they will renounce, for the sweet and dignified simplicity of genuine seekers after the truth. These remarks apply more particularly to English society and traditions, but they are not inopportune to our own community, where in all ranks, the scale of external living is so much beyond the requirements of the past, and the repose of ministerial life is so much broken by the pressure of the present hour, that there is danger that the profession will lose its austere simplicity and power. We quote one more paragraph from his address: —

"Gentlemen, your aim, however far off in its attainment, as all good things are far off, not because we are such poor creatures, but for the very opposite reason, because we are children of the ever approachable and ever inexhaustible God, your aim is yet simple, the result of all learning and all endeavor, to get the New Testament into your constitution, to have the sap of a noble life flowing into you, to be branches in that vine of perfect humanity which itself is rooted in God; the same blood of inspiration, the same outcoming body of works in him and in you, so that you shall be Christians and ministers of Christ in the sense that, led by him, you draw your life from the same source, and that he is the Supreme Witness of what that life may be."

We quote a passage from a widely different quarter, from Mr. F. W. Newman, which evinces how truly religious men of all shades approach towards unity in their calm view of the requirements of Christianity. He is answering an assertion on the part of some of his friends, that Christianity enjoins self-abhorrence as the first condition of the salvation it offers, and thus strikes a deadly blow at the dignity of human nature. Mr. Newman says, "Is it reasonable that man should justify himself before God; or, on the contrary, that he should be abashed at the sense of his own moral imperfection?" The latter view he inclines to: "'To put our hands on our mouths, and our mouths in the dust before him,' not in dread of punishment, but in moral contrition, appears to be

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the very mode in which aspiration after the highest virtue is combined with the tenderest sympathy for transgressors outwardly more guilty than ourselves. The foundation of this was laid in Judaism; Christianity was signally built upon it. The parable of Jesus about seeking the sheep that is lost, the doctrine of Paul, 'By the grace of God I am what I am,' and the reference of all Christian virtue to special divine favor, so that no man can boast, surely tend to all that gentleness and sweetness, forbearance, pity, and candid allowance for other men's faults which we emphatically praise as Christian."

All these various phases of human thought in England are signs of the times, and indicate how much real harmony there might be among all religious belivers, if they would only clear themselves of their personal and local prejudices, and accustom their minds to looking at the points of union among themselves, and especially at the great cardinal truths of Christianity. Dean Stanley, the prince of Liberal Christians, never loses an occasion to say something genial about his fellow believers. In his speech at the inaguration of the monument to John Bunyan, he says, among other things, that "the non-conformists have a splendid literature of their own, and we must remember that literature may be a channel of grace no less spiritual than sacraments or doctrines, chapels or churches."

We are sorry to see that the Jesuits in Paris are bringing upon themselves odium by displacing the Jansenist Sisters of Beaujon Hospital, and filling their places with Ultramontane ones. There are at present three hospitals nursed by the St. Martha Sisters. It reminds us forcibly of the old days, when the Port-Royal nuns were brutally persecuted for their adherence to the doctrines of Jansenius, and their general liberal opinions, by a party of religionists who could never approach them in sanctity and purity of life, and who were jealous of their modest but powerful influence over the people of France.

The German Catholics have of late adopted five resolutions of a very reactionary character. Prince Bismarck looks upon them as directed against the unity of Germany, and uses their extrava-

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gant demands for his own ends by holding them up to the people as deliberately plotting against law and order. Moderation is not, however, to be found always on one side, nor liberality. The recent action of Bismarck in trying at Hanover the distinguished theologian Ewald, and sentencing him to three weeks imprisonment, for publishing a magazine article containing unfavorable criticisms upon his policy, indicates that he has yet considerable to learn in regard to the principles of true liberty.

We have an interesting letter which was received by Mr. Lowe a few weeks ago from the Rev. Mr. Dall in India. His account of the movements of the Brahmo party and their points of agreement and disagreement with ourselves, is interesting. He gives us a report of what he himself and other good workers in our own ranks are doing. We quote a portion of the letter: —

"As to the really Christian movement (the Theistic, or, from the Sanscrit 'Brahmo,' awakening), under our friend and co-laborer Keshub Chunder Sen, it lives and grows, though it has but an incipient and low vitality out of Calcutta. Even here the little Puritan band is getting deeper and deeper into debt, and is wofully in want (by their own showing in 'The Mirror') of that managing and practical wisdom which can only come of years of trial and some bitter experience. You need not be reminded of the (refined) Hindu's excessive faith in the invisible, and of his ascetic scorn of the visible world. The post-vedic 'gospel of Hinduism, the 'Bhagavad Gita,' was brought forth, as you know, by the national need of honoring those (soldiers, statesmen, &c.) who protected society and kept it in order, — at least, *as much* as it honored the priesthood, who essayed to turn all life into worship and mystic contemplation. Of course all proper Brahmos are born Hindus. The most difficult thing they have to do is to strike a just balance between the Hindu self-annihilation and a Christian self-reliance. One would hardly suppose they could condemn the Golden Rule, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,' but several articles and sermons in their organ, 'The Mirror,' have lately done so. They condemn the man who does not love his neighbor better than himself. See the enclosed cutting from 'The Mirror,' wherein they have readily published my defense of the Christian law in question. All the Brahmo Somajes that I know of insist on having no leader on earth, *no* visible head. And though Keshub Babu does not openly affirm it, it is clear to me that if any one thing repels him from Jesus and *our* gospel, it is the self-assertion of Jesus, almost blasphemous to the Hindu man, as when he says, 'Come unto *me* all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' 'I, *your Lord and Master*, have washed your

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feet.' Theoretically, and to a large extent practically, all Brahmos repudiate the need of an elder brother to guide them to the Father. They are doing a good work in Calcutta; and if you wish it I will in another letter give you some account of two of their best institutions here: the one a sort of family hotel or phalanstery, wherein, with daily appointed social prayer and faithful study, near a hundred men, women, and children (Brahmos) reside together; the other — where I am always welcomed, and often spend a good morning hour — is a sort of Hollis or Holworthy, a students' home, in which some thirty-five or forty Presidency College men pursue their studies and have their common table. Here also, of their own free choice, they give an hour every morning to social prayer. This service — would that old Harvard's daily prayers were demanded as earnestly by the students themselves — is conducted, on alternate days, by K. C. Sen Babu and a brother Brahmo missionary, both volunteers and self-paid.

"Finally, our own plan of mission schools was squared a little more than a month ago, — that is, on the 12th of March, — by the opening of our fourth (Calcutta) school, now doing good work as 'The Hayward School for Native Girls.' I have long wished to honor the name of our strongest helper, the late James Hayward, in some definite and public way. An American merchant of this city, Richard Macallister, has recently offered to pay the whole cost of its first (experimental) year of this greatly needed school for girls of the poorest and most neglected and morally exposed. The handsome amount tendered is five hundred dollars, or one thousand rupees. We can thus pay but one teacher, and already he has as many pupils as he can manage. Of this, more hereafter. We have thus, you see, — receiving in all four hundred pupils, — a higher and lower school for girls, Miss Chamberlain doing what she can for both, and a higher and lower school for boys. The two higher schools pay a little for their instruction, and the two lower schools are free. Our two lower schools, male and female, — as Indian schools, — are almost unique in their endeavor to carry the gospel, first, to those that need it most, and sweeping the very streets in order to seek and save them that are lost."

M. P. L.

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REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Recent Theological Publications in Germany.

1. Professor Heinrich Holtzmann's Essay on the right and duty of Biblical Criticism (Recht und Pflicht der biblischen Kritik), is remarkable for its fullness of illustration, its freedom of statement, and its moderation of tone. He shows what the liberal and scientific exegesis has done in bringing out the truth from the Biblical narratives; and vindicates by very ingenious analogies the method of the new exposition. He points out the untrustworthiness of the fathers as critics, even in their historical age; shows how the Biblical books may have taken naturally other names than those of their real authors, — as naturally as the books of the classic writers. Socrates has been credited with opinions and utterances not his own, as much as Paul or John or Solomon. He explains the motives that led to the admission or rejection of Biblical books. He denies that the theory of miracle has anything to do in scientific criticism in regard to the rejection of books, except so far as these miracles show opinion or epoch. John's Gospel only uses miracles as illustrations, as vignettes or wood-cuts. Only by a careful scrutiny which seeks truth without reference to its bearing on dogma or morals or action, can the Bible be intelligently studied. The essay is an admirable fruit of the free thought of the "Protestantenverein."

2. Samaritan scholars (a small company), will welcome the Targum to the Pentateuch which Adolf Bruell has begun to publish in convenient octavo form. It appears now for the first time in the Hebrew square letters. Bruell is an Oriental scholar of the highest skill. Kohn and Petermann preceded him in interpreting the Targum.

3. In a small book of ninety pages (Die Soehne des Herodes) Dr. Marcus Braun undertakes to adjust the family tree of the confused Herodian household, to show who is who and which is which. It is not the question of moral worth or character that he discusses, so much as the question of identity and place. The pleading is clever and the investigation is careful, but the author hardly succeeds in reconciling the chronology of Josephus with that of the Gospel story.

4. The book of William Maurenbrecher (Studien und Skizzen zur

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Geschichte der Reformationszeit) has fine and spirited sketches of characters, both in the Catholic and in the Reformed Communions. The first three essays deal with Spanish history and the struggles for reform in the Spanish Peninsula; the fourth treats of Charles V; the next three of the German Reformation; and the closing essay is on the Universal Church, and the National churches. The force of the book is in showing the antagonism of the territorial idea to the Catholic idea of the Church.

5. In a solid volume of three hundred and fifty pages (die unfreie und die freie Kirche in ihren Beziehungen zur Sclaverei, zur Glaubensund-Gewissens-tyrannei und zur Daemonismus), Herr G. Buchmann passionately denounces the Roman Church; first, for its neglect to abolish slavery; secondly, for its attitude in compelling religious conformity by force; third, for its treatment of demonism and toleration of superstition. The matter in the volume is not new, nor are the authorities of the best quality. But the spirit is earnest, with a good deal of truth forcibly stated. Protestantism, nevertheless, has sins in this kind to answer for as much as Romanism.

6. A. Taubert in his book (der Pessimismus und seine Gegner) attempts to show that the dark Philosophy is not only the basis of sound morals, but also the exclusive rule of securing good order and saving man from illusion. To justify their theory the pessimists have to disregard the fact of so many natural delights, in air, sunshine and stars, — so many physical transports. Pessimism must always be partial and one-sided in its appeal to fact.

7. "Zur Psychologie in der Theologie" is the title of a series of eleven remarkable dissertations by G. P. Lange, which are psychological only in regard to their point of departure. The first essay is on man's double consciousness, — the relation of *night* consciousness to *day* consciousness, — dealing with dreams and somnambulism. The second essay, of the relation between universal symbols and church symbols. The third essay treats of the nature and development of Papacy; the fourth, of the comic element in church history; the seventh, most interesting of all in the controversies of our time, of the share of women in the history and development of the church. The eighth essay is upon religious plays and dances. The essays are calm and learned like all of Lange's writings.

8. The noble Euphemia von Kudnaffsky in her work upon Japan (vier Vortraege nebst einen Anhang japanischer Original-Predigten) says much about the geography, history, ethnography, and customs of Japan. But the curious feature of the book is in the appendix,

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which contains a German translation of a collection of Japanese original sermons, composed by a priest of the sect Nitziren. They illustrate the culture, the common sense, the sound morals, and the bright humor of the Japanese people. They are realistic in tone, and well constructed. The book is enlivened by a wood-cut.

The Secret of Christianity. By S. S. Hebberd. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This book, of two hundred and ten pages, is a study of the essential differences between Christianity and other prominent religions. Apart from the question whether in all respects the alleged characteristics of each are accurately stated, it is always a very useful thing to assume in such an investigation a definite theory (as nearly correct as may be), and to group around it the facts by which it is supported; and this volume following such a plan has the merit of presenting, with a peculiar clearness and distinctness, certain interesting features of the ancient religions and of the various phases of Christianity. The author starts with suggesting two opposite moral tendencies, out of which are formed two generic types of character. "The one turns the spirit to the outer world to seek for objects of reverence, of support and guidance; the other turns the spirit inward upon itself, teaching it to rely upon its own impulses and powers. Under the influence of the one, man becomes submissive and reverent; he is weighed down by a deep sense of his own unworthiness; he puts his trust only in an external and divine authority; he yields readily to every bond that may be placed upon him. Under the influence of the other, man grows proudly conscious of human dignity; he trusts in his own intellectual energies rather than in things divinely revealed; he is animated by the spirit of enterprise, of freedom."

He illustrates these two tendencies by the history of India and Greece. The Hindoo carried out the first of them so completely as to afford a perfect example of one-sided development in this direction. He quotes from the different schools of Indian philosophy to show how essentially they all agree in this tendency, and traces it in the national character. Buddhism was an attempt to correct this one-sidedness and the evils it had occasioned; but it was only partially successful, for Sakyamuni and his followers could not wholly shake off the habits of thought and feeling into which they had been born.

Greece is described as illustrating the opposite tendency. "Greek faith looks within; it found the divine in the human." The Greek Gods are completely human in their attributes, and in the Greek con-

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ception of the universe, instead of the profound idealism of the Hindoo, he saw in the outward world only just what his own senses revealed. The author reviews the Grecian philosophy and art and history for confirmation of this assertion, and shows how imperfect was the Hellenic civilization from lack of the opposite impulse which the Hindoo had to excess.

"Each system possesses elements necessary for the perfection of human life; and each, through the one-sidedness of its development, leads to the most ruinous results. If the civilization of India was more enduring it was also less progressive. It turned man's thoughts away from the practical affairs of life into a world of dream-like reveries; it nurtured the most boundless credulity and the wildest superstitions; it inculcated the most slavish submission to the authority of the past, thus repressing the spirit of free inquiry, and crushing out all possibility of improvement. On the other hand, if the civilization of Greece was more brilliant in its progress, it was far more gloomy in its end. There are few sadder pages in human history than those which describe the utter loss of all faith in God and spiritual things, the weariness of life and dread of death, the skepticism and despair, which characterized the final period of classical civilization."

The "Essence of Christianity" consists in this, that "faith in Christ" embodies and cultivates both these opposite impulses in a harmonious and symmetrical development. Not merely, he takes pains to say, that Christianity offers a happy combination of Grecian and Oriental doctrines, but that Christian faith fuses the two great moral impulses and forces which the other two systems separately and one-sidedly developed. One factor of this faith being the love of a personal ideal, — of the man Jesus; and the other factor being the sense of dependence and spiritual need.

Fetich in Theology; or, Doctrinalism Twin to Ritualism. By John Miller, Princeton, N. J. New York: Dodd & Mead. 1874.

This book is a remarkable one as coming from the Orthodox denomination, from a theologian in good standing at Princeton. The book is an answer to ten points made by Dr. Hodge, in a late work on Systematic Theology. The ideas of Mr. Miller are those taken, as a matter of course, by liberal Christians all the world over, but they strike hard blows at ancient Calvinism. The author is evidently substantially orthodox himself, as Mr. Beecher would say, but he chafes under the hard necessities of the old scheme, and breaks away.

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It is a little singular that he uses some of the very expressions which made many Christians shudder at Theodore Parker. He says the Bible has become a Fetich among the Orthodox. Prayer, also, and profession, and repentance, and preaching, and faith, each has become a Fetich. It is a good sign of the times that such a book can appear in the Orthodox ranks and not horrify the community, but finds, on the contrary, many to accept its views.

Sea and Shore. A Collection of Poems. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This is a charming collection of poems selected with good judgment and taste. There are fine gems taken from the classics, and translations from the German, Danish, and Spanish. The English and American poems are well chosen, and a few French ones are given in the original at the end of the collection, on account, we suppose, of the impossibility of rendering their peculiar charm in our tongue. The whole book is pervaded with the graces and swaying melody of the sea, while the music sometimes rises into the wild cadences of the storm. We commend it to those who are seeking their ocean retreats this summer.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

We have received the following periodicals from A. Williams & Co.: "Harper's Magazine," for July; "The Contemporary Review," for June and July; "The Eclectic," for July and August; and from J. R. Osgood & Co., "The North American Review," for July.

We have also received, —

"Reform Zeitstimmen aus der schweizerischen Kirche." Dritter Jahrgang. Bern. Nos. 1–14. 1874.

"Angel of Peace." American Peace Society. Boston. May, 1874.

"Kindergarten Toys, and How to Use Them." By Heinrich Hoffman. New York: E. Steiger. 1874.

"Tenth Annual Report of the Overseers of the Poor of the City of Boston," for the financial year 1873–4.

"Le Christianisme Libéral." Sermons par Ernest Fontanès, pasteur au Havre. Pp. 345. Paris: Sandoz et Fischbacher. 1874.

"Der Atheismus geschichtlich und logish widerlegt in zwei Vorträgen," von Adolph Thomas in Wapakoneta. Ohio. Pp. 54. Cincinnati: "Protestant Zeitblätter." 1874.

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UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. SEPTEMBER, 1874. No. 1.

THOUGHTS ON THE ORIGIN AND DESTINATION OF THE SOUL.

OUR being is deeper than we know; it undergrounds all conscious experience. This is true of all being, except perhaps the Divine. Certainly, no finite consciousness reaches to the root from which it sprang. Scarcely in God is consciousness coeval and co-ordinate with life. Divine self-consciousness may know, but does it bear its own root?* All finite being springs from a root unknown. Of finite life the origin is lost to itself in blank

* Schelling, the most profound of the Transcendentalists, in whose writings Mr. Stirling, would he know the true "Secret of Hegel," should look for the root of his subject, says, "God himself, in order to *be*, requires a ground [of existence]; only, that this ground is not outside of him, but in him. He has in himself a *Nature*, which, although belonging to him is yet distinct from him." (Schelling's Werke, Erste Abth, 7ter Bd. p. 375). Did Schelling borrow from Jacob Boehme, whose "First Principle" is unintelligent although the Father of Intelligence, not God but the Source of God?

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unconsciousness. We reach back with our recollection and find no beginning of conscious existence. Who of us knows anything except by report of the first two years of earthly life? Who remembers the time when he first said "I," or thought "I"? We began to exist for others before we began to exist for ourselves. Our experience is not co-extensive with our being, our memory does not comprehend it. We bear not the root, but the root us.

What is that root? We call it soul. *Our* soul, we call it; properly speaking it is not ours, but we are its. It is not a part of us, but we are a part of it. It is not one article in an inventory of articles which together make up our individuality, but the root of that individuality. It is larger than we are and older than we are, that is, than our conscious self. The conscious self does not begin until some time after the birth of the individual. It is not aboriginal, but a product, — as it were, the blossoming of an individuality. We may suppose countless souls which never bear this product, which never blossom into self. And the soul which does so blossom exists before that blossom unfolds.

How long before, it is impossible to say; whether the birth, for example, of a human individual is the soul's beginning to be; whether a new soul is furnished to each new body, or the body given to a pre-existing soul. It is a question on which theology throws no light and which psychology but faintly illustrates. But so far as that faint illustration reaches it favors the supposition of pre-existence. That supposition seems best to match the supposed continued existence of the soul hereafter. Whatever had a beginning in time, it should seem, must end in time. The eternal destination which faith ascribes to the soul presupposes an eternal origin. On the other hand, if the pre-existence of the soul were assured it would carry the assurance of immortality.

An obvious objection, and one often urged against this hypothesis, is the absence of any recollection of a previous life. If the soul existed before its union with this present organization, why does it never recall any circumstance, scene, or experience of its former state? There have been those who professed to remember a past existence; but without regarding those pretended reminiscences, or regarding them only as illusions, I answer that the

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previous existence may not have been a conscious existence. In that case there would have been no recorded experience, and consequently nothing to recall. But suppose a conscious existence antecedent to the present, the soul could not preserve the record of a former organization. The new organization with its new entries must necessarily efface the record of the old. For memory depends on continuity of association. When the thread of that continuity is broken the knowledge of the past is gone. If, in a state of unconsciousness, one were taken entirely out of his present surroundings, if, falling asleep in one set of circumstances, like Christopher Sly in the play, he were to wake in another, were to wake to entirely new conditions; especially, if during that sleep his body were to undergo a change, he would lose on waking all knowledge of his former life for want of a connecting link between it and the new. And this, according to the supposition, is precisely what has happened to the soul at birth. The birth into the present was the death of the old, — "a sleep and a forgetting." The soul went to sleep in one body, it woke in a new. The sleep is a gulf of oblivion between the two.

And a happy thing, if the soul pre-existed, it is for us, that we remember nothing of its former life. The memory of a past existence would be a drag on the present, engrossing our attention much to the prejudice of this life's interests and claims. The backward-looking soul would dwell in the past instead of the present, and miss the best uses of life.

But, though on the supposition of a former existence the soul would not be likely to preserve the record of that existence, it would nevertheless retain the effect. It would not, on assuming its present conditions, be as though it had never before been. Its past experiences would essentially modify it; it would take a character from its former state. If a moral and intelligent being, it would bring into the world of its present destination certain tendencies and dispositions, the growth of a previous life. And thus the moral law and the moral nature of the soul would assert themselves with retributions transcending the limits of a single existence and reaching on from life to life of the pilgrim soul.

It is commonly conceded that there are native differences of character in men. There are different traits, propensities, tem-

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pers, not wholly explained by difference of circumstance or education. They show themselves where circumstance and education have been the same. They seem to be innate. These are sometimes ascribed to organization. But organization is not final. That, again, requires to be explained. According to my thinking it is the soul that makes organization, not organization the soul. The supposition of a previous existence would best explain these differences as something carried over from life to life, the harvest of seed that was sown in other states, and whose fruit remains, although sowing is remembered no more.

This was the theory of the most learned and acute of the Christian Fathers,* and though never adopted or sanctioned by the church, has been occasionally revived in later time. Of all the theories respecting the origin of the soul, it seems to me the most plausible, and therefore the one most likely to throw light on the question of a life to come. It is easy to speculate about the hereafter, but most of the speculations on this topic have no fixed data, no authorized assumption on which to rest. They lack the first and most essential condition of a rational theory of future life, — to wit, a distinct conception of the nature of the soul, — what it is that survives the event of death, what it is of which we predicate immortality. This should be the starting-point in all our reasonings in this direction. Painting an imaginary heaven is an innocent enough entertainment of the fancy, but as to any corresponding reality or probability, it is worth just as much as any other day-dream or castle in the air. A pleasant picture, nothing more.

What is it that survives the decease of this mortal? It is that from which this mortal life sprang, — its root, the soul. We are apt to fancy that we bear the root, not the root us. What we call "I" is not the origin, but a product of the soul, a phase or mode of its present life. The soul was prior to the conscious self; it is the root or seed from which the conscious self has grown. The future life, like the present, must spring from that root; and in endeavoring to construct a theory of that life the rational method is to follow the analogy of this. According to that analogy, the

* Origen.

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future life, like the present, will begin with infancy. The soul will wake from the sleep of death an infant child. A period of infantile unconsciousness will precede the development of conscious life. Gradually the new-born self will unfold and find and fill its appointed sphere.

Opposed to this view is the current opinion of the liberal Protestant Church, which supposes that human kind are translated by death from a state of earthly imperfection to one of transcendant blessedness, — to that region, in short, of spiritual life which is commonly understood by the term "heaven." A groundless and preposterous idea, as it seems to me, of human destiny! The purgatory of the Church of Rome is a less irrational conception of the future of the soul. The purgatory of the Church of Rome, indefensible as it is in the gross material form in which it has been held in time past, respects at least the moral conditions which, in every state, must shape the life of rational souls. The fact is that in Protestant communions, since the passing away of the old beliefs, the sentiments rather than the understanding have had the fashioning of the popular theories of the life to come. Very sentimental those theories are, and very regardless of the facts and probabilities of human nature. The fundamental error which pervades them is the notion of a state of unchangeable felicity into which the soul is supposed to enter with full consciousness immediately after the body's death. The very word "heaven," in this view, is misleading. I hold to the analogies of the present life. I hold to what we know or may rationally surmise of the nature of the soul. Above all, I hold to the moral conditions which must govern the future as they governed the past of moral natures. Whatever of moral growth has been attained will tell on the future consciousness; and whatever of moral evil has been contracted will also tell. If the soul in this mortal, by will and endeavor, has laid hold of the divine, that divine when new bodied will put forth new and finer growths, and glorify itself with achievements which here perhaps were meditated but could not be realized. And if, on the other hand, through weakness or blindness or adverse fate, that better life has not been attained, its germ is still there, ineradicably there, and may under new conditions be brought to bloom. So long as the

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soul is a conscious rational force in the universe of things, the possibility will remain to it of the heavenly life. Somewhere or other in the boundless all, at some point or other of endless time, the good the soul seeks it will surely find. So long as it faithfully strives, its growth is sure, and if ever it can cease to strive, if ever it can cease to see and seek the good, then, as a conscious thing, it will cease to be.

Of the "spiritual," disembodied state, which is commonly supposed to succeed this present, I can form no conception. A new and bodily organism I hold to be an essential part of the soul's destination. Whether the soul in that new organization will retain the memories which belong to this, is a question I am well content to leave as I find it, involved in impenetrable night. I cannot feel it to be essential to the question of immortality. I cannot feel that the fact of identity is involved in that of memory, that the soul which does not identify its being with a foregone existence is no longer the same. The soul is the same, but what it produces, the conscious life that springs from that root, is not the same. The former life has left traces which remain, which essentially modify the soul. Those traces, those modifications, are important, but that the acts and experiences which have wrought them should be recalled, that the soul should be able to recount to itself the story of its past existences, appears to me a matter of little moment. If the health and growth of the moral nature require those memories, they will be vouchsafed; and that is all we can venture to prophecy about it.

Another question immediately connected with the memory of a former existence is one which affection persistently asks of all the oracles, — whether dear friends who were parted by death shall meet again. To this the answer is still the same; if the soul's well-being requires it, heaven will grant it. If when the soul wakes to new existence it shall find in itself distinct impressions of a previous life, and among those impressions the image of any dear friend who has gone before, and shall long to recover the object of that affection, to bind again what death had severed, and if the friend so sought shall also experience a like reminiscence and reciprocal longings, then I can suppose that the two, thus

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mutually drawn, shall find one another and renew their bond. I can suppose that love stronger than death may revoke the separation of death and give like to like. Souls that belong to each other by all their affinities and all their yearnings, one would say, must sooner or later unite. And yet it is equally supposable, and I confess in my view more likely, that the coming together of the two so inclined shall be without recognition of identity and without recollection of foregone union. Who knows if the love which in this world draws with mutual and irresistible attraction two kindred and predestined hearts be not an unconscious renewal of an old pre-natal bond?

But these are matters we may trustingly leave, where indeed, whether trustingly or not, we must leave them, with the infinite Love which embraces all our loves and the infinite Wisdom which comprehends all our needs; assured that the Father of the house whose mansions are many, and the Father of spirits whose goal is one, will find the right place and connections and nurture for every soul he has caused to be; that in the eternities the thing desired will arrive at last; that seeking and finding are divinely evened. Let us rest in the thought that life must be richer than all our experience, nay, than our fondest dream.

F. H. Hedge.

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SOCRATES AND CHRIST.*

THE Christian religion is the religion of a man. It presents to the world a doctrine about God and man, a theory of life illustrated by maxims, and a history and literature of a most varied character. But all its ministers and votaries agree in tracing it back to the life and teachings of a man, — Jesus of Nazareth. They are content to stand or fall with him; they ask nothing better than to have the word which he spoke judge them at the last day. They may have spent all their life in developing his doctrines, in organizing his church, and in acting out his precepts. But they are willing and eager that the lightning from heaven should blast and destroy every work, line, thought, act, that conflicts with his personal teaching or example. They would not take it as any compliment to themselves, but merely as an insult to him, to tell them they had improved upon him. They are proud and happy to think that so many other saintly men and women, worthy of the world's admiration, have illustrated their faith; but they make nothing of that glory, and in the highest consciousness of integrity merely say, "Be ye followers of me, as I also of Christ." His doctrine is their rule; his life their standard; his prophecy their hope; and he — the man Jesus — is himself witness, testimony, and truth.

Herein Christianity merely agrees with every religion that has had real power among men. Sooner or later they all appeal to persons, — author, founder, saints, martyrs, — to men, in whose lives they are embodied. An abstract doctrine may satisfy the reason, a series of maxims may guide the life, a revelation may awe the soul, but before very long men will ask, "Who told us all this? who acted it out? what manner of men are they?" and the man becomes the religion. It is no longer a rule but a model

* This article was written as one of a course of addresses, by clergymen of various denominations, delivered at King's Chapel, in Boston, on Sunday afternoons, in the early part of 1874, and was repeated in other churches. The original character has been retained, changing a few expressions more suited to the pulpit.

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they follow: not a doctrine, but a life. For man longs for something concrete, something that stands before him in flesh and blood to embody his relations to God and virtue, and without it he is lost. And so it does not take many years in the history of a religion to make it the great name, not the great idea, that its votaries cling to. "Ecce homo," is their unvarying cry, all the world over.

Sometimes, indeed, it is marvellous to see how a whole man is made out of a mere piece of one by those who have been already carried away by a single divine gift, whether it be a course of spotless saint-hood, or a subtle theory, or a sound code, or a life crowded with blessed acts. Because the man gave them what they wanted, he had all the world wanted; good in one thing, he was good in all, and it is impious to doubt him in any respect, though in many vital points we may know nothing or worse of him.

There was a great sage of ancient times. He held scores of disciples in rapt attention; his influence spread throughout the most civilized countries of earth; his school lasted in name for generations, and his doctrines infected the schools of others for centuries more. Yet absolutely nothing certain is known about him, his life, his works, or even when he lived; and the more we try to find him out, the more shadowy he is. But we do know that there was a man called Pythagoras; and that if his disciples ever heard one of his doctrines questioned, it was thought enough to answer, "He said it."

We smile at this unquestioning faith in a man who was to us a name. But how is it different from the way in which the names of George Fox, Rousseau, John Stuart Mill, — not to name men yet living, — have been used by their votaries as alone authority enough for any doctrine? And yet the life of one was an absurdity, of the second an outrage, and of the third a glacier, to be known in after years, when it has forever melted and gone, by the barren rocks it stranded in its course, while the green pastures of the Lord are still growing fearlessly beside its path, and his flocks are nestling unchilled in its deserted bed.

But to the honor of human nature be it said, such a saint is rarely accepted; men are not content with any religion whose

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highest illustration is in a one-sided and shadowy character. Life and doctrine, practical maxims and theoretic systems, thoughts of God and thoughts of man, are constantly overlapping; and he who would establish his authority in the world for any length of time, or among any number of men, must show himself a real man, heart as well as head, a way and a life as well as a truth.

And every religion, and every branch of a religion, and every philosophy that takes the place of a religion, has had some such individual — god, hero, saint, martyr, teacher, prophet — to give his name and his nature to the faith. To him its votaries point with pride in answer to all questions, and cling in confidence under all doubts.

It would be the natural inference that religions have claims on men in proportion to the variety of spiritual energy found in the characters in whom they centre, and to the perfection in which these energies are displayed, more especially if such character be the original author from whom the doctrine emanated. And if there were any religion which exhibited a founder perfect in every relation, — spotless in life, transcendent in doctrine, unerring in council, unwearied in benevolence, unfailing in friendship, his religion, we might naturally infer, would have a paramount claim to correct, supplement, control all other systems.

And, as we saw, Christianity makes this claim. She claims that her founder was the best of men; perfect above the sons of men in everything, and so entitled to paramount respect, if religions are to continue to be valued by what has always been their most persuasive element. This sense of their Master's absolute superiority Christians express by a peculiar name, which they add to his own, and from which they derive theirs. He is no longer the man Jesus, but the man Christ Jesus; anointed, sealed from heaven as kings were by sacred oil, to be leader in war, judge in peace, high priest at the altar. It is too late to revive the article and make "the Christ" a title once more; it is the new name of the man, who, only known as Jesus while he lived, is now Prophet, Priest, and King to those who accept his message.

Christianity then insists: first, that all religion, all accepted theories of the relations of man to the infinite God and his conse-

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quent duties, rests ultimately, for its hold upon the world, on its greatest and best man; second, a comparison of religions is practically a comparison of men; third, a religion coming from a perfect man will be a perfect religion; fourth, Christianity fulfils these conditions in Jesus of Nazareth.

The vast majority of Christians, I need not say, go much farther. The question forces itself upon them, whence did their great ideal obtain that paramount excellence which they see in him? and their hearts answer that he possessed it in virtue of a higher nature still; of a superhuman essence, of a union with the divine. But I propose now to stop with his transcendent humanity, to be content, on that ground alone, to meet those who maintain that the Christian Church is wrong in claiming for her central character a purity and a loftiness above all the other religious ideals. For this claim of the Christian Church and its grounds are denied; denied repeatedly, loudly and, as it seems to me, bitterly. The denial generally takes one of two directions.

One set of writers, acknowledging that a choice of religion thus far has generally meant a choice of men, of saints, deny that this ought to be the rule, or that it will be the rule in the religion of the future. They maintain that it is high time to give up hero worship; to stop talking about individual men, and talk and think more of man, humanity; that the true conception of religion is humanity working out its own progress; that it must borrow what is good from all ages and lands, constantly improving on every individual who has ever presented any part of it. For that the ideal humanity, to which we tend, is something greater, better, wiser, than any one man or woman can be. One of these thinkers told us not long ago that he saw *man* behind and beyond all our saints, our Socrates, our Moses, our Jesus. And it was that which should find out religion.

Now there is something very grand and sounding in such phrases, but it is not always easy to see what they mean. What is man, humanity, as distinguished from individual men? Are these writers really going back to an old fallacy, which, after dominating for centuries, was finally exploded by Kant, and do they think there is a great Leviathan man, made up of all individual men put together, as universal space is made

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up of all the separate portions of space put together? Do they really think this giant is something more than a convenient abstraction of language? that it has a personal consciousness, and improves itself intelligently? To say that man improves, is to say that men improve; that standards are set, to which first a few individuals and then more, and then more still, conform themselves; but it is a work that every man must do for himself; humanity will not do it for him, and with the overwhelming majority of individuals the work is done by imitating some forerunner, or some combination of forerunners; and no matter how loudly any one may protest that he as a part of humanity is acting out the ideas of virtue which have been attained by humanity, it will be found on a strict cross-examination that he means acting after a pattern of virtue set by some man whose character he admires.

This is so generally recognized that many of those who extol humanity above persons prefer, instead of the Leviathan, which is somehow more and better than the sum of all its parts, to recognize the ideal man, the typical, archetypal man, existing in the ideal world, which ideal is shadowed, reflected, copied, with all manner of imperfections and distortions, in individual men, but still is the pure idea of man, to which all individuals will try to conform themselves more and more, till all the dross has defecated from their nature.

But this abstract theory is generally felt to be cold, heartless and impracticable. It is also felt to be entirely inconsistent with the exalted view that our modern humanity takes of itself, which, though delighted to deny the greatness of Jesus of Nazareth, is far from willing to allow that the best man, embodying the best religion, is an abstract ideal beyond itself in its nineteenth century pride. More usually therefore the denial is made against the special claim of Christianity rather than against its theory. It is allowed that if religion could be presented to man in a perfect man, the argument for it would be almost irrefragable; but it is denied that the perfect man ever came on the earth, and above all it is denied that Jesus of Nazareth was he. It is avowed that he like all other men was imperfect. It is considered not hard to point out his faults, and they have been so pointed out. Two of the worst of these are his destroying the herd of swine,

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and his cursing the fig-tree, where, in order to be deprived of human perfection, he must be granted superhuman power. But most of those who refuse to accept his religion are quite ready to pronounce him a very good man for his day; and speak of him as Jesus, along with Buddha, Confucius, Mahomet, in a patronizing tone, which to his disciples is more offensive than abuse would be. But they say the earth has had enough saints and heroes quite as good; that neither he nor they are ideals, and that all he can claim now is to have his bust put up with others, as it was in the chapel of the Emperor Alexander Severus, in a Pantheon dedicated to great souls by grateful humanity.

In choosing saints to match with Christ, those who reject him have to be very careful. For his life and teachings have had notoriously such a vast influence that almost every hero and saint since his Gospel was diffused has owed numberless elements of his life-giving force to the Nazarene; and most of them would reject as rank blasphemy any idea of rivalling him. It is much the safest way to find a match for him in the ages before him; and no name has been so confidently set against his as Socrates the Athenian.

Indeed, those who refuse to regard Christ as matchless so constantly come back to Socrates, that we cannot help thinking their list is a short one, and that he is almost if not quite the only man, outside the Christian pale, who is worth holding up as a model. It is to be observed, also, that it is not Greek scholars, familiar with his times, who are the loudest in his exaltation. He is a favorite name with the same men who are apt to decry the old world and its learning as bygone and unworthy the notice of the nineteenth century. But many points of his life are in such an interesting parallel to Christ's; the story of his life is so accessible, in such matchless language; his character is in many ways so easy for western nations to understand, in others so problematical, that it is well to pause on his name to see if he indeed is a fitting rival for the *carpenter's son*.

I see Socrates, then, coming into the world more than four centuries before our era, in a country and a city already approaching the summit of a renown utterly out of proportion to their size and force. I see him reared and educated among institutions the most ener-

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getic, in an intellectual atmosphere the most intensely vital that the world has ever known. I see his city gaining and keeping a sovereignty over millions of subjects which was a never-ceasing wonder to her sons, and envy to her enemies. I see her using her power and her wealth, not like neighboring despots and commonwealths, solely for the sake of tasteless luxury or lonely haughtiness; but as means to that other wealth which is not for the senses, and that other force which sways the soul. I see her in friendly intercourse with all men, carrying on the wings of a world-wide commerce the best she has for eye and mind to every land, and asking their best for herself in brotherly exchange. I see her springing as with one bound to the foremost place in every field of mental culture, standing high above the highest in art, in oratory, in poetry, in philosophy. I see her institutions, the native institutions of a free people, where the whole is governed by the whole, illustrated by such a galaxy of great men as nations lasting eight times as long, and extending a thousand times as wide, cannot begin to think of approaching. I see her take up the highest of human tongues, and mould it to such a transcendently perfect shape, that at this day it surpasses as a key to the subtlest mysteries of human thought all the living languages of earth put together. I see her literature absolutely trampling down conquest and decay, and winning till time shall be no more the laurel of mind's noblest triumphs for Athens.

Must I add that I see her streets filled with the pageants of a vast system of national religion, rich in all that charms the senses or the fancy, but from which the ages seemed to have gradually eradicated every breath of the spiritual only to supply its place with some reek of the animal?

I see Socrates brought up under the influence of such a home. I see him mixing freely with his fellow citizens and filling with entire honor and fidelity such trusts as from time to time they lay upon him.* I see him winning a character for virtue according to the highest standard of the time; proving his justice, his moderation, his courage, in many situations of doubt and dread;† keep-

* Especially the well-known case in Xen. Mem. I. 1. 17.

† Plat. Ap. 28. E.

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ing his body in soberness, temperance and chastity against temptations that it is mild language to call infernal.* I see him gradually attaining a reputation for wisdom above all his contemporaries, and that this is confirmed by an authority which the men of that day deemed infallible.† I see him asserting that he is moved by an influence of a divine character, constantly turning him away from what he should not do.‡ With his vivid convictions of right and wrong, it pains him that his fellow citizens, bred under the same influences, owning the same standard, should fall so far short, should yield to such unworthy passions, follow such wild hopes, lose sight so ignorantly of the true principles of thought and action. He feels that it is for him to stir in them a new sense of their duties, to bring them out of the mists in which they are somehow groping, into the pure light of common sense and truth. He therefore forsakes his business, one of honor and profit in his time, and even his family, that he may kindle a pure flame in the minds of the Athenians. His means to this end is conversation; he is no orator, no poet, no lecturer, but he talks. He seizes on every one he meets, and forces him, by a series of searching questions, to confess what are the true principles of action according to virtue and the laws; and in most cases, also forces him to confess how serious have been the short-comings, how deep the blindness, of him whom Socrates thus subjects to his merciless cross-questioning, his ironical disclaimers, his provoking calmness in debate.

Thus fastening on his city, like a gad-fly on a high-mettled but overfed horse — it is his own phrase§ — for thirty years, he pricks her children on to an examination of themselves by the most tremendous intellectual stimulus ever tried by a teacher. Thus he draws around him a never-failing concourse, chiefly of young men and foreigners, to hear this resistless querist convict every one of his errors, and spur him on to higher actions. Among these he numbers some of the most illustrious of the citizens; men destined to wield the highest gifts of the soldier, the orator, the statesman; and some more retiring souls, averse to public life, who in due

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* Plat. Conv. 219. C.
† Cic. de Amic. II. 7.
‡ Plat. Ap. 31. C.
§ Plat. Apol. 30. E. — and what precedes.

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time will develop his sayings — for he writes nothing — into marvellous treatises on the highest questions. But loved passionately by a few, alternately dreaded and admired by many, he is a constant annoyance, a weariness, to the great mass of Athenians, with whose luxurious, shifting, brilliant, passionate life he has little sympathy, whose darling projects he has more than once opposed.* At length, thirty years of dislike culminate in hatred; an indictment is trumped up of corrupting the youth and bringing in new gods. He meets this accusation with the same combination of gravity and irony, calmness and fun, with which he meets everything. He positively refuses to treat it as serious in any part, and insists on seasoning an argument which convinces every sensible man with wit that stings the court to madness; and a small majority vote him to death. To this he bows as the act of law; rejects a plan for his escape; discourses with his friends in his cell on the highest problems of the soul, and passes away with entire calmness among his weeping votaries, in the full conviction that they shall meet again.†

His spotless life and his sententious maxims are recorded in a strain of delightful homeliness by the most practical and shrewd of his followers. His deeper and more oracular thoughts are built up and expanded and ornamented, in a score of amazing works, to form the philosophy of one of the most extraordinary thinkers the world has ever seen; and his name is by them spread through the world, as a hero, a saint, a martyr to the cause of virtue.

It was indeed a noble, a glorious life, — a life, aye, and a death, to make men better, and to bring them nearer God, — a life of which our Lord shall take deep account, in the day that he makes up his jewels. And yet, when Socrates is given me as a proof that other countries and other faiths may produce the equal of

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* The best commentary on the strangely distorted picture by Aristophanes is the fact that the "Clouds" failed utterly on both representations.

† This is accepting the Crito and Phædo as largely biographical. But if the tests applied by Strauss and Renan to our Gospels were applied to them, what would be left? Plato, to whom the Phædo is ascribed, is acknowledged to have been absent on the occasion!

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Jesus of Nazareth, I think men must read history backwards to prefer the master of Xenophon and Plato to the master of Peter and John.

No one can fail to be struck by the interesting resemblances in the story of these two souls: the spotless life; the rejection of all other occupations, which, by the way, Prof. Newman considers a decided blot in Christ's character, without alluding to its existence in that of Socrates; the withdrawing from all other ties, in order to help their fellow men; the life of privation; the readiness to mingle with everybody who needed spiritual food; the undaunted courage to resist the injustice of the people whether against one's self or others; the crowds gathering to hear; the devoted love of the few, the pricked consciences of the many, the envy, hatred, rejection by the powerful; the unwritten wisdom of every day preserved by one disciple, the deeper thoughts pondered and developed by another; the accusation, the trial, the death.

Nor can any one fail to notice, too, the remarkable contrasts, — the birth of Christ in a nation much like Athens in its insignificant extent, but in all else its very opposite,— proud, isolated, feigning to disown the dominion under which it crouched, cherishing a deep, lofty, pure faith, all but buried under a mass of punctilious superstition, diffused in every people, mingling with none; his necessary ex clusion from anything like real political life, his companions chosen from the comparatively humble and uneducated, his working time of barely three years instead of forty, and his taking off at the beginning of triumph, — all these points might be studied with profit again and again by one who would estimate the character and influence of the two. But I believe that such resemblances and contrasts are of little importance in comparison with the fundamental issue between the ways in which these two great souls imparted of themselves to man.

To begin with the outside, the manner. How vividly Socrates is presented to us by his most passionate admirers! Coarse and rough as his scholar Diogenes;* hard, keen, sarcastic,— lying in wait for his antagonist, — entangling him with verbal subtleties,

* Diogenes *conceivably* may have conversed with Socrates himself, — he certainly was taught by one of his intimate friends.

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laughing him down with wit; "mocking the counsel of the wise and the valor of the brave," he gives and takes no quarter, nor does he seem to know the meaning of either dignity or tenderness, regarding it an essential part of his duty to force men in the most teasing way to exhibit the worst side of their character.* He is like a keen, playful, bracing north-west wind, invigorating and nerving whatever is in itself hard and firm; but whirling away in merciless sport whatever is light and frail, nipping and freezing whatever is timid and tender. His admirers tell us all this is but manner, that he is like a rude shell, made in the guise of an uncouth monster which contains within a nymph of heavenly beauty.†

But can this touch our hearts like him who in every action was tenderness and dignity combined? He who denounced with scathing indignation the tyrants of his people; who rebuked with loving sternness his wayward followers; he also led the feeble sheep in the green pastures and by the still waters. Never mocking, never hard, never cold even to the beggar and the sinner, and overflowing to those of his own household, he is like the noon of April, where softening showers, and gentle breezes, and fostering suns combine to bring forth the grass upon the mountains and herb for the use of man.

Or take again the subject of their instruction. Both alike talked of virtue, of justice, of the duty of man to his brother. But virtue with Socrates was the virtue of the times, the virtue which the law required, and of which the poets had sung; the justice which rewarded friends, the prudence which deceived enemies, the courage which won battles, the temperance that regulated the health. It was what men already knew, or ought to know, all about; it was what they could be forced to see by questions; what they had for a moment forsaken through ignorance, what they could easily regain on reflection. He insti-

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* Compare Mem. III. 6 with the discussions in the Protagoras, Gorgias, and the first book of the Republic.

† Plat. Conv. 216. D. It is curious to compare the remarks here ascribed to Alcibiades as to the two manners of Socrates with the charges of inconsistency against the discourses in John as contrasted with those in the Synoptics.

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tuted a searching analysis of the virtues, he showed their connection with each other, and the universal consent of mankind in their value; but not a step did he proceed beyond the accepted views of the great moralists of Greece. Nay, as far as there was in Greece a difference, he rejected the Athenian's freer and loftier ideal of humanity, clinging in preference to the narrow conventions of Sparta.*

Now against this I would set the views of Christ, which penetrated right down below the outward acts to the motives; which showed that right and that wrong of which the law takes no heed; and which is the fulfilling of the law above the righteousness of Scribes and Pharisees. I would remind you how with him there is one virtue towards friends and enemies, good men and bad; how to justice he adds mercy, to temperance purity of thought, to courage forgiveness, to prudence self-sacrifice. How in general he would recall us to the great examples of old as something to be bettered rather than imitated; how he creates new virtues, and kills old vices, how he makes his kingdom not of this world, or that age, but a new world and a new age, whose laws are given not by men, but by God. I would most of all bid you notice again and again that with Socrates the essential notion is attainment; with Christ, endeavor; with Socrates, "despise yourself, if you are not good;" with Christ, "hope for yourself, if you try to be good." And especially, whereas the morality of Socrates is essentially Greek, — in its best form, in its perfection, — such as had never been evolved from Greek ideas before, yet still rarely or never going beyond the two seas, — the morality of Christ, drawn from the very breasts of Judaism, is of no nationality and universal in its application!

And consider, in this immediate connection, what parts of our nature the two teachers respectively addressed. With Socrates it is all the intellect, the head. Virtue is wisdom; it is a science, to be studied like any other science or art, like carpentry, or sculpture, or oratory, or tactics. Only fools are vicious; only ignorant men are weak; only wise men are virtuous. This is

* For the correctness of these statements I must appeal to the judgment of those who are familiar with the Xenophontic and Platonic writings.

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insisted on again and again in all the Socratic writings. His wit, his irony, his questions, his precepts, the whole tremendous didactic energy with which he overwhelmed his fellow citizens and charmed his friends, was simply, from beginning to end, an intellectual, a mental exercise. Into the spiritual region, the heart, he rarely or never penetrated. Here, as we all know, Christ reigns supreme above every other teacher. With him the heart is everything; virtue is an emotion; and the key-note of his harmony of creation is not knowledge, but love.

All have heard of the Platonic love about which Socrates is made to deliver long discourses; but as in its origin it is linked with the worst abomination of sense, so in its end it is nothing more than that admiration which one richly endowed intellect entertains for another.* Of what we mean by the heart, and the emotions it feels as a source of virtue, Socrates says nothing. And hence his system is utter barrenness and desolation to all who are oppressed with the terrible problems of weakness, suffering, sin, and yet are not philosophers, to sit down and argue out by dialectics the relations of justice and temperance. They are stunned and dazzled as the triumphal pageant of the Socratic logic sweeps and rattles through the night with its trumpets and its torches, wearily waiting till the sun of righteousness arise and bring healing on his wings with the new law of love.

So, again, with the motives to which the two appealed in their efforts to improve their hearers. Nothing can be finer than the way in which Socrates works out the theory of self-interest well understood; nothing can exceed the keenness with which he exposes the utter vanity and misery of much that men call happiness. But when his best — and it is very good — has been said, we find that all comes back to earthly happiness still, of an exalted and intellectual kind in many ways, but still laying great stress on bodily health, physical comfort, good government and the esteem of men. And though at times he does pierce deeper, and does maintain, and proves moreover by his own life that right is to be done, no matter what man may do unto us; though he looked with a keen eye to a life after death, yet it never should be for-

* A few pages of the Phædrus will convince any one of this.

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gotten that the more spiritual motives, the approval of conscience, and the trust in future happiness, are the very last he adduces in his teachings; they are, according to him, only to be understood by the few to whom philosophy has revealed her light,* and that in dying as he did he constantly reminded his friends that he must have died soon at any rate.

That we should do right because it is our Father's will, because we owe him our love, because there is a world where this is set right, because in that world our spirits will commune with his spirit, and because where our treasure is our heart will be also, and that if need be our lives are for God to take now, rather than break his law, — this is no part of Socrates' teaching. Still less did he dream of appealing at once to the best motive in every man and every woman. You know how Christ urged us to show kindness without hope of reward, not to those who could pay, but to those who were in want. You know how he conducted a conversation with those who lived a life of open sin. Turn now to the story, as told by Socrates' favorite disciple; see, in the very chapter† which records, and doubtless with perfect truth, his spotless purity, how he taught a somewhat similar duty of kindness without pay to a woman that was a sinner, and if you can endure to read the horrid page through, say if it does not sound like a hideous parody of the New Testament by Voltaire or Hone.

Indeed, in these times, it is all important to notice that with Socrates a woman, to be a companion interesting to man, must either have abandoned the modesty of her sex, or else be a divinely inspired monster;‡ while, on the other hand, Christ was first before all men in the work his church assigned to domestic and saintly women.

I must remind you, again, that in all Socrates' exhortations to virtue there is not a word of hope for him or her who stumbles, fails, delays in attaining a lofty character; hope, in short, and forgiveness for the sinner, while on the long, hard road to virtue, is no part of his system.

Another most important question: what rock of security did

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* See especially Rep. VI., VII. † Xen. Mem. III. 11.
‡ As in Plat. Conviv. 201. D. *et seq.*

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each teacher set before his disciples? Every one who begins a new life, or investigates the nature of virtue and the soul, must have some ultimate arbiter on whom to rely as a sure foundation. Unquestionably any one of Socrates' pupils would have been delighted to make him their rock and their fortress, and submit all their acts and speculations to his unerring judgment. But this is precisely what he refused to let them do; he protested that he knew nothing and could teach nothing, that he could only bring out what was in them already,* and back on themselves he threw them, sometimes with a merciless disclaimer of his ability to help them. One's self, — there was his rock; no teacher could impart anything which was not in the man himself. As he, however, so constantly talked of his warning angelic attendant, his disciples would ask in despair if he could not at least tell them how to share in that, and he referred them for comfort to the Greek oracles and diviners, the flight of birds, and the entrails of beasts! †

Truly pious was Socrates, as his time understood piety, duly he performed all stated services to the gods. Rarely has any one grouped together as well as he all the arguments of natural religion, or cleared away more intelligently the incrustation of mythology upon the purer religion of a simpler age. But to advance a step in real knowledge of God was as much beyond him as to calculate a planet's orbit; and he spoke with contempt and horror of his great contemporary Anaxagoras,‡ the soundest scientific speculator of his age, who dared to call the beautiful sun-god Phœbus a mass of glowing matter!

We know how totally different was the ground taken by Christ. How he directly answered questions, solved difficulties, and promised strength to the weakest; how he brought down God to men and engaged on his word, which never deceived, that the holy spirit should be given to them that asked it, — setting man once and forever on the rock, — God as revealed in him. He authoritatively declared himself as gifted with a personal intercourse with God, which made him the bread from heaven, the water of life, and the vine from whose heavenly juices the blood of the new

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* See above all Theæt. 149. A. B. † Mem. III. 4. ‡ Mem. IV. 7.

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covenant went coursing through the veins of his disciples. In short, Socrates did the best with earth; Jesus opened heaven.

It will be noticed that I unhesitatingly quote St. John's Gospel as the real words of our Saviour. I do so not merely because the current of sound criticism is set conclusively in that direction, not merely because it stands in my mind to the other Gospels as the rich wine does to the sweet grape; but because I am certain that if it had not been an authentic memorial of Christ, the real author of such transcendent revelations, conscious of his inspiration, would have claimed at once to be himself the founder of a new religion, the best and holiest ever known. But at best Christians are content to have their master judged by it. Will those who uphold Socrates as equal to Christ allow him to be judged by those writings that profess to exhibit him in his loftier moments, when he soared to the divine heights of philosophy in the company of a few chosen friends? Christians stand by John; will they stand by Plato? Would they let a Christian scholar read at will, at random, from certain words and thoughts that Socrates' most devoted disciple ascribes to him, and which stand on exactly the same evidence as his most spiritual conceptions? They love to dwell on his power of eliciting truth by questions; will they let me show his inconsistencies, his disingenuousness, his favorite adoption of every sophistical art that he is supposed to have confuted?* They love to dwell on the cell and the hemlock; I do not ask if they dare to compare that philosophic repose to the sublimity and pathos of Calvary; but did they ever read about the orgies at the Banquet?† They love to quote how nobly he insisted that it is better to suffer wrong than to do it. Did they ever read where the same Socrates brings the right and the good down to the level of the pleasant and the profitable?‡ Will they read from his ideal commonwealth how he would deal with woman and the marriage tie; how he would let the invalid die as worthless, and kill the vicious as hopeless? Will they contrast his preposterous fable about birth and parentage, which is to some as the guiding motive to loyal men, with Christ's assurance that all are children

* Notably in the Protagoras. † Convivium p. 214, *ei seq.*

‡ See Grote's admirable comparison of the Gorgias and Protagoras.

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of one father?* Or if they tell us indignantly all this is Plato and not Socrates, romance and not history, will they explain how the pupil dared to talk so of the master, why no such indignation greeted Plato from a single mouth, when he first uttered all those calumnies, in the generation that had known Joseph? or what right they have, from the same books of the same author about the same man, to choose the sweet and reject the bitter?

The Christian disciple may be thankful he is not called on to make a selection; he has no reason to say that this or that passage of St. John or St. Mark is unworthy of Christ: it is rather his critics who strike out every day something that makes him too great for them.

And now, for one last ground of comparison, what has been the result? When Socrates was accused of corrupting the youth, his enemies pointed with triumph to some of his dearest friends and special followers, who had proved a curse to the city, alike in public and in private. This charge is indignantly and justly repelled on the ground that he had again and again warned them against such evil courses, and that the only good part of their lives was passed in his company.* I do not blame him for not having power to change the hearts of men. It is no fault of his that less than four hundred years after his death Cicero, the last and best of all who made him their model, meeting as foul a murder with as calm a courage, left in an utterly corrupted world none to uphold pure virtue, and see into God's ways, save where some echoes of the lyre of Judah yet sang in the songs of Virgil. It was not the fault of Socrates if those whom his doctrine threw back on themselves proved unequal to the load. But when I am calmly asked to value him as a hero and a saint by the side of him whose life and death first made the apostles what they were, then successively converted the Jew, the Greek, the Roman, the barbarian, who has remodelled virtue, and founded the new age on the wreck of the old, I feel it is an insult to my common sense to be requested to rank the master of Alcibiades with the master of St. Paul.

Among the loftiest and most refined doctrines which Plato

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* Mem. Lib. I.

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ascribes to Socrates is that of an unseen world, to which the philosopher alone has access, where live the real, true, archetypal forms of things, of which all we see on the earth are rude copies and imperfect reflections.* It is the object of the perfect life to emancipate itself from the world of sense, and gain entrance into the world of ideas. Central among them he places the ideal man, the archetype of humanity, the real true man himself, whom all earthly men are poor attempts to imitate. This, you see, which is all in black and white in Plato's "Republic," written two thousand two hundred years ago, is the last brand new theory to which I alluded as offering a nobler model for our research than any saint that ever lived, Socrates, Jesus, and all of them.

I accept the doctrine. Not that it can be proved; not that when lighted up by all Plato's gorgeous imagery and worked out with all Socratic subtlety it was anything more than an abstraction; not that modern philosophers have dressed it up with any better garments: but because, by God's grace, it is now real, living, life-giving; because the ideal man has existed for all men to see on earth and to imitate; because as he lived here then so now he lives in the unseen world; and because, beyond Washington, beyond John Eliot, beyond Milton, beyond St. Louis, beyond St. Bernard, beyond Aurelius, beyond Socrates, beyond Moses, beyond Buddha, there lives forever, in the glory of the Father, the ideal of humanity, the son of man, the man Christ Jesus.

WILLIAM EVERETT.

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* Rep. VI., VII.

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MIND BEFORE MATTER.

WHAT it is in the tendency of thought in our age which is unfavorable to the higher culture of humanity seems not to be clearly apprehended, either by those who accept or by those who deprecate it. That there is such a tendency there can be little doubt. The spontaneous original forces of human nature have lost their elasticity and spring. The God-like in man lacks confidence. Faith in ideas shrinks from the charge of sentimentalism. Inspiration fails in preacher, poet, and orator. That which "cometh not by observation" doubts its ability to make good its claim to existence; while a life based upon material values maintains itself with effrontery.

It is customary to characterize all this as materialism. In its ordinary use, this word has, probably, merely a moral significance. It implies a habit of exclusive attention to material phenomena, and of exclusive devotion to material pursuits. But such a habit is not without its cause. It necessarily connects itself with a theory, partly as source and partly as result.

Any field of thought, deeply investigated, brings us upon that mystery which is recognized as the secret source of life. A theory then arises, which finds that source of life in the *field of investigation*, rather than in the mystery. If the field be matter, we have the theory of materialism, and its moral results.

These results are such as we have stated. All theories which tend to weaken man's consciousness of native force, and convince him that his actions are the resultant of necessary outward influences, will inevitably retard that development of humanity which is acknowledged to depend in some measure on a voluntary agency.*

But the apparent moral results of a theory are not the test of

* "Every human life results from three factors: first, a nature originally determined to the individual; secondly, *something freely chosen;* and thirdly, something which comes from circumstances." — *Hase.*

"Our volitions *count for something* as a condition of the course of events." — *Huxley.*

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its truth. They may be accidental and temporary. The theory must be judged by its ability to account for all the phenomena which it undertakes to explain. It is the inadequacy of the theory of materialism to account for all the facts of life and the universe, that we endeavor, at this time, to expose.

What, then, is the philosophic theory of materialism? It is, briefly, the theory that mind is an outcome of matter, — that intelligence is a product of evolution. It does not deny the present actual existence of mind, but answers the question of its origin. This is the most fundamental question of philosophy.

It is evidently under a misconception of its meaning and consequence, that the leading scientists disclaim the charge of materialism, while they virtually maintain it as a tendency of thought. For not only is there nothing in the conclusions of science which necessitates such a theory, but the scientists themselves, in the unconsciousness of a sincere spirit of inquiry, bear testimony to phenomena, for which it cannot account.

That the theory is misconceived, may be seen from such a declaration as is made by Mr. Huxley. He says, "I, individually, am no materialist; but, on the contrary, believe materialism to involve grave philosophical error. The materialistic position, *that there is nothing in the world but matter*, is utterly devoid of justification."

He might have said that it is no position at all. For it is plainly impossible to deny the present actual existence of that which language recognizes as mind. Whatever be the origin of the distinction between mind and matter, it is certain that there is such a distinction, now, in consciousness, and in language as expressing consciousness. To speak of holding a theory implies the existence of that which can hold a theory. That which can hold a theory we call mind. A theory that there is no mind is a theory that there can be no theory. This, if anything more than self-contradiction, is not materialism, but skepticism.

Materialism does not deny the present actual existence of mind. Idealism does not deny the present actual existence of matter. The question is as to which is the resultant of the other.

Consciousness is the source of all facts. Its testimony is twofold: that is, *I* existing *here;* and, over against me, *something* existing *there.* There can be no consciousness of the one fact without

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the other; there can be no conception of anything without its correlative. Being can be conceived of only as contrasted against non-being; mind against matter; a thinking subject against an unthinking object.

Science analyzes these two fields of mind and matter furnished by consciousness, and classifies their phenomena. It finds, in the outward world of matter, a universal order or system of things, in which can be traced a development by gradual progression. It finds, also, in the inward world of mind, an order or system of thought gradually growing up in correspondence with the outward system of things.

Thus far, both consciousness and science merely give us facts. Consciousness sets off a world of mind and a world of matter. Science finds each to be an orderly world. No testimony is given as to their precedence. Why not let it rest so?

Sir William Hamilton maintains that this is the true philosophical position. He says, "Consciousness not only gives us duality, but it gives its elements in equal counterpoise and independence. The ego and non-ego — mind and matter — are not only given together, but in absolute co-equality. The one does not precede, the other does not follow; and in their mutual relations each is equally dependent, equally independent."

But he adds, "Philosophers have not, however, been content to accept the fact in its integrity, but have been pleased to accept it only under such qualifications as it suited their systems to devise."

Now there is evidently some secret of this discontent of philosophers to accept the two data of consciousness in equipoise, which Hamilton did not take into account. There is evidently some tendency in the human mind from a source *behind consciousness*, which oversets the apparent equipoise of the facts to which consciousness testifies. At least, all attempts to preserve this equipoise in any system of philosophy, and to avoid inquiry into first causes, have signally failed. The position of Positivism, as accepting only phenomena, and leaving causes out of account, has been well characterized, by an eminent thinker,* as a position of mind

* Thomas Hill.

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similar to that of unstable equilibrium in physics. It cannot be held permanently. There is a necessary gravitation to the one side or the other.

So the mind naturally seeks for origin and precedence in the relation between the inward and the outward worlds. Is the outward world born of mind, or is mind itself but the consummate flower of matter? This is the most important question in philosophy. It is thus stated by Hamilton: "Some deny the evidence of consciousness to the equipoise of the subject and object as co-ordinate and co-original elements, and as the balance is inclined in favor of the one relative or the other, two opposite schemes of psychology are determined. If the *subject* be taken as the original and genetic, and the object evolved from it as its product, the theory of idealism is established. On the other hand, if the *object* be assumed as the original and genetic, and the subject evolved from it as its product, the theory of materialism is established."

This, then, is the philosophical position of materialism; and this, there can be no doubt, is the tendency of the scientific thought of our time. The accepted doctrine of evolution is supposed to necessitate the conclusion that the higher is a resultant of the lower, the more complex of the more simple, and, consequently, that mind must be the product of organization.

Two facts seem to corroborate this conclusion. Thought is found to be dependent on organic structure, and this organic structure is the last stage of a process through lower forms. Again, the history of human knowledge shows that our system of thought has but slowly adjusted itself to the discovered system of things, and thus may fairly be said to be dependent on such discovery.

So the current of scientific exposition sets in the direction of showing the generation of psychical from physical conditions. Upon the question as to which acts and which reacts, which takes the initiative and which merely responds, mind or matter, the leading writers upon science have one prevailing tone of argument. The position is expressly defended by Mr. Huxley, notwithstanding his denial of what he supposes to be materialism. He says, "In itself it is of little moment whether we express the phenomena of matter in terms of spirit, or the phenomena of spirit in terms of matter; matter may be regarded as a form of thought, thought

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may be regarded as a property of matter. But, with a view to the progress of science, the *materialistic terminology is in every way to be preferred.*"

Proceeding in the same direction, Mr. Abbot deduces not only thought, but the *thinking power*, from the operations of matter. He says, "Moral intuition is *the supreme fact of man's subjectivity.* It must be regarded as a faculty *developed in him by the constant action of the moral environment;* that is, the sum total of all the moral relations involved by the aboriginal necessity of things in the gradual evolution of human society. . . . The faculty of moral intuition itself *is the result* of the perpetual action on man of his moral environment, and his reaction to it."

Even Herbert Spencer, whose philosophic insight and candor have so clearly postulated that indefinite consciousness in man, which would seem to be the very basis of idealism and mysticism, strangely perverts its testimony by explaining it by the theory of materialism. Instead of making this indefinite consciousness logically prior to definite consciousness and thought, he holds it to be a resultant of experience. He says, "The sense of a something that is conditioned in every thought cannot be got rid of, because the something cannot be got rid of. *How, then, must the sense of this something be constituted?* Evidently, *by combining successive concepts, deprived of their limits and conditions.*"

We see, then, that, even if the theory of materialism is not expressly maintained, the materialistic bias undoubtedly prevails. It has its influence on modern life. That influence we believe to be unfavorable, because the interpretation of life and the universe, upon which it is based, is untrue. We believe that it fails to afford a satisfactory basis for science itself; that it fails to account for the genesis of thought and the history of human knowledge; that it fails to interpret all the higher experiences of humanity. We believe that science and religion, that all the phenomena of our complex existence, and all those mysteries which underlie those phenomena can be accounted for only on the theory of an *intelligence antedating evolution and antedating experience.*

We accept the doctrine of evolution. We believe that a perfect system of knowledge must be the result of a discovery of the perfect system of things. But we also believe that *evolution it-*

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self cannot be explained except as *directed by a prior intelligence;* and that *discovery itself* cannot be explained, except as *prompted by an intelligence which anticipates discovery.*

We proceed, then, more fully to elucidate our position. In claiming that mind logically precedes matter, both as originating evolution and as interpreting it, it is not necessary to open any discussion as to the nature or origin of matter. Not as to its nature; for, whether its essence be substance or mere force, it is its actual existence and objective character with which we have to do. It is sufficient to regard it as constituting that network of objective phenomena, which is shown by science to have developed by an orderly progression into the present outward system of the universe. Not even as to its origin; for, though its essence should be shown to have no beginning, but to have answered forever as a shadow to the original mind, it has still only *answered.* It is not a chronological, but a logical, sequence for which we contend.

It is sufficient to discriminate between mind and matter, by characterizing each. Mind is that which entertains ideas. Matter is that which expresses ideas. Ideas are the eternal principles which determine the order of the universe. The tendency of mind is to give expression to ideas, and to seek them again when given. Matter is the means by which it does this.

When we say that ideas are the eternal principles which determine the order of the universe, we mean to assert that such ideas have been discovered to exist in the universe, and that, when discovered, their existence has been recognized as necessary and eternal. They are not properties of matter, but laws of thought. Thus, upon the perception of actual relations of form in the outward world, it is recognized that there are underlying ideas of form, which must have forever existed, intellectually, as possible relations of points in space, prior to any expression of them in matter. So the moral and æsthetical ideas must be conceived of as existing, before any of the complicated relations have arisen in the development of the universe in which they are to find their expression.

The very characteristic of ideas, then, is that they are mental. The very characteristic of mind is that it entertains ideas.

The original mind holds in itself, in infinite unity and complete-

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ness, all ideas, and all relations in which it is possible for them to be expressed. Its nature is to give them expression. It thus projects them in material form that it may represent them to itself to be definitely cognized. The development of this form proceeds by orderly progression, as each new relation arises in which it is possible for the idea to be represented. Thus is constituted an orderly objective universe, which is what it is, because of the necessary relation of ideas of which it is the expression.

Now, from the very commencement of this orderly progression, the originating mind whose agency set it into operation becomes also a *percipient of its own work*, cognizing the definite relations of the phenomena in which the ideas are expressed. In this aspect, the original mind may be said to give birth to a derived mind, by eternal generation, *keeping pace in its perception* with the evolution of the order of the universe. With the very origin of differentiation, with the first separation of two atoms and their subsequent union by affinity, the repulsion and affinity *which they indicate* is felt in the *nascent mind* which accompanies them. Sensation, which is the method in which the derived mind takes cognizance of matter, is founded in the general faculty of touch or feeling, and that is nascent in the first union of the elements of matter. Each atom in the crystal feels for its brother atom along the lines of idea. As relations multiply, the senses multiply, until the derived mind in *man* stands *consciously*, face-to-face, with the original mind, as expressed in the order of the universe, and thus finally receives full corroboration of the instinct which has always testified to the divine origin of itself and of the uniyerse. Thus the complete result of science will be the confirmation of religion. Experience will corroborate intuition, and reason will attest the triumph of imagination.

For, although we have claimed, thus far, only that the derived mind *keeps pace* in its perception with the evolution of the order of the universe, we now add, that it *must anticipate* the perception of that order, — or, at least, the ideas which determine the order. This follows from its origin. It inherits the nature of the original mind, which is, to entertain ideas. It is *prepared to find* — nay, its *very nature is* that it is *seeking to find* — those ideas expressed in the objective world. The human mind is something

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other than *an organic structure*, a *capacity for observing;* it is a *tendency to interpret.* It could never discover ideas in the external world of which it had not already a suggestion in itself. What it *has not* already, — what it depends on observation for, — and what, therefore, constitutes its education, — is a knowledge of the *actual contingent relations* in which ideas are expressed.

Ideas lie dormant, in the derived mind, as a key to the interpretation of the universe. They are the raw material of thought. The system of thought grows up by an orderly progression as fast as the mind discovers the actual relations in which the ideas have found expression in the objective world and as fast as it formulates those relations. Language arises simultaneously with thought, as a means of this formulation.

The error of the early philosophers was not in interpreting the universe by pre-conceived theories, as far as necessary ideas were concerned. This they must do. The ideas were dormant and suggestive. The facts were not yet discovered. They erred in insisting that the system of contingent relations which their fancies had formed previous to discovery must be the true one. This is the constant error of superstition, — the error of taking details for granted, and asserting contingent truths with all the assurance with which necessary truths must be held. Only by patiently and reverently accepting the facts as they are shall we unravel the skein, — shall we trace the picture, — shall we discover that harmony in the universe which we are predestined to find.

Such is the theory which we urge, as accounting more completely for the phenomena and mysteries of existence than the theory of materialism. It has two assumptions. It assumes an original mind, or intelligence, anticipatory of the evolution of the universe; and a derived mind, anticipatory of the discovery of that evolution. This derived mind, *which we now know as the human mind, is as old as creation.*

If it be impossible, as we have maintained, for the human mind to accept the two data of consciousness as in equipoise, and to regard neither mind nor matter as original and genetic, then its natural gravitation, we maintain, must be towards the theory of its own supremacy. As in a case of unstable equilibrium, whether the body falls to one side or the other, there is but one stable

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position which it must reach at last, so there is that in the nature of mind which will inevitably result in finding in itself the Lord of the universe.

This is the only tenable theory, because it assumes for its basis the stand-point of the theorizer, which is necessarily behind and antecedent to the testimony of consciousness. We say that consciousness gives us a twofold testimony. That is, I am conscious of the phenomena of *me* and *not me*. But I, that am conscious, am behind both of these sets of phenomena. Materialism reverses the natural order by positing the theorizer on an objective ground, over against himself, which is impossible. All reasoning must start with the reasoner.

So all candid investigators are continually acknowledging phenomena which are inexplicable on the theory of the precedence of matter. In all attempts to derive mental and moral phenomena from material, science finds itself compelled to recognize an underived principle of heredity. Thus Darwin, in explaining the origin of conscience, while impelled by his theory to ascribe it to the influence of habit, is nevertheless brought to recognize in it "a *persistent instinct*, either *innate*, or partly acquired, serving man as a guide." Mr. Abbot, also, although claiming moral intuition to be a *result* of the environment, acknowledges that "it seems impossible to account for the slow concentration or focalization of moral intelligence in man on any other hypothesis than that of a circumambient infinity of *moral intelligence*, identical with the universal energy whence his whole being is ultimately derived."

We now proceed to show that the theory of a *prior intelligence*, *divine* and *human*, is a more satisfactory explanation of the facts of life and the universe than the theory of materialism.

First, then, the materialistic theory does not account for the *orderly process* of evolution. We do not assert that it could not, possibly, account for the *origin* of a physical action. If force be regarded as a property of matter, the source of action might then be conceived of as in matter itself. And if that action resulted merely in an incoherent whirl of atoms, no predetermining intelligence would be logically necessitated.

But the evolution of the universe is acknowledged to have proceeded within the limits of fixed and necessary conditions. "The

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totality of necessary relations is the Nature of Things; which sums up the ultimate conditions of real existence. Whatever exists at all must exist in compliance with these conditions. They are independent of all will, uncreated, eternal, necessary, absolute. To suppose the contrary is to commit suicide as an intelligent being, and to pronounce all the science of the world a dream of delirious imagination." *

That is, there are found to be radiating threads of law, as rigid as iron grooves, and yet as flexible and interpenetrating as the nervous system, which are the eternal directions which matter *must follow* in its evolution; just as our breath, upon the pane in winter, starts into life a scene of beetling cliffs, of battlements and parapets, determined by the necessary laws of crystallization, and the contingent strize of the surface.

Matter, we say, follows these directions in its evolution. It does not invent them; for it is the characteristic of matter that it does not entertain ideas. And these lines of direction are ideal. They are postulates of thought. The conception of geometric forms as limitations of space is a conception of them as necessary, even if matter should never have existed. The lines of idea do not exist actually in space; like the earth's meridians and parallels, they are imaginary. Their very existence is a mental one; they exist only in intelligence. If to deny their existence is to "commit *suicide* as an intelligent being," then to deny their existence *prior to evolution* is to commit *parricide* of an intelligent being.

The essential argument from evidences of design, as elaborated by Paley, has not been superseded by any change from a mechanical to a physical theory of creation. To say that there is in matter a principle of growth, by which inward impulse accommodates itself to outward condition, is only another way of stating the truth upon which we have just been insisting, that there are conditions to which matter accommodates itself, and that those conditions are determined, not by matter, but by the orderly conceptions of an intelligence.

Out of the many millions of combinations which sixty-five ele-

* Abbot. Scientific Ethics, I. 5, 6.

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ments of matter are capable of forming, the present combination of the universe is, indeed, one of the combinations which are possible. But it is the *character* of the combination which takes it, at once, out from the mere calculation of chances. Millions of chaotic combinations are conceivable, which are characteristically *alike* in being chaotic. The present combination is characteristically *unlike* all others in being orderly, — that is, in having a meaning. A combination which has a meaning is not the chance combination, but an intelligent combination. If it means something, it was intended to mean something.

"The source of differentiations," says Papillon, "cannot be in energy itself. It must be in a principle apart from that energy, — in a superior will and consciousness, of which we have doubtless only a dim and faulty idea, but as to which we can yet affirm that they have some analogy with the inner light which fills us, and which we shed forth from us, and which teaches us, by its mysterious contact with the outer world, the infinite order of the universe."

Secondly, our theory accounts, as materialism does not, for the power of the human mind to discover ideas in the objective world, that is, it is needed as a basis for science itself. Mr. Huxley lays it down as one of his beliefs, that "the order of nature is ascertainable by our faculties to an extent which is practically unlimited."

Let us consider, then, what is meant by "ascertaining the order of nature by the human faculties." Merely to reflect the phenomena of the external world might be possible to a mind regarded only as a structural development. But to "ascertain the order" is quite another thing. For this, it is necessary that there should be, beforehand, a *hint* of that order, and a *key* to it.

How much does the mind discover in nature, which it does not bring with it? Simply, co-existence and sequences of phenomena. Classification, according to type, it does not find in nature. Nature is not arranged and systemized in genera and species, set apart so as to strike the eye of the observer, as in Agassiz' proposed museum. The mind of man, having an intuition of the idea, can prove that nature follows the idea, but, not having had a hint of the idea, could never have discovered it. A discrimination of

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unlikeness in objects, then a further discovery of likeness among the unlike, by a constant process of analysis and synthesis, resulting in the conception of unity, is not given in nature. It is a *native process of mind, working upon materials which are the product of mind.*

This truth is forcibly stated by Tyndall, in his essay on the Scientific Use of the Imagination: "Bounded and conditioned by co-operant reason, imagination becomes the mightiest instrument of the physical discoverer. In fact, without this power our knowledge of nature would be a mere tabulation of co-existences and sequences. We should still believe in the succession of day and night, of summer and winter, but the soul of force would be dislodged from our universe, causal relations would disappear, and with them that science which is now binding the parts of nature into an organic whole. . . . There is in the human intellect a power of expansion — I might almost call it a power of creation — which is brought into play by the simple brooding upon facts. The legend of the Spirit brooding over Chaos may have originated in a knowledge of this power."

This personal testimony of one of the most successful experimentalists, to the presentient power of mind as the impelling force in scientific investigation, emphatically corroborates the deduction made two thousand years ago by the greatest of idealists. Plato inferred the pre-existence of the soul, "from the nature of the act of mathematical and philosophical learning, whose only satisfactory explanation," he argued, "is found in the hypothesis of the soul's recollection of ideas which had been perceived by the intellect in a pre-terrestrial life."

The same truth can be further shown from the very nature of the intuitive faculty. On due consideration it will appear that it would be impossible to communicate an idea to any one who had not already the presentiment of it. Even Locke, whose psychology, misty though it is, plainly tends to materialism, allows what we have claimed, as far as simple ideas, as he calls them, are concerned. He says, "Words, seen or heard, recall to our thoughts only those ideas which to us they have been wont to be signs of; but cannot introduce any perfectly new and formerly unknown simple ideas. The same holds *in all other signs*, which cannot

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signify to us things of which we have never before had any idea at all." It would be impossible for nature, therefore, to suggest an idea to the mind of man, of which the mind had not already a presentiment.

We have said that the system of Locke is plainly materialistic. Like Huxley, he disclaims any such position, and assumes a neutral ground: "I shall not, at present, meddle with the physical consideration of the mind, or trouble myself to examine wherein its essence exists, or by what motions of our spirits, or alterations of our bodies, we come to have any sensations by our organs, or any ideas in our understandings; and whether those ideas do, in their formation, *depend on matter or no*." This is evidently a neutral position; but he departs from it at the very commencement of his treatise. He first argues that there are no innate ideas in the mind, — no hint or suggestion of any knowledge prior to experience. The mind is a blank. He then inquires, "Whence has it all the materials of reason and knowledge? To this I answer, in one word, from *experience;* in that all knowledge is founded, and from that it ultimately derives itself." He holds that experience includes sensation and reflection; that is, that we observe sensations, and the workings of our mind upon those sensations. This, of course, implies an observing or intuitive power; but this intuitive faculty, in his theory, *furnishes nothing* in the way of investigation.

Wherein, then, does our theory differ from that of Locke? Do we claim that we have any knowledge prior to experience? Or, as Locke himself gives the challenge, "If any one will say that there are ideas in the mind, that are not in the memory, I desire him to explain himself, and make what he says intelligible."

We explain, therefore, by saying that we believe that the intuitive or subjective faculty in man, which uses the organic structure according to organic laws, brings with itself, by descent from the Original Mind, a dim, sub-conscious reminiscence of those eternal ideas which were and are in its original, and that this reminiscence constitutes also a dim, sub-conscious presentiment of something yet to be found realized in the outward world. These presentiments suggest lines of relation, methods of development which the system of things will be found to have followed. These indefinite

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suggestions can never be definitely uttered until their expression in definite relations is perceived. So the retort can always be thrown back upon us, that we do not know what we cannot tell. Our proof must rest, as we shall subsequently show, on actual anticipations of discovery in the history of human knowledge.

But the method by which we explain the genesis of thought and the growth of knowledge is consistent with itself and consistent with the facts. As fast as the organic structure of the brain becomes sufficiently matured to give definite conceptions of objects and their relations, the intuitive mind observes the definite expression of that which it vaguely anticipated, and is able to respond with a definite utterance. The idea is latent in the mind; the possible embodiment of it is not yet known. But when that embodiment is *cognized*, the idea is *recognized*.

Thus *belief* precedes *thought*. Thought means the formulation of our indefinite ideas into concepts, and then into propositions. The concept is simultaneous with a word; the proposition expresses itself in a sentence. Language originates with thought; but previous to thought there is mental activity. There is a background of vague, mental suggestions, which are forever coming into definite shape in response to the outward fact; but they precede the observance of the fact.

For such a background of unconscious, or rather sub-conscious, mental condition, we have the testimony of such philosophers as Herbert Spencer and Sir William Hamilton. Says the former, "It is forgotten that there is something which alike forms the raw material of definite thought, and remains after the definiteness which thinking gave it has been destroyed." "The momentum of thought inevitably carries us beyond conditioned existence to unconditioned existence; and this ever persists in us as the body of a thought to which we can give no shape." "Impossible though it is to give to this any qualitative or quantitative value whatever, it is not the less certain that it remains with us as a positive and indestructible element of thought."

Here is undeniable testimony to a fact, although we see that Mr. Spencer's theory leads him to account for this unconditioned mental state or action, as a *resultant* of the "momentum of thought," and as imposible to be shaped into definite value. Our

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own theory is that it *precedes* definite thought, and is *constantly* assuming definite value.

This view has the support of Hamiltion. After asking the question, "Are there mental modifications, — mental activities and passivities, — of which we are unconscious, but which manifest their existence by effects of which we are conscious?" — he replies, "I do not hesitate to maintain that what we are conscious of *is constructed out of* what we are not conscious of, — that our whole knowledge, in fact, is made up of the unknown and incognizable." This he goes on to prove, in regard to perception, by showing that the *minimum*, which is possible to be observed by the senses, must be made up of parts impossible to be observed.

But sufficient, perhaps, has been said in answer to the challenge of Locke, by explaining how there can be ideas in the mind, which have not yet taken such shape in the consciousness, as to be said to be retained in the memory.

In like manner it will be seen that there is no inconsistency in claiming that an idea cannot be communicated to the mind which is not already there, *potentially*, — and yet that the mind needs the communication of it, in order that it may be *actually* there. It needs to see a definite embodiment of that idea which it holds indefinitely, in order to be conscious of it to itself. To receive knowledge, there must be a state of preparation. The mind can receive only that which it is prepared to receive. "All natural forms," says Dr. Hill, in his article on "Symmetry in Space," "conform more or less closely to geometrical ideas; sufficiently near to suggest their ideas to men *fitted to receive the suggestion.*" So, when the Great Teacher sought to teach the highest truths, he bore testimony to the same necessary preparation for his teaching: "No man cometh unto me, except the Father, who hath sent me, to draw him." The Father sends, and the Father draws. God holds out the image of himself, and inwardly impels the soul of man to seek it.

As language, itself, often reveals a metaphysical truth in which it has its origin, the meaning of the word "education" has here its significance. It belongs properly to our theory, as expressing a *drawing out* or evolving from the mind what was already latent

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there. The materialists should use rather the word "edification," implying the *building up* of that which was not already on the spot.*

The two schools of psychology may be in no way perhaps more vividly presented in contrast than by employing the symbols used in their illustration. Locke's favorite simile of the human mind, at its birth, is that of a white paper, on which all possible knowledge is to be written. Behold, on the contrary, the comparison of Papillon: "We might compare the soul to a paper covered with writing in sympathetic ink. At ordinary temperatures, the letters are unseen, but they appear in fine color whenever brought near the fire. So the soul has within itself dim marks and confused shapes which sensation tints and brightens. . . . In the soul dwells a miniature picture of the whole universe, and by some mystic grace of God, a dream, as it were, of that God himself. Thought consists in becoming acquainted with all the details of that picture in little, and unfolding its meaning."

That intuition has actually preceded experience in the progress of human knowledge, is capable of fuller illustration from the history of philosophy than our limits will permit. Says Ueberweg, "The efforts of the poetic fancy to represent to itself the nature and development of things human and divine, precede, excite to, and prepare the way for philosophical inquiry." "In the pursuit of mathematical knowledge," says Dr. Hill, "men began at an early age to invent and investigate *a priori* laws, — laws of which they had not received any suggestion from nature. And the intellectual origin of the forms of nature was made manifest when these *a priori* laws of man's invention were, in many cases, afterwards discovered to be truly embodied in the universe from the beginning; as for example, Plato's conic sections in the forms and orbits of the heavenly bodies, and Euclid's division in extreme and mean ratio." Tyndall shows that imagination has given us the conception of a surrounding ether, with certain properties and laws, and although its existence has not yet been demonstrated, investigation continually discovers facts to correspond with this conception. He adds: "If, in all the multiplied varieties of these phenomena, this fundamental conception always brings us

* Article in Contemoprary Review.

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face to face with the truth; if no contradiction to our deductions from it be found in external nature; if, moreover, *it has actually forced upon our attention phenomena which no eye had previously seen*, and which no mind had previously imagined; if, by it we are gifted with a power of prescience which has never failed when brought to an experimental test, — such a conception, which never disappoints us, but always lands us upon the shores of fact, must, we think, be something more than a figment of the scientific fancy."

From the beginning, as the mind of man came to the observation of phenomena, it came suggesting an explanation of the origin and method of the attainment of their present variety. Certain grand lines of explanation are necessitated by regulative laws of human thought, inherited from the divine mind, which will be found to prevail in creation, whatever be the facts. Variety is to be explained, not as from greater variety, but from simplicity, — simplicity of material, simplicity of force. Thus arose the early search for the elements, which must be homogeneous, or if heterogeneous, as few as possible in number. Forces, also, must be reduced to their minimum; there must be a force which holds together and a force which separates, for the universe is held together, and is differentiated. Radiation and rotation arise as necessary suggestions of the conception of a central agency.

So an atomic theory, a nebular hypothesis, and a doctrine of evolution, have not been wanting from the earliest speculations, even in the midst of the most imperfect knowledge of phenomena. Anaxagoras of Clazomenae, 500 B.C., "assumed an unlimited number of primitive, qualitatively determinate substances, called by him seeds of things, originally in an orderless state. Mind first effected revolving motion at a single point. Out of the masses resulting from the first act, the same process being repeated, other masses were developed." For "unlimited number," read "sixty-five," and for "mind" put "condensation," and have we not here the essential ideas of Dalton and Laplace? Again, Empedocles of Agrigentum, of the same period, held that there were four primitive material elements, actuated by two forces of attraction and repulsion. "In their original condition, these elements are all mingled together, forming one all-including

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sphere. By the gradual development of the influence of hate (repulsion?) the elements become separated, and individual things and beings come into existence. Of the members of the organic creation, plants sprang first from the earth; after them came the animals. At first, eyes, arms, &c., existed separately; as the result of their combination arose many monstrosities, which perished; *those combinations which were capable of subsisting, persisted*, and propagated themselves." In other words, Empedocles taught "*the survival of the fittest.*"

By consideration, therefore, of the orderly process of the evolution of matter, of the nature of scientific investigation, of the genesis of thought, and of the history of philosophy, we have seen reasons for concluding that mind is not the last result of the development of matter, but that it originated and has forever anticipated the interpretation of that development.

In all its researches, science strikes upon a root of heredity, running back to an unknown beginning. Materialism finds that root in the primitive elements of matter. It claims that "not alone the more ignoble forms of animal life, but the human mind itself, — emotion, intellect, will, and all their phenomena, were once latent in a fiery cloud; that all our poetry, all our science, and all our art, are potential in the fires of the sun."

Idealism maintains that, though the human body may be indeed, as old as the "fiery cloud" that heralded the dawn of creation, yet that the "soul is older than the body." The fibres that thrill, and the forces that thrill them, may find their origin in the fires of the sun; but the ideas they awaken, and the glories they reveal, are of that eternal inspiration which was in the beginning with God, and was God. Intelligence, wonder, love, the conviction that triumphs, and the reverence that adores, were never born of that which they control. That human life which has most glorified the world declared that its glory was with the Father before the world was.

The moral consequences attending the two theories have already been indicated. If the obligations of morality, and the sanctions of religion, have had a beginning, — if they have arisen as mere relations of matter at a certain stage of its development, — their paramount claim over other material relations, as of appetite and

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desire, it will be difficult to establish. What time has made, time may unmake. They necessarily fail of that commanding authority which they have, if conceived of as rooted and grounded with our own nature in the Original Mind of the universe. In the one case, they may possibly be shaken off; in the other, it is impossible.

Idealism completes the continuity of existence. Science is constantly revealing new meanings in the old doctrine that nature abhors a vacuum. We no longer conceive of ourselves as projecting vision across empty spaces to reach the object of perception. The human organism is in tangible connection with the utmost bounds of the universe. The human body traces its pedigree to the primal elements of matter. Shall the human soul, alone, awakened in time, and destined to immortality, lose its lineage in the past? Shall that which knows no end, alone have had a beginning?

JAMES C. PARSONS.

MUSCULAR ACTION.

WE have spoken of the human frame as an engine of wonderful construction, whose movements are made dependent on the human will. Yet it is manifest that more of its motions are independent of the will than are dependent upon it. The involuntary muscles, and the involuntary movements not muscular, are those which are essential to the very existence of the body. The circulation of the blood, and its purification through the alternating expansion and contraction of the chest, are obvious instances of these vital, involuntary actions. Not less important is each one of a thousand hidden operations, — capillary movements, glandular secretions, the removal of the effete and the replacing of the living molecules; to say nothing of more muscular actions, — the peristaltic motions, and the wonderful unconscious artifices of swallowing, coughing, sneezing, and the like.

The voluntary muscles are also capable of involuntary action. This is shown not only by occasional convulsive twitchings, or more violent convulsions, but, in a still more instructive manner,

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by inveterate habit, operating in sleep, or even when the will opposes. But, although the action which has become habitual is not done from distinct, conscious volition, the habit is originally formed by acts in obedience to the will. The law by which the voluntary action becomes involuntary habit, although it reduces, too frequently, man to slavery, is truly benficent in its design, and in its best effects. The simplest statement of the law would, perhaps, be found in saying that actions which have been associated in volition become associated in execution. In other words, when we have done several things at the same time, or in quick succession, the attempt to repeat one of these actions will tend to produce an involuntary repetition of the others. For an illustration of the beneficent action of this law, we may take the skilful player upon a musical instrument, who is conscious of a volition only at the commencement of each musical phrase: the fingering of the separate notes comes from associated execution. In a familiar piece his volitions would be even less frequent, being necessary only at the commencement of a new strain.

This case of the skilful player, being less frequent, seems the more striking; but there is scarcely an action in life which is not aided by the beneficent operation of the same law, just as there is scarcely a mental action which does not illustrate the kindred law of the association of ideas. The child, just learning to walk, makes a painful effort at each successive movement of each muscle called into action. It requires all the concentrated energy of his will to make the successive volitions necessary for simple stepping from chair to chair. But in a few months he is able, by associated execution, to set in action, by a single volition, a series of alternate motions, that carry him forward, without his attention, in a given course, at a uniform speed. No power of will is required in walking, except when we wish to alter the velocity, or the direction, of our movement.

When the successive movements, dependent on associated execution, are connected, as in walking, by a law of simple alternation, the case is not difficult of explanation; and the physiologists show us how the will relieves itself from duty by a switch, turning off the currents of sensation and command from entering the main office in the brain.

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Other cases, in which the operation of the law is no less important to our comfort and convenience, require, however, much more intricate combinations of movement. In many familiar occupations we require our hands to guide an instrument rapidly and freely through outlines of complex, but definite, forms; as, for example, in writing, or in free-hand drawing. All men have more or less of this power to execute ideal figures, or to imitate given forms. This power has been gained, like that of walking, only through repeated and laborious efforts. When moving the hand in one direction, we need a new volition to change its direction, or to alter its velocity; hence our first attempts at curvilinear motion produce polygonal lines. In order to produce a curve, as in the ordinary forms of the capital letters, we must produce, by several muscles acting at once, motions in several directions at the same time, each movement varying in velocity according to definite laws. To draw, for example, a circle, by any conceivable set of muscles operating on the arm, would require at least three sets of muscles, each acting in a different direction, and no two exactly opposed; and these would be obliged to accelerate and retard their action by peculiar laws. The circle, however, is the simplest of all curves: in the ordinary operations of writing and drawing, the rates of acceleration and retardation must follow more complicated laws. Of these laws we think nothing, we know nothing: we see the curve which we would form, and a single impulse of the will sends the pencil along the waving outline.

Charles Babbage, a successor of Sir Isaac Newton in the Lucasian chair, has won an immortality of fame by inventing a machine which will tabulate in numbers the results of any algebraic law which it may be set to obey. But how much more wonderful is this calculating engine of the human body, which is not confined to arithmetical results, nor does it require that its director should be learned in algebraical notation to set it at its appointed task, but which is set by the artist, with his delicate perception of the beauty of form, to embody his divine ideal! and it obeys, and places before us on the canvas those figures, which, unconsciously fulfilling algebraic or numerical law, reach far higher, and express the spiritual thoughts and purposes of the Master. Is not the Maker of this wondrous engine of the human body worthy of gratitude and adoration?

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Consider how wonderful is the phenomenon of a boy's throwing, successfully, at a mark. The epicycloidal theories of Hipparchus, the Newtonian theory of gravitation, the resolution of centripetal and centrifugal forces, the conic sections of Apollonius, the modifications of those curves by the resistance of the air, — all these are involved in the problem, and must be practically solved, with considerable accuracy, before the school-boy can give his fellow a good ball, or catch one on the fly.

It may be observed that the mechanical contrivance by which the human hand is enabled to go through all imaginable motions, and strike, at a free sweep, any curve, however complicated or however beautiful, is an embodiment of one of the most celebrated of mathematical conceptions, discussed in the writings of Plato and Aristotle, constituting, in its development, one of the chief triumphs of Hipparchus, and brought by modern mathematicians, through the arithmetic of sines, and the *canon mirificus* of Napier, into a form capable of reducing to a regular curve the most variable and irregular table of observations. In this method of epicycles, as used by the modern computer, a series of arms is supposed to be carried, each on the extremity of the preceding, and, during the revolution of the first, each to revolve once oftener than the preceding; that is, while the first arm of the series revolves once, the second revolves twice, the third three times, and so on. It only remains for the computer to fix the length of these arms, and determine their original position, in order to make the end of the third or fourth, or, in cases of difficulty, of the fifth and sixth, describe any path he wishes. In the human limb, the upper arm is the first, the fore-arm the second, the hand the third, and the fingers the fourth, fifth, and sixth of these rotating arms; and the fixedness in the ratio of their length is more than compensated for, by our ability to graduate the ratio of their revolution at will. Is there no meaning in the fact that the most cunning device of human ingenuity for making a point travel, under simple laws, through the greatest variety of paths, should thus prove to be substantially the same with that adopted in the very creation of the human frame, for enabling the hand to guide its tools with freedom and accuracy?

THOMAS HILL.

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MY IDEA OF A SUNDAY SCHOOL.*

I SHALL express my idea as clearly and concisely as I can. I hope to lift the Sunday school from the patting on the head, good-boy *limbo* to which it is too often consigned. My idea, to which I have a right from experience, thought, and love, has, at least, the merit of individual opinion and personal conviction.

As a scholar, owing to my naughty self, or the imperfect adaptation of the Sunday school to a child's want, it did not awaken the intense interest of my week-day school: certainly from no fault in my excellent young lady teachers (whom I then thought so old). After many years I became a teacher; not voluntarily, but what we work for we learn to love, and my task soon became a pleasure. Prejudices gave way; for I found that boys and girls could be as well, perhaps better, taught together, than separately. Now I am a superintendent, and my increased interest in the whole school does not lessen my regard for my own class, and the timidity which shrank from half a dozen pair of eyes, is proof against a hundred.

I think the Sunday school should be the child's church, his religious home, the nursery of piety; then there would be fewer sinners to save, and more saints preserved. This does not preclude a child of good health from going to his parents' church, but provides him with an hour's service suited to his tender age.

The world is asleep to the fact that not only must adults become like little children to enter the kingdom of heaven, but the little children themselves must be led into that kingdom; and that it will do more for their well-being here, as well as hereafter, than the over-prized secular mental training. The objection that the Sunday-school robs the parent of the privilege, and relieves him of the duty, of teaching his child the holiest lesson is unfounded. For what is one hour of a Sunday to the countless hours in which a faithful parent teaches by precept or example?

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* An essay read at the annual meeting of the Norfolk County Unitarian Sunday-school Society, in West Roxbury, Mass., June 25, 1874.

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No: the Sunday school need only supplement the almost divine teaching of the parent, whose duty it is occasionally to visit the school, and invariably see to it that a morsel of the child's hard-driven time be given to his Sunday lesson. It should, also, be remembered that sometimes inclination, if not capacity, is wanting on the part of the parent to teach the child; and, yet more, that, however we may explain it, some children find it easier to expose their spiritual wants to a teacher or friend than even to a parent. Next to the precious individual relationship between teacher and scholar, is the class interest awakened, blossoming into the school service. To speak of only one part of which, we can hardly overestimate the good effect of the simple hymns and sweet melodies in which a Sunday school unites, so readily bringing tears to older eyes.

Convinced of the exceeding usefulness, the high mission of the Sunday school, I would put it into the best estate by making it an atmosphere of love, for even to a child's consciousness the Christian doctrine is best approved by the Christian spirit. Last Sunday two little sisters, hand in hand, walked up our aisle with airy grace, whose large, round opened eyes seemed asking with sweet surprise, "How came we here?" It touches our dusty hearts to think we minister to such as these; but it should touch them with a coal of fire to burn out languor or impatience, for does not their docile innocence minister unto us? With zeal should we work to keep the tender feet from wandering; with something of the divine patience, too, in waiting for results. Our love should be manly, renouncing the talking down to a child's level, talking down to the child, who asks questions we cannot answer, and who apprehends, without being able to put in words, much more than we suppose. To maintain an atmosphere of love we must purify *ourselves*; for loss of temper, selfishness, injustice, or a lack of sympathy is fatal to a teacher's influence. Of course, we must have discipline in a Sunday school; but there, and, indeed, everywhere, as I believe, persuasion is the best discipline.

Having gained the child's heart, the doors of his mind fly open; and then we can have as much black-board exercise, study of the maps, and as many object lessons, as we have time or skill for, only bearing in mind that these must be subordinate to "the

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formation of character which is the prime object of all Sunday-school teaching."

Perhaps the best *secular* instruction is oral: so of Sunday-school teaching the child catches by a fine attraction, from the sparkle in the eye, the intonation of the voice, what falls dead on his listless attention to the printed page. It has been well said, "No teaching worthy of the name or the time spent can be extempore. It must be well prepared." Lest this should deter excellent teachers, but with small opportunity for study, from continuing their labors, let me add that consecration of heart is the best preparation, for then God transmutes our stammering sentences into syllables of light, which echo in our scholars' hearts, when our tongue is mute and our name forgotten. I look with admiration, I cannot look with pity, on the teacher, who denying herself needful rest, or the solace of good preaching, goes to meet her class with self-distrust, unappreciated, perhaps, by parent as well as child, and with but a dim persuasion that she is on the road to win the guerdon—"She hath done what she could."

Now that religious instruction is wisely removed from the week-day to the Sunday school, it may become necessary to have trained and even paid teachers, but never let us make the fatal mistake of placing second that preparation of heart, which is the first requisite. Nor let us forget that for the teacher, as for the child, we want wisdom more than knowledge; for the wise are not as the sands of the sea. Every child should know the Beatitudes and some of the Psalms, not only to sweeten his youth, but to furnish the "green pastures and still waters" of his old age; but an indiscriminate and excessive getting by heart of Scripture seemeth to me unwise, just as a mechanical reading of the parables robbed them for years of interest to me.

In this shifting period, when we hardly know whether we stand, or have anything to stand on, do not disturb the child's trust by the impertinence of dogma. By this I do not mean that the child should not be taught the life-giving doctrines of the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the supremacy of conscience, but that disputed doctrines should be avoided, for "the last place, as it has been often said, where the so-called religious difficulty ought to appear, is that place where it is most talked of in the

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education of little children. Their questions, their answers, are above or below the level on which the discussions of their elders have raged."

When you come to the still more difficult subject of doubt, meet it with serenity, honestly confessing ignorance when you must, respectfully bearing — not attempting to stifle, incredulity, thanking your Heavenly Father for the child, as for yourself, that *intellectual* doubt is no longer considered a crime; but doing all you can to remove it, as a calamity that may become the habit of the child's mind, and so not easily disproved.

Teach cheerfully, welcoming the child to a feast of joy. Playfulness, that happy gift, is compatible with dignity, and never more seasonable than in the teaching of the light-hearted. Teach the child to think, teach him to work; the Children's Mission has blown a wholesome breath of life into Sunday-school activity. Let us all work, each in his way; our straws are different, our bricks will be unlike; but all that is needful is for every one to lay a brick in the holy temple.

Superintendents, have faith in your teachers, give them a broad margin; and if you have the same lesson for the whole school, let them teach it individually, for so only will they teach to good purpose. When the work is not left to the incompetent or unwilling, we shall not hear the remark made with good-humored complacency or patronizing pity, "So-and-so is a very good sort of man, a Sunday-school teacher;" nor, "That is a harmless book, just fitted for the Sunday-school." As if good *intentions* were enough, and the child's training for immortality the most inconsiderable matter in the world! No: let us magnify our office, and draw in men and women with an aptitude to teach, men and women of genius, who, with contagious enthusiasm, may devote their richest gifts, their God-given power, to the noblest work permitted man to do, and who, perhaps, having failed to *reason* themselves into the kingdom of heaven, may sing themselves there, by making existence a Psalm of Life.

E. P. Channing.

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MEMOIRS OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.*

THE public life of John Quincy Adams covered a period of about fifty-four years, from his appointment as Minister to Holland, in June, 1794, to his death, in February, 1848. During nearly all these years he kept a journal, recording with great minuteness of detail what he read, what he thought, and what he did, and leaving on its uncounted pages abundant materials for any future reader to form a just estimate of the writer. The habit was formed even earlier than the date we have indicated; and there exists a diary kept almost continuously for sixty-five years. So early as September, 1778, we find him writing, to his "Honoured Mamma," in the formal language which once characterized the letters of children to their parents, — "My Pappa enjoins it upon me to keep a journal, or a diary of the Events that happen to me, and of objects that I see, and of Characters that I converse with from day to day." The value of such a record he seems to have well understood, even at this early age; but he confesses that he has not patience and perseverance enough to keep it so regularly as he ought. He further informs her, — "My Pappa, who takes a great deal of Pains to put me in the right way, has also advised me to Preserve copies of all my letters, & has given me a Convenient Blank Book for this end." And he adds with not a little shrewdness, in amusing contrast with the juvenile spelling, "A journal Book & a letter Book of a Lad of Eleven years old Can not be expected to contain much of Science, Litterature, arts, wisdom or wit, yet it may serve to perpetuate many observations that I may make, & hereafter help me to recolect both persons & things that would other ways escape my memory." Accordingly in November of the following year, when he was a little more than twelve years old, he began to keep a regular journal. At first it was kept in a small paper-covered

* Memoirs of John Quincy Adams, comprising Portions of his Diary from 1794 to 1848. Edited by Charles Francis Adams. Vols. I., II. 8vo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1874.

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book; but afterward he used substantial quarto volumes of an average size of more than five hundred pages each.

It would scarcely have been desirable to print the whole of the record thus preserved, even if its extent would not have prevented its finding readers; and Mr. C. F. Adams has therefore wisely confined himself to printing portions only of his father's voluminous manuscript. The selection, so far as we may judge from the two volumes before us, has been made with the care and discrimination which we should have anticipated from the editor's previous labors in this department of literature. Much has been omitted; but the rules which have been followed in regard to these omissions, as explained in the Preface, are such as must commend themselves to every reader. Mr. Adams there tells us that he has omitted the details and events of common life and a considerable part of the moral and religious speculations in which the work abounds, but that he has not suppressed strictures on contemporaries who were public men acting in the same sphere with the writer, nor any part of his father's reflections on his own character and conduct, and that he has retained in all cases the exact words of the original entry, unless there was an obvious slip of the pen. He has added a few explanatory notes, and he has occasionally connected parts of the narrative by a few paragraphs from his own pen, where such an addition seemed to be required.

It must be confessed that the diary is not very lively reading. The writer had little imagination and little sense of the humorous; and there is scarcely a trace of that fondness for personal gossip which is found in many of the diaries of English statesmen. But it throws new and important light on the character of the writer, and will be invaluable to every student of the period of history which it covers. Mr. Adams lived so long and so openly in the eye of the country that the broad features of his public career are known to every intelligent person. It is not probable, therefore, that the revelations of this diary will lead to any essential modification in the common estimate of his life and services. But every reader will notice in these volumes one or two traits of character which have not heretofore been ascribed to Mr. Adams. If they shall hold as prominent a place in the remaining pages of his diary as they hold in the part now printed,

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the estimate of his character in these respects will need some revision.

To his selections from the diary Mr. C. F. Adams has prefixed a brief account of his father's early life and education, commencing his extracts with his father's appointment as Minister to Holland. John Quincy Adams, the eldest son of John and Abigail Adams, was born in that part of Braintree now called Quincy, on the 11th of July, 1767, and was baptized on the following day. When not quite eight years old he went with his mother to a height not far from the house where he was born, and from it witnessed the battle of Bunker Hill, listened to the roar of the artillery, and saw the burning of Charlestown. We can readily believe that the impression was never effaced from his memory, and doubtless long afterward colored his feelings toward England. His early education, if such it may be called, was fragmentary and imperfect. "It does not appear," says Mr. C. F. Adams, "that the boy attended any regular school. What he learned was caught chiefly from elder persons around him." When he was in his eleventh year he went to Europe with his father, who had been appointed one of the commissioners to Paris, and was immediately put to school at Passy. After remaining there about six months the commission was recalled, and he returned home. Subsequently he spent six months more at school in Paris, four months at the public Latin school at Amsterdam, and a little less than five months at the University of Leyden. This was all the regular instruction which he received before entering Harvard College, to which he was admitted as a member of the junior class when he was a little more than eighteen. He was, however, in spite of these disadvantages, graduated with distinction in 1787.

As the natural consequence of the very irregular manner in which his education had been conducted, he was ignorant of many things which other young men learn, while he was thoroughly acquainted with subjects of which they acquire a knowledge only after much study and observation. A curious illustration of his ignorance of astronomy is found in his diary so late as November, 1813, when he was in his forty-seventh year. "One clear morning, about a fortnight since," he writes, "I remarked from my bed-chamber windows a certain group of stars forming a con-

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stellation which I had not before observed, and of which I knew not the name. I marked down their position on a slip of paper with a view to remember them hereafter and to ascertain what they were. This day, on looking into the abridgment of Lalande's Astronomy, one of the first figures that struck my eye in the plates was this identical constellation. It was Orion. That I should have lived nearly fifty years without knowing him, shows too clearly what sort of an observer I have been." From some later entries in the journal we infer that he immediately set to work to acquire a competent knowledge of the subject; and in a few months he was able to recognize the principal constellations. In the following March he writes, "My astronomical paroxysm has passed away." While Minister at the Court of Russia he spent much time in endeavoring to ascertain the exact English equivalents of the Russian weights and measures; and some of the results of these investigations were afterward embodied in his famous Report on Weights and Measures, made while he was Secretary of State. All through life, indeed, he had an insatiable thirst for knowledge; but he showed at all times a greater aptitude for those studies which call into exercise habits of reflection and calculation than for those studies which are largely dependent on observation. Of this limitation to his powers he was perfectly conscious. Writing in May, 1814, with reference to his journey to Ghent, he records in his diary: "I made few remarks on my journey from St. Petersburg, the natural character of my mind being more adapted to reflection than to observation."

After leaving college Mr. Adams decided to adopt the legal profession; and the three years of his preparatory studies were passed at Newburyport, in the law office of Theophilus Parsons, afterward the distinguished Chief Justice of Massachusetts. In July, 1790, he was admitted to the bar in Essex County, and the next month he removed to Boston. While waiting, like most young lawyers, for the slow appearance of clients, he busied himself in writing for the newspapers. To "The Columbian Centinel" he contributed a series of eleven papers over the signature of "Publicola," in answer to Paine's "Rights of Man," which were at first attributed to his father, then Vice-President of the United States, and were speedily reprinted in other newspapers here, and in

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pamphlet editions in London, Glasgow, and Dublin. Subsequently he wrote other newspaper articles, with reference to the conduct of the French Minister Genet, whose unwarrantable actions here caused so much embarrassment to the administration of Washington. These articles involved Mr. Adams in a controversy with James Sullivan, afterward Governor of Massachusetts, in the management of which he showed great ability. It is even supposed to have led to his nomination by Washington as Minister to Holland.

The nomination was made on the 29th of May, 1794, and was unanimously confirmed by the Senate on the following day. Mr. Adams was never an office-seeker, and his appointment took him by surprise. "This intelligence," he writes in his journal, "was very unexpected, and indeed surprising. I had laid down as a principle that I never would solicit for any public office whatever, and from this determination no necessity has hitherto compelled me to swerve." Shortly afterward he went to Philadelphia to receive his commission and instructions; but it was not until the 17th of Septemeber that he embarked for Europe. On the 14th of October he landed at Dover, and at once proceeded to London, where he spent only a few days, having an opportunity, however, to see Mrs. Siddons in "Henry VIII.," to dine with Copley, the painter, and to breakfast with Mr. Jay, the American Minister. On the 31st he reached the Hague. Of the next four months the record is apparently imperfect; and it is not until March 1, 1795, that the continuous diary begins. From that point it fills nineteen closely written volumes, covering about ten thousand quarto pages. As the two volumes now printed include only a part of the first four volumes of manuscript, it is reasonable to infer that the whole work will extend to eight or ten volumes.

Mr. Adams remained at the Hague nearly four years, taking leave on the 21st of June, 1797, with the purpose of proceeding to Portugal, to which country Washington designed to transfer him. These first years of his public life offer little of interest to the reader. The disturbed condition of the country rendered his residence in Holland somewhat unsatisfactory; and when in England he was doubtful about entering on the mission. We get, however, occasional glimpses of Dutch and French officials, notices of the books which he read, and his own judgment on the

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traits of character which he found in himself. "Too much of my time is devoted to reading, and too little to society; but I was not formed to shine in company, nor to be delighted with it," he writes. And he adds, "I hope and intend at a future time to take some of my present reading hours for the purpose of writing. I wish no other change." He laments at the same time, "I have never had the advantage of systematic reading in its perfection, because I was never taught a system. To form one for myself has been the subject of my frequent meditations; but I have never satisfied myself as to the details."

While resident at the Hague he went to England to exchange the ratifications of Mr. Jay's Treaty, and spent nearly six months in London. It is a little remarkable how few persons of note he seems to have met in friendly social intercourse. He was presented to the King and the Queen, the latter of whom asked him whether he "was any relation to the Mr. Adams that was here some years ago," while the former wished to know whether "all the Adamses belong to Massachusetts," and was apparently surprised to find that no person could be Governor of Massachusetts and Vice-President of the United States at the same time. At a dinner at the house of Sir John Sinclair he met "a Count Rumford, heretofore known as Sir Benjamin Thompson." "The Count, who wears a blue ribband," he writes, "and who has doubtless made philosophy a means of advancement, told me that he had met with nothing that flattered him more than his having been elected as a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; that he has taken it as a very honorable testimony of the liberality of Americans, and that he retained a great regard and attachment to that country." He likewise went to see Ireland's pretended manuscripts of Shakespeare, about the authenticity of which he appears to have been doubtful. But the most interesting circumstance of his visit to England was his engage ment to Louisa Catherine, second daughter of Mr. Joshua Johnson, of Maryland, then Consul of the United States in London.

After his return to the Hague from this visit he devoted himself still more assiduously to the work of self-culture. Besides reading many French and English books, he translated a page of Dutch every day to improve himself in the language, made some progress

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in Italian by translating a few verses of Tasso at a time, and kept alive his Latin by translating the Agricola of Tacitus, which he still found new, although he had made a French version of it twelve years before. "My other writing," he records, "is principally confined to writing and answering letters, or to this journal. The time for original composition has not yet come; I know not whether it ever will. I shall probably never have a time so favorable for it as the present; but I have no *subject*, and am far from being yet satisfied with my style." In fact, Mr. Adams never acquired a brilliant or polished style, though he was generally a clear and vigorous writer.

On finally leaving the Hague he proceeded at once to London; and on the 26th of July, 1797, "before eleven in the morning," he was married in the parish church of All Hallows Barking. The marriage proved a happy one; and there is no more striking or more creditable entry in his journal than that in which, fourteen years later, he records his opinion of the married state. Under date of July 26, 1811, he writes, "I have this day been married fourteen years, during which I have to bless God for the enjoyment of a portion of felicity, resulting from this relation in society, greater than falls to the generality of mankind, and far beyond anything that I have been conscious of deserving. Its greatest alloy has arisen from the delicacy of my wife's constitution, the ill health which has afflicted her much of the time, and the misfortunes she has suffered from it. Our union has not been without its trials, nor invariably without dissensions between us. There are many differences of sentiment, of tastes, and of opinions, in regard to domestic economy, and to the education of children, between us. There are natural frailties of temper in both of us; both being quick and irascible, and mine being sometimes harsh. But she has always been a faithful and affectionate wife, and a careful, tender, indulgent, and watchful mother to our children, all of whom she nursed herself. I have found in this connection from decisive experience the superior happiness of the marriage state over that of celibacy, and a full conviction that my lot in marriage has been highly favored."

The nomination of Mr. Adams as Minister to Portugal was confirmed on the 30th of May, 1796; but in the judgment of the

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President circumstances made it expedient that he should remain somewhat longer in Holland, and it was not until the 9th of April, 1797, that he received his letter of recall. Shortly afterward, on the accession of his father to the Presidency, he was nominated as Minister to Prussia. This appointment encountered considerable opposition, but it was finally confirmed by a small majority. Leaving London on the 18th of October, 1797, he reached Berlin on the 7th of November. Here he remained until June, 1801, when he took his final leave of the Prussian Court, and embarked for home. The chief object of the mission had been to obtain an extension of the treaty of commerce entered into with Frederic the Great soon after the close of our war of Independence. This object Mr. Adams was finally able to accomplish, and at the same time he secured some modifications in the terms of the treaty which were desired by our government. His diary during this period is apparently much less minute than it afterward became, and it contains little that is especially noteworthy.

With Mr. Adams' return to the United States we enter upon one of the most important periods of his life. On the 4th of September, 1801, he landed at Philadelphia, and on the 21st he reached his father's house at Quincy, after an absence of seven years. He at once resumed the practice of his profession; and in the following April he was chosen by the Federalists of Suffolk County a member of the Massachusetts Senate. At the election for Representatives to Congress in November he was the candidate of the same party for the Boston district, but he was defeated by the Democratic candidate, Dr. Eustis, who was re-elected by a majority of fifty-nine. The result was no doubt a great disappointment, and the record in the diary is well worth quoting. "The cause assigned by the Federalists for their failure is, that the election day was rainy, and that a large number of strong Federal votes from the remotest part of the town was lost by non-attendance. This is one of a thousand proofs how large a portion of Federalism is a mere fair-weather principle, too weak to overcome a shower of rain. It shows the degree of dependence that can be placed on such friends. As a party their adversaries are more sure, and more earnest." In February, 1803, he was chosen by the Legislature a Senator of the United States, to

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succeed Jonathan Mason, whose term was about to expire. In the House of Representatives the Federalists were divided between Col. Pickering and Mr. Adams, and it was not until the fourth ballot that Mr. Adams was elected. He received eighty-six votes against seventy for the Democratic candidate, Mr. Skinner; and there were fifteen scattering. In the Senate the Federalists gave to him an undivided support.

Mr. Adams took his seat in Congress in October, 1803; and on the 8th of June, 1808, he sent to the Legislature his resignation, in consequence of the adoption of a series of resolutions which he regarded as enjoining "a course of conduct which neither my judgment could approve nor my spirit brook." The portions of his diary relating to his career in the Senate fill rather more than half of the first volume, and are of great interest. But there is no part which is more interesting than the occasional notices of Mr. Jefferson, in the early years of Mr. Adams' acquaintance with him. In November, 1804, in the account of a dinner at the President's, Mr. Adams writes, "Mr. Jefferson then turned the conversation towards the French Revolution, and remarked *how contrary to all expectation* this great *bouleversement* had turned out. It seémed as if everything in that country for the last twelve or fifteen years had been A DREAM; and who could have imagined that such an *élranlement* would have come to this? He thought it very much to be wished that they could now return to the Constitution of 1789, and call back *the Old Family*. For although by that Constitution the Government was much too weak, and although it was defective in having a Legislature in only one branch, yet even thus it was better than the present form, where it was impossible to perceive *any limits*. I have used as near as possible his very words; for this is one of the most unexpected phases in the waxing and waning opinions of this gentleman concerning the French Revolution." Of another dinner, in 1805, he writes, "The President appeared to have his mind absorbed by some other object, for he was less attentive to his company than usual. His itch for telling prodigies, however, is unabated. Speaking of the cold, he said he had seen Fahrenheit's thermometer, *in Paris*, at twenty degrees below zero; and that, not for a single day, but that for six weeks together it stood

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thereabouts. 'Never once in the whole time,' said he, 'so high as zero, which is *fifty* degrees below the freezing point.' These were his own words. He knows better than all this; but he loves to excite wonder. Fahrenheit's thermometer never since Mr. Jefferson existed was at twenty degrees below zero in Paris. It was never for six weeks together so low as twenty degrees above zero. Nor is Fahrenheit's zero fifty degrees below the freezing point." Of a dinner in the early part of 1807, we have this notice: "The President was less cheerful in his manners than usual, but told some of his customary staring stories. Among the rest, he said that before he went from Virginia to France he had some ripe pears sewed up in two bags, and that when he returned, six years afterwards, he found them in a perfect state of preservation,— self-candied." No wonder that Mr. Adams elsewhere writes, "You never can be an hour in this man's company without something of the marvellous." Of Mr. Jefferson's method of carrying on the government we get some glimpses. Referring to the secret bill for the purchase of the Floridas, Mr. Adams writes, "The measure has been very reluctantly adopted by the President's friends, on his private wishes signified to them, in strong contradiction to the tenor of all his public messages. His whole system of administration seems founded upon this principle of carrying through the legislature measures by his personal or official influence. There is a certain proportion of members in both Houses who on every occasion of emergency have no other inquiry but what is the President's wish." And again, referring to the treaty with Tripoli, "The *Presidential* votes were for postponement. I mean by this, the men who get in whispers his secret wishes, and vote accordingly."

Even more striking than his anecdotes of Mr. Jefferson are his frequent reflections on his own character and conduct. As a speaker he had a feeble voice, and his manner was not attractive; but while a member of the House of Representatives he was one of the most ready and skillful debaters in Congress, and the epithet "old man eloquent," which was commonly applied to him, shows that he was regarded by his contemporaries as a very effective speaker. It is with no little surprise that we read the records of his early self-depreciation. In January, 1805, he writes, "On

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this occasion, as on almost every other, I felt most sensibly my deficiency as an extemporaneous speaker. In tracing this deficiency to its source, I find it arising from a cause that is irreparable. No efforts, no application on my part, can ever remove it. It is slowness of comprehension, — an incapacity to grasp the whole compass of a subject in the mind at once with such an arrangement as leaves a proper impression of the detail, an incapacity to form ideas properly precise and definite with the rapidity necessary to give them uninterrupted utterance. My manner, therefore, is slow, hesitating, and often much confused. Sometimes, from inability to furnish the words to finish a thought commenced, I begin a sentence with propriety and end it with nonsense." And then, after enumerating other defects, he adds, "I must, therefore, never flatter myself with the hope of oratorical distinction." Two years later he writes, "I should have done better to remain silent. My defects of elocution are incurable, and amidst so many better speakers, when the debates are to be reported, I never speak without mortification. The process of reasoning in my mind is too *slow* for uninterrupted articulation. My thoughts rise at first confused, and require *time* to shape into a succession of sentences." In April, 1808, in the debate on the question of expelling John Smith, a Senator from Ohio, for complicity with Burr's treason, he records, "I made a speech of nearly four hours on the question. I could not do justice to the subject. There is no occasion upon which I feel with so much humiliation the insufficiency of my own powers as in these elaborate but extemporaneous speeches." At an earlier period, near the beginning of his career, he writes, "I took again, this day, too much part in the debate. I *must* check myself, or become worse than ridiculous."

In June, 1806, while still a member of the Senate, he was installed as Boylston Professor of Rhetoric in Harvard College. This office he retained until his appointment, three years afterward, as Minister to Russia, delivering in the meantime twenty-four lectures, which were afterward printed and received with much favor. The volumes, however, have never, we believe, been reprinted. Mr. Adams' own estimate of them is worth quoting. In August, 1810, he records in his diary the inpression which the

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printed lectures produced on his mind. "These lectures are the measure of my powers, moral and intellectual. In the composition of them I spared no labor, and omitted no exertion of which I was capable. I shall never, unless by some special favor of Heaven, accomplish any work of higher elevation or more extensive compass."

The great event of this period, however, was Mr. Adams' desertion of the Federal party, and his open junction with their opponents. This is not the place for a discussion of his course at this time; but it is impossible not to make some reference to an event which produced an intense excitement at the time, and largely influenced his subsequent career. There had been a gradual estrangement between Mr. Adams and the leaders of the Federal party in Congress, followed by a total separation on the question of the embargo and other issues, and a public controversy with his colleague, Col. Pickering. Then came the election of Mr. Lloyd, a merchant of Boston, to succeed him in the Senate, the adoption by the Legislature of Massachusetts of resolutions condemning the embargo, and his resignation of his seat for the residue of the term for which he had been originally chosen. No Federalist ever forgot or forgave Mr. Adams' course at this memorable period; but few persons now, we suppose, regret his change of party, or regard it as the result of a bargain. It was not the virtue of the Democratic leaders, however, which prevented the completion of a direct bargain. In January, 1808, when the ardor of his Federalism had already begun to cool, he was invited to attend a meeting of the Republican members of both Houses of Congress to consult respecting the next Presidential election. He attended the meeting, and received one vote as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. A few days afterward he had a conversation with Mr. Giles, one of the most unscrupulous of the Democratic leaders, who remarked that "the administration would willingly possess the aid of the Federal talents," and made other remarks which Mr. Adams very naturally regarded as "in the nature of overtures for conciliatory courses of policy between the Eastern Federalists and the administration." Three days afterward there was a further conversation on the subject between Mr. Adams and Mr. Giles, in the course of which, referring to some negotiations,

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as he regarded them, between the latter and one of the Federalists, he asked whether Mr. Giles thought a negotiation "on personal considerations for himself, and local advantages for his State, was a sound course of proceeding on moral and political principle. Giles evaded answering this question." In the course of the same conversation, which was apparently a long one, he "observed to Mr. Giles, that as, from some observations he had made to me at our last conversation, I had supposed he might intend that I should apply to myself some intimations of a similar nature, I thought myself bound to be very explicit with him; that in any support I have given or ever should give to this or any other administration, I have been and shall be governed solely by public considerations, and the belief that the administration aims at the welfare of the nation; that I have no personal expectations or wishes whatsoever." There seem also to have been conferences with other leading Democrats, but nothing of importance is recorded with regard to them; and here the matter apparently dropped.

It was unfortunate for the good name of Mr. Adams with his contemporaries, but fortunate for the interests of the country, that, soon after he ceased to act with the Federalists, and resigned his seat in the Senate, he was tendered a foreign mission. On the 26th of June, 1809, he was nominated as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. Petersburg; and the next day he was confirmed by a vote of nineteen to seven. Both of the Massachusetts Senators voted against the confirmation. In the previous March, when he was first nominated, the Senate had refused by a vote of seventeen to fifteen to assent to the appointment of a minister to Russia, and it was only on the re-nomination of Mr. Adams that their consent was obtained; but, whatever may have been the opinion entertained about the appointment at the time, it found an ample justification in the ability and fidelity with which Mr. Adams discharged the duties of the mission.

He set sail from Charlestown on the 5th of August, accompanied by his wife and his youngest son, the editor of these "Memoirs," and by his wife's sister and his nephew. Two other young men, fresh from college, who had given even at that early period rich promise of the ability and culture for which they were dis-

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tinguished, but of which such inadequate traces now remain, — the late Alexander H. Everett and the late Francis C. Gray, — also accompanied him. The voyage was long and dangerous; and it was not until the 23d of October that Mr. Adams landed at St. Petersburg. He remained at the Court of Russia until the 28th of April, 1814, when he took final leave of St. Petersburg, and began his journey for Ghent, to join the other Commissioners of the United States, appointed to negotiate a treaty of peace with Great Britain. He had previously been one of three Commissioners, appointed in the hope of effecting a peace by the media tion of the Emperor of Russia; but on the refusal of Great Britain to accept the mediation, the first Commission was vacated, and a new appointment was made, for the purpose of carrying on direct negotiations. It is a somewhat curious circumstance that in both Commissions Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, who had been on unfriendly terms with Mr. Adams while both were members of the Senate, was joined with him. Evidences of their want of harmony are of not infrequent occurrence in the journal. Indeed we are inclined to suspect that Mr. Adams did not feel very cordially toward his colleagues at Ghent, as he certainly did not toward his colleagues at St. Petersburg. A fortnight after his arrival at Ghent, he writes, "I dined again at the table d'hote, at one. The other gentlemen dined together, at four. They sit after dinner and drink bad wine and smoke cigars, which neither suits my habits nor my health, and absorbs time which I cannot spare." The next day, however, he found it expedient to adopt a different course. "We adjourned at four o'clock, and I dined with my colleagues, as I propose to do hereafter, Mr. Clay having expressed some regret that I had withdrawn from their table yesterday." The second of the volumes before us closes just before the commencement of negotiations. By far the most important part of Mr. Adams' life was yet to open. If he had died at this point, or even some years later, his name would have passed into the same obscurity which shrouds the memory of most of his contemporaries, — so true is it that his last days were his best days.

Mr. Adams, as we have already seen, was a diligent reader, and all through his diary — especially during his residence in Russia — we find notices of the books which he had been reading. His

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range was pretty wide, with a marked fondness for books of a religious character. Massillon's sermons, sermons by Atterbury and other English divines, Watts on the Mind, Paley's Evidences, and Bossuet's Discourse on Universal History, are among the books which specially interested him. Of Massillon and Paley he has given a noteworthy parallel. Massillon's doctrine, he writes, "that the principles of Christianity apply to the government of states as much as to the conduct of individuals, is more congenial to my opinions than that of Paley, who maintains the contrary. Massillon's morals are discolored by religious bigotry; Paley's are infected with the poison of the world. Paley seems to think Christianity was a law made only to keep the peace between shoemakers, blacksmiths, and lamplighters. Massillon sees no Christianity out of the pale of the church. Merciful God! in how many and how different shapes do the passions and vices of men disguise themselves to corrupt the purity of the Word! Massillon and Paley are among the most distinguished defenders of the Christian cause; yet Massillon incessantly preaches unrelenting persecution to heretics, and Paley curtails the jurisdiction of Christianity within narrower bounds than that of a justice of the peace." For several years he made it a practice to read the Bible through in course every year, avowing it as his belief that, "setting prejudices and all party spirit aside," "the respect and veneration of any person for the Bible will increase in proportion to the intimacy of his acquaintance with its contents."

While a religious spirit underlies and pervades the whole diary to a very remarkable degree, there is very little to show what were at this time Mr. Adams' theological opinions. In September, 1811, on the occasion of the baptism of an infant daughter, born in Russia, he records: "I think the ceremony of baptism as performed in our Congregational churches much more proper and rational than that of the English Church. I have, both in this instance and in that of my son George, recurred to the ceremony in this form only because I thought the rite itself essential, and because the forms of the English Church are the most like to those which I have considered as the best, and to which I myself was born, that I could have access to." He then proceeds to give the motives for his preference of the Congregational form, —

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that the rite is performed in church, that it is more simple, "without any entanglement of creeds and controversial doctrines," and that the father is the only sponsor; and he adds, "But the rite itself, the solemn dedication of the child to God, I prize so highly, that I think it ought never to be deferred beyond a time of urgent necessity." A few months later, after finishing the second part of Watts on the "Improvement of the Mind," he writes, "He insists strongly upon the distinction between things *above reason*, which, as mysteries of religion, may and ought to be believed, and things contrary to reason, which he says must be false; but I doubt whether this distinction will avail for the maintenance of any religious creed. For any part of the Christian faith I am persuaded it will not. The Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, the whole doctrine of atonement, all miracles, the Immaculate Conception of Jesus, and a devil maintaining war against Omnipotence, appear to me all as contrary to human reason as the *Real Presence* of the Eucharist. Religion, as it appears to me, is one of the *wants* of human nature, — an appetite which must be indulged, since without its gratification human existence would be a burden rather than a blessing. Reason may serve as a guard and check upon the religious appetite, as well as upon our bodily necessities, to prevent its leading us into pernicious excesses. But it is presumption in human reason to set itself up as the umpire of our faith." No doubt these views as to the province of reason in religion were considerably modified in later years; and that, whatever belief he may have had at this time in any of the doctrines which he mentions, he afterward cut entirely clear of the Calvinistic scheme. Though he was never, as his father was, a zealous and pronounced Unitarian, he was one of the founders of the Unitarian Church in Washington, and a regular communicant at the Unitarian Church in Quincy.

Another characteristic of Mr. Adams' journal, not less marked than its religious tone, is the frequency of the writer's reflections, on his own character and conduct, on the motives by which his actions were prompted, and the results which flowed from them. At the close of the month or the year, or on some special occasion, he was in the habit of subjecting himself to a rigid self-examination; and the judgment was most often severe. Thus, in Decem-

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ber, 1803, he writes "My self-examination this night gave rise to many mortifying reflections. This practice — to which I have long accustomed myself, in compliance with an ancient rule — is itself not so satisfactory as in theory it appears. Of the errors, imprudences, and follies which reflection discovers to me in my own conduct I do not correct myself by the discovery. Pride and self-conceit and presumption lie so deep in my natural character, that, when their deformity betrays them, they run through all the changes of Proteus to disguise themselves to my own heart. I often see and often condemn my faults. But for the efficacy of correction I am afraid some penalty is necessary. Voluntary penance is excluded from our system of morality as a superstitious practice, and I have never tried it. Yet to render self-examination of much use, I believe it necessary." A year later he writes, "I have been a severe student all the days of my life; but an immense proportion of the time I have dedicated to the search of knowledge has been wasted upon subjects which can never be profitable to myself or useful to others. Another source of useless toil is the want of a method properly comprehensive and minute in the pursuit of my inquiries. This method has been to me a desideratum for many years; I have found none in books; nor have I been able to contrive one for myself. From these two causes I have derived so little use from my labors that it has often brought me to the border of discouragement, and I have been tempted to abandon my books altogether. This, however, is impossible; for the habit has been so long fixed in me as to have become a passion, and when once severed from my books I find little or nothing in life to fill the vacancy." We might multiply, to almost any extent, extracts in illustration of this habit of self-examination; but these are sufficient for our purpose. It was by his habitual practice of a searching self-examination, with a faithful use of all the means of moral and intellectual growth within his reach, that Mr. Adams built up that sturdy and thoroughly independent character which he exhibited, but never so conpicuously as during the last fifteen or sixteen years of his busy and eventful life. For the volumes which will contain the records of those years we shall look with a lively interest.

C. C. Smith.

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THE KNOWLEDGE OF DIVINE THINGS.

A SERMON. BY REV. C. H. BRIGHAM.

"Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high; I cannot attain unto it." — PSA. cxxxix. 6.

THERE are two ways in which this ejaculation of the Psalmist may be used and repeated: as the expression of rapture, or as the expression of despair. It may be the utterance of a soul absorbed in contemplation of the providence and the wisdom of the Great Ruler; or it may be the utterance of the bewildered soul, hopeless of all success in penetrating the secrets of the Infinite. It is alike the testimony of the prayerful spirit, and of the skeptical spirit; a common formula which belief and unbelief are equally ready to use. The most devout gladly confesses that all his thought and all his longing cannot bring out from the surrounding of mystery the God whom he adores; and along with this it is the excuse of the doubter for seeking no farther, and ceasing to care for divine things, that all real spiritual science is impossible for human powers.

It is, nevertheless, a serious misuse of these utterances of the Psalms (for there are many more identical in tone with that of the text) when they are used to encourage religious despair, or to hinder religious inquiry. It is misuse of the word which brings nearer the wonders of the Divine thought, to make it a word to close the door of heaven and turn one away to earthly cares as all which a man knows or with which he can deal. Such utterances as this ought to stimulate, and not to discourage, the soul; to urge it on, and not to warn it back. They ought to make us feel the beauty and worth of what we really do know of divine things; not to make us feel that the little we can know is worth nothing. Rightly read, — read in the spirit of the Psalmist's bowed and raptured soul, — no lyric of the Hebrew collection is more elevating and inspiring than this; none brings the soul nearer to the Holiest One. It begins and ends with the thought of God close to the heart, seeing and knowing its secrets.

The fact which the words of the text contain all are ready to

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confess. None will maintain that man ever has, or that he ever can, with his human powers, come into the mystery of the Divine Wisdom. No intelligent man will assert that even the word of inspiration sets forth all the knowledge of the Lord, or that this knowledge could be set forth in any human language, or that man could comprehend it, if it were uttered. Infinite faculties cannot be brought into the compass of finite thoughts. The spirit that reaches beyond time and space cannot be brought into the limits of any life which is enclosed by space and time. Only the Eternal One can fully know himself; and one of the church fathers maintained that it was impossible for God fully to know himself, since there were possibilities always unrealized in any work of his hand. One school of German thinkers define *creation*,— define the outward world, with all its wonders and harmonies, all its variety and interwoven changes, — as only "God coming to the knowledge of himself."

This fact of the unattainable knowledge of the Infinite, which even the boldest dogmatism is forced to allow, is at once an abstract conviction and an experimental conviction. We may know it before we try to find out anything about God and his works, and we may know it equally after we have tried, even if we start with the hope that we can find out the being of the Infinite. The very conception of the nature of God tells us that his glories never can be fully known. If we could attain unto that knowledge, then God would not be single, and we might be as gods. And in whatever direction any one seeks, whether in science or philosophy, in prayer or in obedience, to come to the knowledge of God, he finds his attainment inadequate; he may make leagues of distance, and find other stars above his head than those which lighted his first voyage, but he has not come to the end of the ocean, and he never will, for the ocean has no end: it is a sea without a shore. No soul that looks up to God ever comes to the knowledge of God. God can only be completely known when he is abased, and the soul looks down upon him as an Indian upon his idol. And even then there is the disturbing thought of some mystic power in this senseless block, some talismanic force which works in an unknown way. The idolator really has something of the feeling of the Psalmist, that he cannot know

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all the work and all the counsel of this dumb form that he worships, and whose protection he solicits.

But it is not the purpose of this discourse to dwell upon or to illustrate the general fact of the outlying and unattainable greatness of the thought and being of God. We will take a narrower range than that, and look at some views which contradict the use that skepticism and despair make of the passage in the text. In general terms we say, that the impossibility of reaching the completeness of divine knowledge is no reason why we should not seek such knowledge, and ought to have no influence in keeping us back; and as auxiliary to this we have several arguments to urge.

I. In the first place, there is the *natural instinct* which directs man to search and try in these mysteries of heavenly wisdom. It is the soul's impulse and the soul's right to make these inquiries, and they cannot be hindered without violence to a natural desire. Every thoughtful spirit longs to penetrate these secrets of being by which he is environed, to rise from facts to laws, from phenomena to causes, from things seen to things unseen. A child's curiosity asks, among its first questions, these insoluble questions. The eye that looks upon nature in the spring-time, upon the breaking buds and blossoms, upon the springing grain, upon the marvel of the new created year, cannot help asking them. The soul that muses in lonely hours upon this strange, frail, sad being in which it dwells, asks these questions about God and heavenly things. To find this wisdom, more or less of it, is the longing and the prayer of every spiritual mind, — a longing that may be hushed or smothered, but is never lost.

Now no conviction of the unattainable nature of the Divine knowledge has a right to hinder this native impulse from its proper exercise. Shall the lark, rising from its nest in the meadow, be hindered from its soaring because the dim peak in the cloud is beyond its power of flight, and its song may not be thrown from that inaccessible summit? Shall it be kept to the meadow because it cannot rise above the hill? As little shall the soul, lifted by its quick desire, in its song and its springing, to pierce this band of sky around the throne of the Eternal, be held to its earthliness because its impulse will not carry it deep

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into the heaven. The impulse was given by God, and given to be gratified, not to be subdued. A gift which so many share, an impulse which begins so early and lasts so long, an impulse which no indifference to religious forms or duties fairly destroys, is not to be set at naught, even though its end may be clearly unattainable. It is called a law that all rivers in their course shall reach the sea, as they seek the sea. Yet there are African rivers, which, after running hundreds of miles in full tide and volume, are diffused, and disappear, finding no visible outlet to the ocean. Their impulse has not brought them to their end, and the ocean is yet unattained. Shall we say that these rivers had no reason for running on because they had not found their outlet in the ocean? Was their rush and movement any less noble because it was toward an end unattainable? Ought nature to have checked them at their source, and bidden them to sink in those interior marshes, because she has hindered them of their goal? And is the impulse of the soul to go on stronger and more earnest in the acquisition of spiritual knowledge to be checked, because there is a final barrier in its onward way? No: the impulse is good because it is so strong, and because it is given by God. It brings joy in its exercise.

II. And this remark gives our second argument, that, even when the end is unattainable, the quest is right because it is *so satisfying*. We have not only the impulse to seek out the deep things of God, but we have in the gratification of that impulse an unspeakable pleasure. There is no study which more exalts and enraptures the human soul than the study of theology. Not, indeed, the study of what in the phrase of the schools is called theology, — the study of books of divinity, creeds, and systems, decisions of councils and works of doctors, — these are too often vanity and vexation of spirit; but the study of theology in its broader sense, in the laws of God's universe, the wonders of nature, the ways of man, in all those things where the handiwork of a Divine Power appears. No study is so satisfying as this, even when the end is not fullness of knowledge, even when there is no end. Any soul is quickened and enlarged that has tried to know God, even if it has failed to find him. The failures of the soul in seeking to know the deep things of the Spirit brace the

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soul more than all its successes in attempting to know the perishing things of the earth. The Pagan fable that one morsel of ambrosia was worth more than a loaf of kneaded bread, one drop of nectar more than a goblet of pressed-out wine, is significant of the truth that the deficiencies in spiritual knowledge supply more than redundance in earthly knowledge. There is positive joy in the soaring of the soul, even when it is sure of not reaching the heaven of God. The studies which we recall as most elevating are not those which have left the largest residue of knowledge, but those which have been directed to the noblest end. The sorrow which comes in the inadequate result was not felt in the process of investigation. The last result of exploring a cavern is unsatisfactory. You find, after that long groping and winding, up and down, in narrow passages, in vast chambers, by flickering torch-light, in darkness which never diminishes, however far you go on, — on rivers which have no reflection, — that you only come back to the light of common day, that you know but little more of the secret of that darkness, hinting at deeps indefinite and far, than before you ventured to enter its recesses. Yet you will recollect this underground wandering and the exhilaration which it brought, will recollect the novelty of this fruitless search, with a satisfaction that no journey above ground, where you have seen and learned so much, can equal. Groping in the labyrinths of religious thought leaves more joy in the memory, than any harvesting in the full fields of physical knowledge. This is a universal experience for all minds of the higher class. There is no impulse so delightful as that which sets men on the track which runs heavenward, and no pleasure so strong in memory as the joy which we felt upon that track. Job's parable tells the best of his joy — "O that I were as in months past, when God's candle shined upon me, when by his light I walked through darkness, when the secret of God was upon my tabernacle."

III. And a third argument to encourage one in seeking the unattainable in divine knowledge, is that this search is *not wholly a failure*, that we really do learn a great deal, when we try to know God and his work. No faithful study of theological truth fails to ascertain some things concerning the great Soul and the great Providence, the Creator and the Father. These flights of

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the soul upward are not an empty beating of the air. They always gain some testimony to what is on the height or on the sea; some leaf or blossom from the garden of God rewards the airy exploit. No one ever sincerely tried to know more about God and the spirit world, and the way of the divine working, without gaining some insight into it, without learning something that he did not know before. Every serious contemplation of divine things makes us in some degree wiser in these. It is hopeless to attempt with our finite powers to know the number and place of the worlds in this starry firmament, and it would seem that every gaze into this sky above us must only bewilder. Yet we know how much of this sky, how many of these stars, can be mapped and ordered, by those who gaze long enough upon the concave, until the great spaces of the heaven shall be made as familiar to the observer as the acres of his homestead, and he shall become as conversant with Orion and Arcturus, with the Wain and the Scorpion, as with the trees before his window or the implements of his own husbandry. The study of theology gives some sure results as much as the study of astronomy. Nay, in proportion to the amount wished for, the results of inquiry into the nature of God are actually greater than the results reached in lower studies. We attain to more relatively, though the great end be unattainable. No science, after all, brings more positive results than this sacred science. We do not come to fathom the mystery of God's being, but we come to feel and confess the fact. The study in Divine things may not show us what God is or where he is, but it makes us, at any rate, more sure that he is, shows us the Divine attributes, makes it more and more impossible for us to disbelieve in his being. This is not the case with all lower sciences. Metaphysics sometimes annihilates the human soul, and makes thought only a condition of brain; sometimes even, as in the instance of Bishop Berkeley and his philosophy, removes man himself from all real existence, and makes of him only an idea, a dream or a phantom. We may seem to know very little about the God whom we adore; but inquiry, at any rate, gives us something more. The wise in sacred science know more than the ignorant, they are farther up on the heights, they have a conversation with sacred things which the ignorant have not reached. It is fit for those

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who would be warned back by the impossible task of finding the Almighty unto perfection, that they consider how much spiritual knowledge is really possible to those who seek.

IV. For we are to consider again that the unattainable thought of Divine things *does not diminish the worth of what has been already gained.* What we know now concerning God by no means becomes worthless, because we cannot know all about God. That there is unexplored prairie, rich in capacity and beauty, beyond the crags which we cannot scale, does not make the land that we have surveyed and tilled less valuable. That future knowledge, when we gain it, will supersede present knowledge, does not make present knowledge useless, now, while it is the best that we have. It is a great delusion to suppose that there is no profit in religious knowledge, unless we can have, either now or at some fixed time to come, the whole of religious knowledge. Jesus did not so instruct his disciples. He told them that there were things that they could not comprehend, but did not teach them that all the worth of the truths delivered was bound up in these truths uncomprehended. You cannot know in what way God fills immensity, — is it therefore of no use to believe that he is with your own soul? You cannot tell how God should be uncreated, — is it therefore of no use to know that he creates, and that he created you? You cannot tell how he adjusts his providence and his grace, his judgment and his pardon; but shall you, for that reason, undervalue the promise of his pardon or the reasonable assurance that he is merciful and forgiving? Indeed there can be no folly greater than this of making the limited power of the soul condemn all that it gains in its best possession. There can be no madness greater than the madness that would relinquish the faith that we have, because we cannot reach the highest point of faith. Would a Swiss peasant be wise, who, finding himself unable to reach the snowy point of the Jungfrau and set his habitation there, should give up his home on the slope where he was born, and go down to the foot of the ravine, where no light penetrates, to dwell in that dismal solitude? Must the tower of survey be razed to its foundation, because it can find at the highest only a limited field of vision? It is melancholy to hear men tell how they have lost their faith by reason of ill suc-

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cess in coming to the highest secrets of Divine truth; averring that all belief is vexation and foolishness; that they have gone back in disgust and despair from what they once enjoyed, because they could get no farther. This varies the apostle's advice in a strange manner, rejecting what is good, because in the proof, all the best is not discovered. A little knowledge of God is better than none. One attribute of the Divine Soul, understood and cherished, is better than the proud unbelief which will have all of the Lord or none. The publican in the parable was no philosopher; yet his wisdom in spiritual things was higher than the wisdom of the Ecclesiast, who could only, after much seeking, come to the conclusion that all that he had learned was vanity. Do not become infidel in the sacred knowledge that is around you, because there is some knowledge so high that it is beyond your reach. Do not doubt of what you know because it is so little compared with what you would wish to know. There are many things in the Scriptures which we print and read that we cannot understand now, and probably never shall understand, allusions in those Hebrew prophecies, Paul's argument to the Romans about faith and justification, details of Apocalyptic visions, even conversations of the Master himself. Shall we, in despair of finding what these things mean, give up the clearer words of Scripture, the words which we do understand, — Paul's exhortations, David's Psalms, the laws of Moses, the parables of Jesus, the charge to the disciples and the sermon on the Mount? Shall we not rather thank God that we have so much that is clear, keep this, prize this, use this? And does not the analogy hold for that investigation of the nature and being of God to which inborn desire draws us? To deny God altogether because we cannot find all the secret of his infinity were as senseless as to renounce all the Scripture, because some of its contents are sealed from our view.

V. For we must remember, again, that the knowledge of divine things is *progressive*, and that the position gained is only the foundation for farther advance. It is an encouragement in theological inquiry, that, if the end be unattainable, no bound can be fixed for the advances to that end, by any human will or thought. We may know beforehand that we cannot fully find

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out God; yet no person can tell you or me where we must stop in our going on, no person can set the point of "thus far and no farther." We shall not find the end of the ocean, yet who shall show us the limit of any voyage or adventure on its bosom? The end moves on before us as we go, yet we go on nevertheless. In declaring God's height unattainable, the Psalmist was steadily going up toward it. In physical sciences certain limits are set. The very exactness of the mathematical laws tell us just how far we can go. In discovering the functions of life, there are conceivable bounds. But when we come to the inquiries about God and heaven, no man is adequate to tell any soul how far it can go and how much it can learn. Did any soul ever learn so much about divine things that it could learn no more? Has any soul in this daring quest come consciously to the end of its powers? Will any man be bold enough to say to himself, "I have found all about the Divine Life, the celestial world, that it is possible for me to find. I have made my final essay and conjecture, I have reached the edge of the cliff, and can only look off now on the unstable expanse, where there is no foothold for farther progress?" However long, however faithfully, however variously, one may have inquired, this final point is never reached. There are no chasms in this study so wide that invention cannot bridge them. It often happens, indeed, that inquiries concerning God are stopped in their progress by a barrier that seems impassable, and are apparently warned to turn back. But some way will always be found of getting around that barrier, some swinging rope will draw one by the projecting rock. The fatal barrier to knowledge in this kind is ideal more than real. It is a barrier at the end, and not along the way. It is never time to stop in religious inquiries until you are sure that you have learned as much as you can, until you are sure that no investigation, no patience, no conversation, no prayer, no method, speculative or practical, will give you any more of God and his truth than you have already.

VI. And a final thought to be used for the encouragement of religious inquiry is that the sense of something unattainable by our knowledge *is the best support of piety, and the substantial check to spiritual arrogance.* If man were allowed to believe that

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he could by any searching find out God, comprehend God, then he would feel himself potentially the equal of God, emancipated from dependence, and so released from the duty of worship. The soul cannot sincerely adore what it can ever fully comprehend. We shall not kneel before the god we can see through. The very impossibility of adequately comprehending God is the fact which adjusts to each other our knowledge and our reverence, and makes science and worship partners in the religious soul. And this ejaculation of the Psalmist, which we have used as our text, is a religious utterance only as it comes from a soul that is really striving to the height of God. The pride of reason is humbled by this final prohibition. Knowledge can worship now when it has at the end an inevitable margin for worship. A philosopher who sees something beyond all his philosophy which has being and power, must of necessity be devout. He adores the distant, while he knows the near. This is the secret of the system of such an empire as that of Russia, as it was under the former rule. The peasant, fastened to the soil, knows well enough the power of his master over him, and understands the way and the character of that present lord with whom he associates and whose equal he is in many respects. But for the distant Czar, whose face he shall probably never see, he has that profound reverence that is due to a superior being. He knows how rulers govern, yet he worships the unapproachable ruler. It is the security of all our worship, that, behind the image of the divine perfections which we are able to find in our inquiries and to bring out from these events of the world, is the great unspeakable and inconceivable One, the thought of whose majesty oppresses the soul. When we pray, it is to this unknown God, not to the being we have found, but to the being whose features and whose spirit our thought has not penetrated. The true prayer will always recognize this ineffable mystery, and it will expect the answer as a voice from out of the cloud. It is this sense of the unattainable glory of God that prevents the soul from seeming to be familiar with him, from addressing him in the language of familiarity, from claiming any right to his free love.

These considerations of the instinctive impulse to seek divine

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knowledge; of the [redacted]ure which comes in indulging that impulse; of the positiv[redacted]owledge which we gain by inquiry; of the worth of what we gain even if we cannot gain all; of the impossibility of showing where this knowledge must cease; and of the support which it gives to piety, may encourage us, even against the disheartening sense that we cannot attain to the height of this wisdom. There are more encouragements, and of a more personal kind, in the thought of the relation which God holds to the human soul. And when you are tempted despairingly to repeat this sentence of the too wonderful knowledge of the Spirit of God, take with this those other expressions so frequent, which tell how the exalted God comes down to the believing soul, and what range is given to these hard inquiries of earth in the celestial state. These two texts relieve the text that we have used and leave our souls in peace. "Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven." "Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly."

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EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE SARATOGA CONFERENCE.

THE biennial Conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches, to be held at Saratoga on Sept. 15th–18th, will undoubtedly bring together as large a number of representatives of our churches as has ever convened on any of these occasions. The convenience and attraction of the place, with its unrivalled provision for comfortable accommodation of guests, will doubtless abundantly justify the forethought which has selected it for this purpose; and the variety of important subjects to be discussed, according to the large and well-considered plan which has been announced in our religious journals, will insure a high tone and a fruitful result to the debates. There is every reason to hope that the time of the Conference will not be wasted in raising and discussing questions which have been already settled on former occasions, but that every moment will be better employed in the consideration of those topics which have to do with the quickening of our own life as a Christian body, and with our religious and philanthropic activities as one branch of the Church of Jesus Christ.

It is not our purpose to anticipate the proceedings of the Conference, at this time, as there will be a more appropriate occasion to speak of them in the October number. We wish, however, to urge the desirableness of a *full attendance* at Saratoga, *not only of the accredited representatives of the churches belonging to the Conference* (of which it is to be earnestly hoped that none will let itself be without representation), *but also of other members of our parishes*. Our intelligent laymen and women may feel sure that they are well employed, in taking this opportunity to meet their fellow-believers and to listen to the discussion of subjects which affect the highest interests of all our churches. At a slight expense, and without entailing any burden upon private hospitalities, they can combine a rare opportunity for social intercourse with their own brotherhood in the Christian family, and the privileges of this religious fellowship.

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Two points will have to be arranged at this meeting of the Conference which have a very practical bearing on the usefulness of its subsequent meetings. First, as regards the *time* of meeting, it will be necessary to decide whether it shall again meet at an interval of two years, or whether a longer period shall elapse. We cannot but be decidedly of the opinion that it would be wise, in every way, to make the interval one of three or of five years. This would accord with the usage of other bodies, much larger in numbers than our own, as, *e.g.*, the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country. Both the experience of that and other denominations, and that of our own body, goes to show that meetings at these rarer intervals are much more likely to have a really representative character, and to awaken general interest.

And, secondly, as regards the *place* at which the next meeting of the Conference shall be held, we trust that the propriety will be seriously considered of holding it in some one of our larger New England towns. Since the cessation of our Autumnal Conventions, a very desirable element has been missed from our denominational life, in the opportunity which these used to afford for hospitable and religious fellowship. One of the most promising features of the plan of meeting at Saratoga is, that it offers this, at any rate, to a partial extent. An occasional abuse of the privilege in former times is now escaped, by the fact that only official delegates, regularly accredited, would be entitled to receive such private hospitalities as would be gladly offered to such in any one of twenty towns where our faith is strong.

It also seems to us that the Conference will do well to meet in a different place at its different meetings, rather than to choose New York as its abiding place, where the magnificent distances exhaust the strength and destroy the possibility of intercourse among its members, or Boston, which is already the Mecca of our yearly pilgrimage.

The thought of Charles Lowe, which would at any rate have shed a peaceful and inspiring influence over the meeting at Saratoga, will be yet more present there from the fact that the place was his own selection, as well as from the fact that no one more than he believed in the value and importance of these councils of the churches. No better prayer can be breathed for the approach-

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ing Conference than that his wise and gentle spirit, in which were so blended the largest humanity and the most devout faith, may rest upon its deliberations.

NOTES OF DR. PRIESTLEY AND OF THE RECENT CENTENNIAL.

It is a severe test to put any one's fame to, to subject it, in these prying, irreverent days, to weeks of discussion in newspapers and magazines. If Dr. Priestley's fame and character have survived this test, and the theme has not been exhausted, while no word of ours can add aught to the praise this fact implies, we may venture to offer, without much form or method, a few notes upon the man and upon the recent event of commemoration.

In the biography of Priestley, as well as in the different pictures of him, one is struck with two diverse and apparently irreconcilable aspects of the man. Said one of the chemists at the Centennial to the writer, "I almost had the idea there were *two* Priestleys, one a chemist who had achieved such fame by his discoveries, the other the writer of all those books of theology." And the versatility of taste and genius here suggested is paralleled by the diversity of traits to which I have referred. Side by side in a long gallery of engraved portraits, exhibited in the temporary museum of the Centennial, — portraits illustrating the history of chemistry from its twilight in Egypt to the present hour, — were two heads of Priestley, one in profile, the other a nearly full face, from the Gilbert Stuart painting, still preserved here. Each has the repute, we believe, of being a good likeness, yet so utterly dissimilar are they that only the liveliest imagination can trace any resemblance between them. The Stuart head is very winning, but we cannot say that of the profile.

In this diversity of physical aspect we are tempted to see a symbol of a diversity in disposition or manners, at the first glance, as we said, not easy to be explained. Can this man, who, finding himself among the wits and scientists at Paris from whose ridicule one might be excused for shrinking, "chose," he says, "on all occasions to appear as a Christian," and was told by some of them he was "the only person they had ever met with of whose understanding they had any opinion, who professed to believe Christianity," — can this man of iron courage be the same who,

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in dedicating his "History of the Corruption of Christianity" to his friend Lindsey, writes so gently of his opponents? "We should frequently reflect," he says, "that many of our opponents are probably men who wish as well to the gospel as we do ourselves, and really think they do God service by opposing us. Even prejudice and bigotry arising from such a principle are respectable things, and entitled to the greatest candor. . . . Let us think as favorably as possible of all men, our particular opponents not excepted; and therefore be careful to conduct all hostility with the pleasing prospect that one day it will give place to the most perfect amity." Can it be the same man who with Roman severity (or shall we rather say with the delicate moral perception of a Samuel?) declines a proffered and sorely needed pension from the Crown, yet gracefully and gratefully accepts assistance from private sources? In a letter from Northumberland he tells his friend, "I do not care who sees what I write or knows what I think on any subject. You may, if you like, show all my letters to Mr. Adams himself." Is this fearless man, unawed by the threatening danger of being banished for an alien by the Federalists, the same who delights in amusing his grandchildren, — for we surely do not mistake in putting that meaning on the great magic lantern among his relics, with its grotesque or comic slides, — who brings again before us the picture of the notary of Grand-Pré, where

"Children's children rode on his knee and heard his great watch tick,"

and who, on the evening before his death, though very feeble, spoke to his little ones so fondly, telling them to love one another, and said, "I am going to sleep as well as you"?

Such diversity of traits surprises us, but ought not to seem inconsistent or contradictory. In the protean manifestations of nature, one of the dullest, most friable forms of matter is identical in substance with the hardest and most brilliant. The most terrible woes upon wickedness which ever fell from human lips fell from his who caressed little children, and who said also, "Weep not! Let not your heart be troubled! Come unto me, and I will give you rest." A skillful hand might ever point out a close connection and interdependence, instead of contradiction, between

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these dissimilar traits of character, — might show us that it is only the man brave and, on occasion, stern, who can be truly gentle; that Dr. Arnold was right in insisting that his boys should hate vice, as well as love virtue, and that it is no harsh transition when the writer of the First Epistle to Timothy passes (vi. 11 seq.) from the graces of *love*, *patience*, *meekness*, to the *good fight of faith*.

Not only are long-cherished opinions abandoned, but old beliefs, the derision of centuries, and long thought to be exploded, come back again. No idea probably could have seemed more entirely abandoned by modern intelligent thought than that of planetary influences upon earthly affairs. And yet we read, a year or two ago, in the sober "New York Medical Journal," a serious and elaborate paper, claiming to show from recorded observations that when several planets, especially the larger ones, are in a position to act by whatever subtle force of gravitation, or other energy, conjointly upon the earth, untoward effects are felt either directly in the raging of tempest or pestilence, or indirectly in the disturbed moral balance in communities and nations, the breaking out of wars, or the spasmodic outbursts of crime. So we had supposed the dream of the *philosopher's stone* long ago to have passed into the list of illusions, not without its excellent use in preserving and developing the scanty seeds of chemical lore, useful even to-day as a pleasing theme of poetry or romance; yet a dream and an illusion. We should have been prepared to look with interest indeed, yet with a certain pity, on the print entitled L'Alchemiste in the gallery of prints above referred to, where, amid his tubes and alembics and furnaces, the patient worker and writer is on his knees, invoking with up-stretched arms the spirits of the elements, or (let us guess) the Great Spirit over all. But to-day we are told that chemists have ceased to ridicule the efforts and hopes of the alchemists. Observation and experiment have established the reality of states and changes as unlikely as any implied in the transmutation of the metals. We have but just read of a French chemist who has barely failed of making a diamond from the charcoal of sugar. The hour may be at hand when the dream of the alchemist will be realized.

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The Roman Poet Lucretius, in his account of the nature and origin of things, taught, we understand, that under certain conditions low forms of life arise independently of germs. Two centuries ago this view was thought to be, if not disproved, at least shown to be "not proven;" and one of the most interesting and careful of Dr. Priestley's experiments was one conducted only a few months before his death, to determine this question, and resulting, as he thought, adversely to the early claim. And now the scientific world seems almost ready to re-adopt the old view.

Is truth, then, or our apprehension of it, to be forever in a state of flux? Is no theory certain beyond the possibility of overthrow or reversal in the coming generations? Must we adopt the old philosophy, and hold that nothing is certain, that both sides of a given question are equally defensible, and that, as in the heavens, so in the thoughts of men, there are great cycles of revolution which bring all things to the same beginning? No! we believe there are some ideas which not only are truths, but are becoming more deeply rooted in the convictions of men. We believe that the doctrine of God never has had a firmer ally than that of the persistence and unity of force. If all forms of energy, from heat and light to the nervous effort of the brain, are but phases of the same force, will science hesitate to take the final step, and make them all tokens of the one Indwelling Spirit? And we believe also that the beauty of goodness is to be established more and more, never to be overthrown. With all the evil-doing and ignorance and sorrow and heart breaking, was the world of nature or of man ever as good and as lovely as it is at this hour? Slowly, slowly, the thoughts of men may widen, yet they widen. "Old shapes of foul disease" may linger, yet at last they give way to health and strength. The statue of Priestley, unveiled at Birmingham — tardy, yet graceful, reparation! — the other day, while the chemists were sitting here to do him honor, is an earnest that truth, dishonored or unknown to-day, will yet win recognition and reverence. "As for the truth," says the third young man in the first book of Esdras (4, 38), "it endureth, and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth forevermore." "Our little systems" may come and go, but our thoughts may all the while be coming nearer the truth.

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The chemists sat to do honor to Priestley *the chemist;* and partly from ignorance of his other labors, and partly by a tacit understanding, his work as theologian was, for obvious reasons, lightly touched upon. And yet, in spite of the laboratory still preserved, and the large collection of apparatus exhibited, one felt all the time this was only his play. Equally honoring all truth, his chief interest lay in the study of theology and philosophy, while he resorted to his laboratory very much as a change and recreation in his work. Though a serious impediment in his speech hampered him much in the pulpit, he has left on record his estimate of the ministerial office. In his "Memoir" (vol. I, p. 57) he observes, "I can truly say that I always considered the office of a Christian minister as the most honorable of any upon earth, and in the studies proper to it I always took the greatest pleasure." And yet, as was hinted, we cannot think of him as slighting any department of truth. We cannot doubt that to him the laboratory was a spot sacred to the cause of truth, and dedicated to a service almost religious. We can never think of him as fearing —

> "——— aught that science brings
> From searching through material things;
> Content to let its glasses prove
> Not by the letter's oldness move
> The myriad worlds on worlds that course
> The spaces of the universe;
> Since everywhere the spirit walks
> The gardens of the heart, and talks
> With man as under Eden's trees,
> In all its varied languages."

As we sat in the large, airy hall of the public school where the centennial exercises were held, and heard the various tributes to the memory of Priestley, we could not but recall the words, "Would you see his monument? Look about you!" Is it too rash a venture to trace this fine building, and this excellent corps of instructors, scarcely equalled (either of them) in this part of the State, this fair, though still too scanty, provision of school funds, in some measure to the earnest efforts of Priestley in the cause of education? Here he lived for some nine years, studying, experimenting, debating, conferring with everybody who could throw light on his investigations, or had the mechanical skill to realize his plans

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of apparatus; and here, as was natural for one who had for so many years been an instructor of the young, he was deeply interested (we infer from his biography) in advising and helping young people (and indeed every one) in the matter of education and improvement. To have kept alive thus in a community the pure flame of letters and culture, to be handed down to a later generation, merits a good share of the praise which the general intelligence and care for education in that community may elicit.

His own mention of one of his earliest schools is interesting. He had not, as yet, succeeded well in the pulpit, and at length, in 1758, when he was twenty-five years old, he removed to Nantwich, in the western or north-western part of England, and established a school, at the same time, however, ministering to a small flock in the place. Of this school he tells us: "My school generally consisted of about thirty boys, and I had a separate room for about half a dozen young ladies. Thus I was employed from seven in the morning until four in the afternoon without any interval except one hour for dinner; and I never gave a holiday on any consideration, — the red letter days, as they are called [Church and State festivals?], excepted. Immediately after this employment in my own school-rooms, I went to teach in the family of Mr. Tomkinson, an eminent attorney and a man of large fortune, whose recommendation was of the greatest service to me, and here I continued until seven in the evening. I had therefore but little leisure for reading or for improving myself in any way, except what necessarily arose from my employment. Being engaged in the business of a schoolmaster, I made it my study to regulate it in the best manner; and I think I may say with truth that in no school was more business done, or with more satisfaction either to the master or the scholars, than in this of mine. Many of my scholars are probably living [this seems to have been written at Birmingham, about thirty years later], and I am confident that they will say that this is no vain boast."

He speaks of the difficulty of continuing his own studies at this time, but he had not seriously neglected his education hitherto. Already, before the age of twenty-two, he had become a pretty expert linguist and mathematician. While a lad, and learning Latin and Greek at the public school, "I learned Hebrew," he

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says, "on holidays of the dissenting minister of the place. . . . With this instruction, I had acquired a pretty good knowledge of the learned languages at the age of sixteen." Ill health turning his purpose for a time away from the ministry toward a commercial life, he acquired "French, Italian, and High Dutch, without a master;" and in the interval of two years, between his being at the grammar schools and his going to the academy, the latter (reversing the present tendency in nomenclature) virtually a college, we find him instructing in Hebrew, and so becoming "a considerable proficient in that language," and at the same time learning Chaldee and Syriac, and just beginning to read Arabic. While at the Academy it was his daily habit, with a friend, to read ten folio pages in some Greek author, and generally a Greek play in the course of the week besides.

If he could not study much at Nantwich, he yet managed to cultivate the fine arts a little. He learns to play "on the English flute as the easiest instrument; and though I was never a proficient in it," he observes, "my playing contributed more or less to my amusement many years of my life. I would recommend the knowledge and practice of music to all studious persons; *and it will be better for them if, like myself, they should have no very fine ear or exquisite taste* [!], as by this means they will be more easily pleased, and be less apt to be offended when the performances they hear are but indifferent."

Of the rapidity of his work we may judge by this extract from his diary, recording his "business done" in a single month while at the Academy: —

"*Practical.* Holland's Sermons, Vol. II. Doddbridge's Family Expositor, Vol. I.

"*Scriptures.* John the Evangelist, in Greek. Numbers, and to the 16th chapter in Deuteronomy in Hebrew.

"*Classics.* Homer's Iliad, 12 books.

"*Mathematical.* Euclid, Lib. 1, 2, 3.

"*History.* Universal History, Vol. XIX.

"*Miscellaneous.* Mason's Student. One of Shakespeare's Plays.

"*Composition.* 4 Sermons."

In the record of another month we notice, "Deuteronomy, from Chap. 16th to the end; Ecclesiastes and Solomon's Songs in He-

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brew and Greek;" and in another, "Job, in Hebrew, and the Septuagint."

Though Priestley enjoyed his recreations and social occasions, especially in later years, something reminds us here of the Dutch theologian of the seventeenth century, who, in reviewing his life, observed with some satisfaction, not unmixed perhaps with a touch of sadness, that he had lost but one day, "and that was the day of his marriage, when he could study only six hours."

While still a lad at the grammar-school, we find him learning Mr. Annet's Short-hand; "and thinking," he adds, "I could suggest some improvements in it, I wrote to the author, and this was the beginning of a correspondence which lasted several years." It seems to have been his habit to compose in short-hand, and afterwards to write the matter out at length. We have here a copy of his "English Harmony of the Gospels," with many of those marginal hieroglyphs, as if in preparation for an improved edition.

Not long could he rest, it would seem. "When I was at sea," he writes of his voyage to America, "I wrote some 'Observations on the Cause of the present Prevalence of Infidelity.' Of this voyage he writes also to his dear friend, Mr. Lindsey, on reaching New York, "The confinement in the ship would not have been disagreeable if I could have written with convenience; but I could do little more than read. I read the whole of the Greek Testament and the Hebrew Bible as far as the First Book of Samuel, and I think with more satisfaction than ever. I also read through Hartley's second volume; and for amusement I had several books of voyages, and 'Ovid's Metamorphoses,' which I read through. I always admired his versification. If I had a 'Virgil' I should have read him through too. I read a good deal of Buchanan's 'Poems,' and some of Petrarch's and Erasmus' 'Dialogues;' all Peter Pindar's 'Poems,' which Mr. L. had with him." [We almost expect him to add "Rollin's Ancient History" or the "Talmud of Jerusalem."] "We had many things to amuse us in the passage, as the sight of some fine mountains of ice, waterspouts, which are very uncommon in those seas, flying fishes, porpoises, whales, and sharks, of which we caught one, luminous seawater, &c. I also amused myself with trying the heat of the

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water at different depths, and made other observations which suggest various experiments which I shall prosecute whenever I get my apparatus at liberty."

Two positions of Dr. Priestley surprise us, — his materialism, in accordance with which he finds assurance of an after life only in the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, and his doctrine of necessity. His experience with the latter deserves a glance. In a discussion with a friend he had undertaken, in a series of letters, the defence of philosophical liberty, and at the close remained an adherent of that view. But later study made him a confirmed necessarian, "and I have through life," he says, "derived, as I imagine, the greatest advantage from my full persuasion of the truth of that doctrine." When his child died, and especially his wife, so beloved, and repeatedly through the story of his life, as after the pitiable affair at Birmingham, when his library, the slow accumulation of years, his apparatus, and his precious MSS., not yet in print, were destroyed by the mob, one is struck by the calmness with which he bears everything as wisely ordered. Like many another servant of God, he had an early season of religious depression. Unable to realize the "experience" which the Calvinistic teaching of his day demanded, "I felt occasionally," he tells us, "such distress of mind as it is not in my power to describe, and which I still look back upon with horror; and later he was much distressed that he "could not feel a proper repentance for the sin of Adam." It is pleasing indeed to pass from this despondent period of his life to the brightness and peace which crowned his life, and which never deserted him to his final hour.

One is tempted to speak of other things in the career of Priestley. His singular anticipation of later interests or discoveries strikes us. A friend tells us that the first mention of india rubber he was able to find in any work was in the writings of Dr. Priestley. The same gentleman states that when a copy of the late edition of the "History of the Corruptions of Christianity" was sent to a distinguished German scholar, he was surprised to see how the author had anticipated some of the best results of recent biblical criticism. We have already spoken of his interest in the question of spontaneous generation, and we have just seen an account of an effort he made to

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institute a gradual revision of the whole Bible by a company of expert scholars.

We will only mention, in closing, his very touching friendship with Mr. Lindsey. In the "Memoirs" of the latter — the story, let us say in passing, of one who gave up present ease and honorable position in the established church, with a prospect of very high place in the same, to become an outcast for conscience's sake — there are many letters he received from Priestley, especially when the ocean rolled between them, and they were not to see each other again here, as it proved, — letters breathing the tenderest affection. "When shall I acknowledge my many obligations to you in person? Not, I now fear, on this side the grave. I therefore think the more of the state beyond it. But while I remain here, I am thankful that you continue here, too. I sometimes think, and not without pain, how I shall feel when you are gone. . . . Of what unspeakable value is religion in circumstances like mine!" On hearing of his friend's severe illness, he writes to Mrs. Lindsey, "The few lines he added with his own hand quite overcame me; and if I read them, as I shall do, a hundred times, I shall have the same emotions. Such friendship as his and yours has been to me can never be exceeded on this side the grave."

Can we doubt that already these faithful spirits who, at the call of God, went forth, not knowing whither they went, looking for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God, — who were tempted, and who wandered, destitute and afflicted, the world as yet unworthy, — can we doubt that already these tried and faithful spirits, faithful to God and to each other's fraternal love, have long ago renewed their friendship and their common service?

H. D. C.

Northumberland, Pa.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

In the May number of this "Review," Mr. Lowe called attention to some aspects of this important subject. In pursuance of his intention, at that time, we proceed to give such a report as our space will allow of a meeting held in Boston in the latter part of that month, for the purpose of arousing some

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specific effort to carry out the law passed by the Legislature of 1872, to promote industrial education in the common schools.

The meeting of which we speak was presided over by Hon. Josiah Quincy, and resulted in the formation of an Association, under the presidency of Rev. Dr. Bartol, whose special object is to be the enlightenment of public opinion on this question, until school committees shall be elected who will act efficiently for the introduction of this reform.

No adequate report of the addresses made on the occasion, by Mr. Quincy and the Rev. Messrs. Bartol and Alger, has reached us. We are able, however, to give the substance of those made by Dr. E. H. Clarke and Rev. Julius Ferrette. Dr. Clarke said, —

That to speak on this subject was very apt to incur the charge of materialism; but, that as mind is only manifested through matter, the Divine Mind through the universe about us, and the human mind through and by a human body, it is *not* materialism to say that the manifestation of spiritual and intellectual power in men and women will depend upon the perfection with which their whole organization is developed, and that to have education industrial as well as intellectual is indispensable to a fair development of the body, of which the brain is the central or controlling organ. The brain guides and governs and co-ordinates all the rest of the organism. But the brain cannot grow by itself alone. Its best development is only possible in connection and harmony with the development of all the other organs. An overworked or ill-used stomach disturbs and dwarfs the brain as much as disturbance and overwork of the brain deranges the stomach. And of all the organs it can be said that they influence the brain as much as the brain influences them. Industrial schools, therefore, mean a great deal more than industry. They mean education of the brain quite as much as schools devoted only to teaching by books mean education of the brain. This he illustrated by reference to the fact that the majority of the world are right-handed. They are so because the left side of the brain is more developed than the right side, and the nerves which guide and govern the right hand cross from the left side of the brain to the right side; and, on the other hand, by the training and exercise of the hands, the brain in its turn is trained and exercised and developed. How this use of the right hand began in the first place it may not be easy to say, but doubtless now, with its accompaniment and cause (a larger left lobe to the brain), it is transmitted by hereditary descent. It is a fact that the majority of children use the right hand without being taught. The exceptions prove the rule. In the few instances in which children use the left hand most readily the right side of the brain, which governs it, is the largest. Hence one of the

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most eminent of living physiologists has strenuously advocated the systematic training of the left hand in children, as a means of developing the right side of the brain, and adding to the intellectual power of the human race. But the hand is not the only organ of the body which affects the brain. The exercise of all the organs does so. At the same time it should be remembered that the excessive use of any organ will develop it to the injury of the rest of the body. Force may be abnormally diverted from the brain to the hand, or to some other bodily organ, and the brain will suffer, or the reverse may take place. Labor of the body, without the mind of the worker directs the labor, will not develop the brain, but make a man a mechanical drudge. Our common schools, therefore, should all involve the processes of our institutes of technology, in which the eye, the ear, the hand, and the feet should be trained equally with the brain proper, not only for the purpose of educating them, but for the purpose of developing the brain through them. Books alone only do half-work in education.

This is but an outline of an able and comprehensive speech. Dr. Clarke illustrated his meaning by saying that a man of fifty years of age, without any education by books, beyond the newspapers, but skilled in manufacturing, agricultural, or other bodily labor would, in his opinion, be more generally intelligent, have more intuition and judgment, and his opinion on any subject be of more worth than that of another man, who had spent all his life in literary and scientific study, — but without any exercise of the executive ability in life. Men very learned in books are notorious for being personally helpless, absent-minded, and inefficient in affairs. Their overwrought brains are morbid and unserviceable except in particulars, and even in what they could do best they could not do it so well as if there were a more balanced development of all that constitutes manliness.

Rev. Julius Ferrette said, —

That the other speakers had shown that manual labor, far from being degrading, is essential to the perfection of even the highest mind. But is there not a thing more primarily essential than even perfection, — namely, existence? When an individual, a family, a civilization, pass away from the world, their perfection, however great it may have been, passes away with them. We cannot value too highly that perfection which, in the individual or in society, results from literary, scientific, and artistic training, and from the enjoyment of the social and material comforts of civilized life.. But whether we look to the history of the civilizations which preceded ours, or to the statistics of our present one, we find in facts the expression of the same law, namely, — that education, refinement, civilization, the things which chiefly make life worth having, instead of leading to life, lead to death, to the extinction of the individual, of the family, of the nation possessed of them. Now as in old time, in this country as in the old world, though to a less extent, the upper,

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that is, the educated and refined classes, die out. The more educated and refined a man or a woman is, the less likely it is that they will transmit to a posterity their education and refinement and their keener sense of moral principle. The upper classes die out, and the vacancies have to be filled up by the rising of the lower classes, relative barbarians, who, in rising, bring up with them into the higher spheres of society, into the lawyer's office or into the senate chamber, their lower standard of morals, their bad grammar and their spittoons. They, it is true, or their children, will in their turn be fitted by education for the higher sphere of life that they have now reached, but fitted for it only to die of it in their turn, and leave their place to another contingent raised from the lower classes. So that all our efforts to raise the social level by education, instead of securing permanent results, are like so much water thrown into that fabled bottomless barrel: it is always to recommence. It is under the operation of this law that the civilizations which have preceded ours have died; and ours will die under it also, and the present noble population of this country yield its place to immigration, not all of the same high type, unless we who have solved many problems left to us by former ages can solve this also. To find the remedy of an evil we must study its causes. This dying away of the upper classes may be referred to two principal causes, — an economical and a physiological one.

To speak of the economical cause first: A higher education, such as a literary, artistic or professional one, either fits its possessor for no kind of remuneratve labor, or for those kinds of labor which are deemed gentlest and easiest and therefore most desirable. Hence it is in the nature of things that professions and lighter branches of even manual labor should be overcrowded, and that many of those who have been taught no other means of support should be kept a part of their time out of employment, and in mental and material difficulties which make it impracticable for them to marry and have large families. The rich, as a rule, wish to see their children as rich as themselves, and when their few children happen to die, or not to be born, which is frequently the case in one generation or another, a rich family dies out.

But beside this economical cause there is a physiological one. It has been shown how bodily development is indispensable to intellectual and moral development, and no doubt intellectual development is in its turn necessary to the proper rhythmical action and growth of the body. An undue preponderance of intellectual over bodily exercise, much more the complete exclusion of the latter, tends in two or three generations to produc a feeble race, unfit to reproduce itself. What a family which for two or three generations has produced only professors and physicians and lawyers and politicians, or else idle rich, would then require, in order to escape extinction, would be to return for an equal number of generations, at least, to the sphere of manual labor, — to take in labor a good tonic bath that would reinvigorate it.

In a well-constituted aquarium the decay, or rather the produce, for

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there is no decay in nature, of vegetation goes to the support of animal life, and likewise the elements set free by fishes and mollusks go to the support of aquatic and other plants. A well-constructed aquarium would be the realization of perpetual motion in life; one kind of life in it would support another indefinitely. But a tree planted in a flower-pot and left there to itself must die in a given time, for the flower-pot principle is one of self-exhaustion. In a society constituted according to the aquarium principle there would be a constant interchange of beneficial contributions between the classes devoted to manual and those devoted to intellectual labor. Instead of manual laborers rising to the upper spheres only to die, they would stay there only long enough to acquire individual and hereditary refinement, and, coming down with it again to the spheres of labor, ennoble labor. In fact, it would be no more deemed a coming down at all, but a mere change of occupation, and thus should be removed all occasion for that class feeling of envy on one part and of haughtiness on the other which little befits a republic.

"As an adopted citizen," said Mr. Ferrette, "it would be both ungraceful and ungrateful for me to speak of this country in a blaming spirit. It is because the first American colonists came chiefly from educated classes, and on their arrival here were by necessity thrown upon manual labor, that they forever imparted to labor in America that nobility, and to the American laborer that superior type, with which Europe has nothing to compare. Still the problem is not solved here as long as here, though to a less degree than in Europe, the higher education is, the more surely it leads to elimination. The problem will be solved here when the State secures that whatever education a man receives, that education will before all things make him a complete man, his mental and physical powers being equally developed, and also enable him to make a living under any circumstances, and thereby support a family through which the type of civilization which he has received may be perpetuated. The only kinds of labor which are sure under any circumstances always to yield a support are the various kinds of manual labor, especially the simpler ones, such as that of farming. Such kinds of labor are what we call industries. A poor man who has no industry whereby he can make a living, under any circumstances, is a pauper. A rich man who has no such industry to fall back upon, if he loses his wealth, is an aristocrat by accident, but personally a pauper. A republic wants no paupers and no aristocrats. But experience shows that men are disinclined to manual labor, and despise it often more than crime, unless trained to it in youth. Industrial education secured to the whole youthful population is, therefore, an absolute requirement in this country. It will complete its institutions, and make this republic what a perfect society should be, — a complete cosmos, solving its own problems, providing by the circulation of its elements for the support of all its parts, and, like an aquarium, or like the universe, theoretically, at least, incapable of loss of power or of decay."

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OF THINGS AT HOME.

The most interesting event the past month has been the centennial celebration in honor to Dr. Priestley, paid him by men of science. Science has not alone, however, desired to honor this great man. Religion has also given her tribute; for we believe that our Unitarian brethren, and Liberal Christians all over the country, have united in sending their good wishes and sympathy to that gathering of men and women in the little town of Northumberland.

It is rather an exceptional fact in the history of our new country that the modest house of a great man should have been allowed to stand all these years. It must have given a peculiar charm to the occasion to be meeting in the very places where so brave a man followed persistently his search after truth, for whose sake he was obliged to leave his native soil and cross the seas.

There was a time, perhaps twenty years ago, when many of us were disposed to look upon Dr. Priestley as a cold rationalist, who might have got hold of some intellectual truths, but was himself barren of any religious emotions. The truth was, he was simply in that state of protest against error which is no more agreeable in a man than in a denomination. We ourselves, at the time we name, were as a body coming out of that very condition of antagonism. Our ministers were beginning to preach what we *did* believe, rather than what we did *not* believe, and we were as ready to forget the brave struggles of our fathers who passed through the fire of social enmity and contempt, as we were to disparage the true spirit and work of Dr. Priestley. Our European liberal friends seem to be going through this stage of protest, which at first sight appears discouraging. We have observed it in France and Switzerland, and even England itself will not escape the charge; for, long as it is since Unitarianism first took root there, the arrogance and illiberality of the church establishment has naturally fostered the spirit of opposition, and cultivated protests rather than beliefs. But this phase in the history of denominations must pass away as soon as they have their liberties, and we have no doubt Dr. Priestley's nature, or we should rather say intellect, softened with success. His nature, we think,

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was always gentle. Do we hear of his railing against his persecutors? When he was driven from one place, with true apostolic meekness he went to another. He seemed to have no thought about the brutal mobs, but simply to get away into a quiet spot, where he could study out his gases, and ponder upon themes which he loved even more, — the designs of God in the soul of man, and in the providences of history and revelation. Brave, simple, steadfast, and religious man! at the end of seventy years his figure stands out more distinctly than ever, cleared of the mists of prejudice, warm with human affection, and impartial and serene as truth itself. He is a link whereby science and religion may come together and look at the same God.

The new Indian war which seems to be upon us fills our hearts with anxiety and dismay. We had so much confidence in the slow but good results which would come from the President's humane policy in regard to our dark-faced countrymen, that it is a severe blow to the cause of peace and philanthropy to have this fresh enmity bursting out in flames of wily stratagem on the side of the savages, and cool deliberate bloodshed on the part of our government. The best men, it is true, shake their heads and say, "It is useless to attempt to civilize the Indian." But we have never tried it on any extensive scale until now, and how can we expect to succeed in two or three years. We have to blame ourselves, or our forefathers, that he is so far back in the scale now. The vision of William Penn rises before our eyes, as we saw him in our school geography when a child, with his broad-brimmed hat, surrounded by a group of dark faces, uplifted to hear his friendly words. A little more of his love and calm, practical wisdom would have saved us cruel wars, and, most of all, this national despair of any human beings God has made which seems to be seated in the minds of so many thoughtful people. This question of the Indian, like many other national ones, has been left too much in the hands of politicians or unprincipled adventurers, and, even after the missionary effort was set on foot, the movement we fear has only been followed by a languid sympathy on the part of our denomination and perhaps others. We must have faith in these red men, or we can do nothing.

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The meeting of the American Association for the Promotion of Science has been one of the interesting events the past month; and the Convention at Winterset, Iowa, calling upon "every Christian church or religious organization in the state to send delegates," is a noble attempt to promote harmony and unity among all denominations.

The time is close at hand for our Autumnal Convention at Saratoga, that favored spot, so full of healing waters for the wounded flesh and spirit. We are accustomed to think of Saratoga as a place associated with money and dress and show and fashion, but whoever has been there, away from the fluttering crowds, and drunk of the waters, and passed daily the gentle invalids on their morning walks to the fountains, will feel that it is not all vanity and vexation of spirit there. May it be truly a place of refreshing to the souls of all our brethren who go to this convention, cleansing our denomination from the spirit of antagonism, bracing our souls with the tonic of new energy and consecration, salting our zeal with sincerity, and sweetening it with patience and love, like the mineral springs which often impart such freshness and purification and vigor to the physical frame.

It may not be improper here to state that as far as we are aware, the first proposition to hold the convention at Saratoga came from Charles Lowe. He was there a few years ago, and as he looked around upon the pleasant town, with representatives there from all parts of the country, and at the beautiful walks and gardens, so soon to be deserted, he thought that the proprietors of the great hotels, with all their bountiful arrangements, would be glad to extend their hospitalities, later in the autumn, at reduced prices, to a company of ministerial brethren and their associates. From reasons, undoubtedly wise, the committee did not see fit to accept the proposal at once, but the time has now come for its execution.

We take a sure satisfaction in the thought that the emancipated spirit of him whose whole heart was ever with us while on earth, will be present at that gathering of his brothers and sisters in the name of Jesus and the truth.

M. P. L.

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OF THINGS ABROAD.

The actual recognition of the Spanish Republic by England, France, and Germany will be an era in the history of civilization. There was a time when the great powers of Europe were like Catholicism of old in Spain, which not only would not tolerate Protestantism, but would not even recognize that there was such a thing. They have ignored or frowned down many a thriving government, and now they recognize this feeble republic, ready to fall into the hands of a weak hereditary monarchy, or ; still worse, the bigoted and barbarous regime of a priest-ridden fanatic. We have always had a large and indulgent faith in the capacity of the Spanish people to govern themselves, if they could only be set upon their feet, and have the right leader, but we confess we had not expected any encouragement from the European powers. It shows the march of progress, and we rejoice with trembling hope. It may be said that political motives have more to do with it than philanthropy. That may be, but it only proves, then, that republicanism has become so much respected in Europe that it is good policy for kings and queens to regard it, while every day they are conscious that their monarchies may soon be only a semblance of the old sovereignty.

The Millennial of Iceland is a marked event in the past few weeks of European history. How little size has to do with our moral and intellectual impressions! French assemblies may wrangle, popes hold august councils, Carlists be victorious or defeated, and while these panoramas slide away from our vision, this little spot in the ocean lingers in our memory, fastens itself upon our imagination, and wakens an honest and heart-felt throb of sympathy for a pure and valiant race of our fellow-men. There is a charming integrity and simplicity about the people of Northern Europe, which has the aroma of Homeric days, and leads us half to suspect that we have lost something of the delicate bloom of the cherry with all our ripened civilization. Motherwell, the Scotch poet, of twenty years ago, has sung many sweet songs of northern warfare and powers and love, and Fouqué's beautiful romance of Theodolph the Icelander calls up to

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our memory fair visions of the early dawn of Christianity in that island, and its struggles, and victories with the fierce doctrines of the ancient Gods, through the power of the "White Christ." Iceland was originally discovered by a Norwegian viking, and we see the family resemblance. When the king of Norway attempted to force the feudal system upon the simple farmers of his country, who had each one held his own little piece of land, they resisted stoutly, and being defeated, they joined with the smaller princes and sailed away to Iceland. Here they established wholesome laws and civilization among the wild freebooters of the island. The ancient Scalds loved the simplicity and repose of the spot, and their songs of war and heroism and love went from them all over Europe.

Although the government of these northern nations at present savors very much of the narrow usages of the past, and religion is bound under many petrified forms, we should judge that there was a good deal of individual independence. It is not uncommon to find young women from these regions reading the works of Channing and Parker, and asking eagerly to be informed in regard to the principles of Liberal Christianity. Balder, their God of Love, is represented as always triumphing in the Northern conflicts. If we remember right our own poet Longfellow sings, "Balder the beautiful is dead." We must believe, however, that it was only his earthly form that passed from the sight of men, in order that his spirit might more completely take possession of the world. Let us hope that some of the Northern peace and content and joy which all centre in love, may come over to our toiling Western hemisphere.

Prof. Filopanti, of Italy, has lately held an interesting conference at Bologna in the great lall of the Podesta. His address seems to have been a kind of homily upon the Christian virtues. His key-note was duty to ourselves, to society and to God. He gave some good advice to husbands and wives, to citizens, in regard to the propriety of standing by their own government, in spite of its defects, and concluded with an eloquent plea for the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, which could only find its highest happiness in the service of humanity.

M. P. L.

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REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Recent Theological Publications in Germany.

1. The Song of Solomon, more than almost any book of the Hebrew Scripture, has a fascination for Biblical scholars. And Dr. Jacob Altschul boldly asserts that he has discovered its secret, and is able to set aside the absurd interpretations which the foolish critics have fastened upon it, and to prove that it is at once the most simple and the most exquisite of all lyric poems. He goes into raptures over its beauty. In opposition to Herder and his school, he maintains that it is a unique composition, the work of *one* author, and not a collection of fragmentary verses. In opposition to Renan and the "Dramatist" party, he asserts that there is no sign in it of the dramatic element. It is the lyrical tale of a pure love. The Sulamite is innocent of any overt act, of any committed sin, but she is guilty of being dreadfully in love. Altschul fixes the time of composition of the book as late as A.D. 90, more than three hundred years later than Graetz fixes it. Of all the interpreters, however, he prefers Graetz. The tone of his book is very self-confident and very polemic. He denounces the allegorical interpretation, and ridicules the talk of the theologians. His style is quaint, and full of strange words and strange spelling. It reminds one of the fantastic verbiage of Victor Hugo in French. Appended to the volume is a new translation of the "High Song" which he claims to be "slavishly literal." Altogether the book is a very entertaining one to read, even if it has not solved the critical riddle. The title is, "Der Geist des Hohen Liedes. Geschichte, Kritik und Uebersetzung, von Dr. Jacob Altschul." It was written in a secluded Swiss valley, and is published in Vienna.

2. "Die Hoellenfahrt der Istar. Ein Altbabylonisches Epos," is the title of a remarkable work by the famous Assyrian scholar, Eberhard Schrader, a very important document for the knowledge of Assyrian literature as well as for its legendary significance. It tells how the Assyrian Venus goes through the seven gates of hell, losing some part of her garments at each door, until she is at last delivered from her prison by a sort of phantom sphinx. Schrader assigns this fragment to a time before the Semitic influence in Assyria. It is one of his theories that the Semitic race had no epic poem. He appends

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to the fragment some translations of Assyrian hymns, which resemble in some particulars the Psalms of the Hebrew collection.

3. A very valuable, thorough, and solid work of ecclesiastical history is the work of Adolf Ebert, which has just been published at Leipsic ("Geschichte der Christlich-Lateinischen Literatur von Ihren Anfaengen bis zum Zeitalter Karls des Grossen"). The title shows its comprehensiveness. An introduction of twenty-four pages modestly states the plan of the book. This is followed by careful and discriminating accounts and criticisms of all the Latin Church writers, doctors, preachers, and poets, for eight hundred years, with two more introductions to the second and third periods. There is a redundance of information and scholarship in these crowded pages. Not only the great writers, like Ambrose, Jerome, and Augustine, come before us, but a vast number of writers of whom very little has been known. This is only the first volume of a complete history of Christian literature. If the plan of Ebert shall be carried out, he will take the foremost rank among church historians. In the present volume there are six hundred and thirty-six pages. Since the publication of Boehringer's biographies, no work of its kind so valuable has been issued from the German press.

A great loss to theological and oriental scholarship in Germany has come in the death of Prof. Emil Roediger, one of the founders of the famous German Oriental Society, and one of the most frequent contributors to its journal. In the Semitic languages he was the chief of the masters, and he was also versed in Persian and Sanscrit. Indeed, there was hardly any branch of linguistic science in which he was not expert. One of his best known works is his "Treatise on the Arabic Version of the Old Testament." He was also the editor of the works of Gesenius, and surpassed his teacher.

Le Christianisme Liberal. Sermons par Ernest Fontanès. Pp. 345. Paris: Saudoz et Fischbacher. 1874.

This volume of sermons, by the eloquent Protestant pastor of Havre, is not only marked by the finished grace of the best French preaching, but is interesting as a sign of the Liberal movement within the Protestant Church of France. M. Fontanès is one of the leaders of this movement, and was conspicuously so in the synod of that church, held in 1871. The subjects of the eleven sermons in this volume lead him to consider, with fearlessness and freedom, different aspects of the controversy between the Liberal and the Orthodox party. They are such as the following: Who is Christian? The

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Unity of the Spirit among Christians, The Spirit of the Reformation, The Future of Protestantism, &c.

M. Fontanès is not only prominent as a Liberal against Orthodoxy: he would also be considered radical among Unitarians. It is the more instructive, therefore, to observe the earnest warmth with which he vindicates the value and glory of the Christian calling, and the privilege of loyalty to Jesus Christ. We should be glad to give full extracts from these sermons, but must content ourselves with quoting a few sentences which will show the position of the author: —

"Let us not judge the Christianity of our brother; let us receive as Christian every man who rises to claim this name, and let us leave the responsibility of it to him."

"Always draw close around Jesus, his word, and his life. Translate the eternal Gospel into the language and the manners of our time and land. Be not troubled by those who misunderstand it; they have only looked at it in the image of it which priests have presented; they have only studied it in the theologies of the past. For all those who know how to lift the veil of tradition, and to contemplate him in his historic reality, Jesus remains above all teachers, all sages, all prophets, the master, the fruitful founder who has sown the furrow of humanity with imperishable grain, and spoken the words of eternal life. It is his cause which you defend, and his work which you carry on, when, with him, you sum up true religion in love of God and love of man; and in so far as your words and life shall be consecrated to realizing this divine ideal, you will belong to him, and no one will be able to snatch from you this name of Christian, which is your honor and your joy."

The Garden Gate, and other Poems. By Charles William Butler. Pp. 156. Boston: Henry L. Shepard & Co. 1874.

A gentle, devout spirit breathes through this volume of short poems, many of which have become known through their publication in Boston newspapers. The names and memories of not a few good men are here embalmed in verse; and the subjects of the remaining poems are of a high and serious character, in harmony with the religious purpose of the writer. The volume is appropriately dedicated to the author's former pastor, long editor of this journal, Bishop F. D. Huntington.

Speech of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, of Mass., upon the Frauds on the Revenues of the Government, and reply to personal attacks upon himself, delivered in the House of Representatives, June 19, 1874. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1874.

An offensive example of the manner in which the parliamentary privilege can be abused by an unscrupulous Member of Congress, and

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the debates of the House of Representatives soiled by personalities of the most coarse description. Appended to the pamphlet is a curious instance of the brazen use of a private document which must have been improperly obtained.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

From Carl Habel, Berlin, Germany: "Thomae Kempensis De Imitatione Christi" Libri quatuor. Edidit Carolus Hirsche. Berolini: Carolus Habel. MDCCCLXXIV.

From Messrs. A. Williams & Co.: "Memoirs of John Quincy Adams," comprising portions of his Diary, from 1795 to 1848. Edited by Charles Francis Adams. Vols. I, II. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. [These volumes are reviewed in the present number of this journal.]

"The Life of Christ." By Frederic W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. In two volumes. Vols. I, II. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1874.

"Gleanings from the Writings of Rev. William P. Lunt, D.D." Boston: W. P. Lunt. 1874.

We have received "Memorial Day Exercises" of Charles Russell Lowell Encampment, Post 7, G.A.R. May, 1874. Sermon by C. A. Bartol. Oration by J. Lewis Stackpole. Boston: J. A. Cummings & Co, Printers. 1874.

"Liberal Religion: What it Means, and What it is Worth." A Discussion by Rev. J. P. Bates, Baptist, and Rev. Jenk. Ll. Jones, Unitarian. Zanesville, Wis.

We have also received the following periodicals: —

From Messrs. A, Williams & Co.: "The Contemporary Review," for August, 1874. J. B. Lippincott & Co. Philadelphia.

"The Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature," for September, 1874. New York: W. H. Bidwell, editor; E. R. Pelton, publisher.

"Deutsches Protestantenblatt," Bremen, Nr. 31, and the "Reform. Zeitstimmen aus der schweizerischen Kirche. Bern."

"The New Englander," for July, 1874.

"Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Humboldt College, 1873–4. Humboldt, Iowa. Printed by C. W. Calkins & Co, Boston. 1874.

"Vick's Floral Guide." Rochester, N. Y.

"The Educational Reporter." Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co. New York.

"The Sanitarian," 234 Broadway, New York.

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COOLIDGE

UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. OCTOBER, 1874. No. 3.

THE NESTORIAN AND EUTYCHIAN PHASES OF THE TRINITARIAN CONTROVERSY.*

AT the beginning of the fifth century, the doctrine of the Christian Church, so far at least as the nature of its founder was concerned, was to all appearance finally determined. At one General Council in 325, the Son had been pronounced co-equal, even in substance, with the Father; at the Second General Council in 381, the Holy Spirit had been pronounced co-equal with Father and Son; and thus the idea of a Trinity, vaguely present in the second century to the minds of a Tertullian and an Origen, had taken at last complete dogmatic form. What further controversy was possible? "None," would have been the answer, no doubt, of the actors in each council. In determining the special doctrine which pressed for instant solution, and condemning the special heresy which threatened the unity of the hour, they seemed to themselves, unquestionably, to be uttering the final de-

* One of a series of ten lectures on Orthodoxy and Heresy in the Christian Church.

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cision of the church. How Athanasius himself regarded the decree of Nice appears from the words which I quoted in my last lecture: "The Word of the Lord which was given in the Œcumenical Council of Nicæa remaineth forever." As a matter of fact, however, each of those early doctrinal decisions simply brought new differences to light, and rendered further and more exact decisions necessary. To put New Testament religion into doctrinal form proved no easy task. The First Council necessitated the Second; the Second, as we shall see, called for a Third and Fourth.

The question left unanswered by the first two councils is plain at once. The Son is equal to the Father, said the Synod of Nice; not subordinate, as Origen and the early Fathers, following John and Paul, had said; not of another substance, as Arius claimed, — but in all respects God. But what becomes then of the *human nature* of Christ? He seemed in all respects like a man. He had a human body and mind, human mother, brothers and sisters, was born, lived and died, grew out of infancy and childhood into manhood, increased in wisdom, and was subject to emotion, affection, and suffering. Was all this, as the earlier heretics had declared, only apparent, not real? Or if real, how is this humanity in Christ connected with his Deity? In a word, while the dogma of the two councils had determined, however incomprehensibly, the relation of Christ to God, it had left undetermined the relation of the two natures in Christ himself. In making the Son and Father one, it seemed to be making the Son two.

Such was the question still to be answered; and such the source of the fierce disputes which divided the church during the first half of the fifth century. Extending, virtually, from the Council of Constantinople in 381, to the Council of Chalcedon in 451, and bearing, at different periods of its progress, the several names of Nestorian, Eutychian, and Monophysite, it was in reality one long contest to determine the relation between the divine and human natures of Christ. To use the later phraseology of the church, the doctrine of the Trinity must be supplemented by the doctrine of the Incarnation; and the construction of this latter doctrine was the problem of the fifth century. If the problem seems to us now to have been solved by peculiar methods, and the strife settled by questionable weapons; if the cries of infuriated monks, the

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yells of hostile parties, or the arms of Imperial soldiery, seem hardly the arguments for determining the subtler relations or the profounder mysteries of the Divine Being, we can only accept this as a necessary condition of formulating religious doctrines in a half-barbarous age.

The controversy began in Constantinople about the year 428, taking at first what seems to us a singularly trivial form. When the exact definition of eternal mysteries is once entered upon, however, the most puerile questions must be answered. If Christ was God, said those who were jealous of his Deity, then it was God who was born in Bethlehem of Judæa of the Virgin Mary. Then Mary was not simply the mother of Jesus, she was in literal fact the "Mother of God."

Whether this phrase, when first spoken, had the same grossly anthropomorphic sound which it bears to our ears, we cannot tell. Apparently, it was employed for a long time without exciting any attention; and certainly, at the beginning of the fifth century, the phrase was in familiar use, being especially in vogue in the Alexandrian Church, where the Athanasian spirit still prevailed, and where for a long time the allegorizing and transcendental school of Christian thought found its home. In Antioch, on the contrary, the old abode of Arianism, where a more critical and rationalistic spirit seems to have gained entrance, and a scientific method of Scripture interpretation to have won the day against the allegorical, the phrase gave great offense, and was regarded as a virtual denial of Christ's humanity.*

A verbal controversy over this question had already begun among the Eastern churches, when, in 428, Nestorius, a presbyter of Antioch, in full sympathy with the tendencies of that school, was made Patriarch of Constantinople. Almost immediately after his entrance upon the office, one of his presbyters, alarmed at the spreading heresy, and assured beforehand, perhaps, of his Patriarch's sympathy, took occasion to say in public discourse, "Let no one style Mary 'Mother of God;' for Mary was human, and it is impossible for God to be born of a human being." † The ex-

* Baur II. 108; Neander's Hist. of Chris. Dogmas, I. 325.

† Evagrius Eccles. Hist. p. 258.

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citement caused by this seems to have been intense, and the part taken in it by the new Patriarch is best shown by the language of one of the two earliest historians of these events, Evagrius.* "Then Nestorius, that God-assaulting tongue, that second conclave of Caiaphas, that work-shop of blasphemy, in whose case Christ is again made the subject of bargain and sale, by having his natures divided and torn asunder, . . . vomited forth the venom of his soul, avouching, 'I could never be induced to call that God which admitted of being two months old or three months old.'" †

Reducing this excited rhetoric to simple fact, Nestorius seems to have met the emergency with singular moderation and dignity, expounding in several discourses ‡ the true nature of Christ, by no means denying his divinity, but distinguishing between the Logos and the man Jesus,‖ and declaring, in terms hardly distinguishable from those in which the Orthodox doctrine was itself finally framed, that in Christ were two natures, both Deity and Humanity, united together in closest intimacy. As the best escape from the difficulty, he proposed that Mary should be called neither Mother of God, nor Mother of man, but "Mother of Christ." §

To quiet the agitation and close the controversy, the Emperor Theodosius followed the example of the first Theodosius, and of Constantine, by summoning a general council, which met at Ephesus in 431, and was styled the Third Œcumenical Council. The council was not directed, as before, by the Emperor in person; yet, although left entirely to the Ecclesiastics, it bore hardly more the character of a thoughtful assembly, deliberating upon religious themes, than did that at Constantinople or at Nice. The opponent of Nestorius, and leader of the opposite party, was the notorious Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria, that zealous defender of a spiritual Christianity whom the church has placed among its saints, but who, before the council of Ephesus, had chiefly signalized himself by levelling all the Jewish synagogues in Alexandria with the ground, and by causing the beautiful Pagan maiden, and gifted teacher of Greek philosophy, Hypatia, to be torn from her chariot and bru-

* Writing about 570. † Evag. Bohn's Edit. pp. 257, 258.
‡ Nean. Hist. II. 447. ‖ Socrates, p. 371. § Nean. Hist. II. 452.

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tally murdered in the streets of Alexandria. To Cyril's thought, it was equal blasphemy to deny that Mary was "Mother of God," and to teach the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle; and he hastened to Ephesus, with a large following of mariners, slaves, and fanatic monks, to overthrow the Nestorian heresy.* How far he was influenced in his action by the desire to remove a rival who, as Patriarch of Constantinople, disputed with him the primacy of the East, we can only conjecture.

Of the debates in the Council of Ephesus, as in the case of previous councils, we are told little or nothing. The real question at issue, as we have seen, was between making the Logos and the man Jesus two distinct persons, and making the two so completely one that the humanity became a mere name. The course of theological debate on this theme seems to have been the following: John of Antioch, with his attendant bishops, being somewhat belated in his journey, Cyril, who was already on the ground, refused to wait for him, called together those who were present, and deposed Nestorious, condemning his doctrine. Nestorius, denying Cyril's authority, withdrew with his friends, and deposed Cyril. John of Antioch, on arriving five days later, convened his priests at once, and finally deposed Cyril once more; whereupon Cyril summoned his bishops again and deposed John. These results were then reported to the Emperor, who, although no enemy to Nestorius or his doctrine, was yet persuaded to ratify his deposition, and bring about a reconciliation between John and Cyril. Nestorius, although showing a conciliatory spirit to the end, and even offering to accept the disputed term,† yet proved unequal to the combinations made against him in Alexandria, Rome, and Antioch, was finally banished, and died in exile. The Council of Ephesus thus put the stamp of heresy on the doctrine of two distinct natures in Christ, and sanctioned the phrase "Mother of God."

The next disturbance of the unity of the church was caused about fifteen years later by one Eutyches, an archimandrite or abbot of Constantinople. Taking the Council of Ephesus apparently at its word, and so holding Mary to be the Mother of God, he seems to have come to the very natural conclusion, in which he

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* Gibbon VI. 21. † Evag. p. 261; Soc. VII. p. 373.

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had many earlier theologians of high repute to sustain him, that, if it was God who was born of the Virgin, it could not have been man; that from the moment when the Logos entered into the flesh the human became absorbed in the divine, and had thenceforth no real existence. "I allow," said Eutyches, "that the Lord was produced from two natures before their union, but I confess only one nature after their union."* Christ then was of one nature only, and that a divine nature. Christ was really and exclusively God.†

But church doctrines and decrees of councils are not to be taken so literally, or interpreted by such obstinate logic. Although, for the purpose of condemning Nestorius, it might be very well to declare that God himself was born of the Virgin, yet what was to be done with certain embarrassing conclusions to which that doctrine pointed? If it was God who was born, then it was certainly God who suffered, and God also who died upon the cross. Was the church ready for this confession?

Not wholly, it seemed. Indeed, the agitation caused in Constantinople in 448, when Eutyches declared that there was only one nature in Christ, could only be compared with the agitation in Constantinople in 428, when Nestorius declared that there were two natures in Christ. There were not two, it seems; neither was there but one. To common minds the position would seem to be critical; and the religion which consists in verbal definitions to be driven at last to the wall. But to an Imperial church, sustained by the strong arm of military power, everything is possible; and although it required two more councils to do it, the impossible was finally achieved.

The position taken by Eutyches, as I have said, caused great excitement in Constantinople, and induced the Patriarch Flavian to summon a local synod by which Eutyches was condemned, and the doctrine of *one nature* declared heresy. Eutyches, however, who happened to have friends at the Imperial court, appealed from this decree to a general council, and another council was therefore summoned to meet once more in Ephesus in 449. The picture of this council, known to history by the significant name of the "Robber Council," is so vividly sketched by one of the earlier

* Evagrius, 267. † Baur. II. 113, 114.

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historians (Evagrius), and is so significant, even in its excesses, of the character of those theological controversies out of which church doctrine has been born, that I am led to describe it in as much detail as my space will allow.

The leader of the council was the successor of Cyril, the hardly less ferocious Dioscurus of Alexandria. Sympathizing naturally with the views of Eutyches, and holding very justly that in his condemnation Cyril was himself condemned, Dioscurus went to Ephesus, bent simply upon reinstating Eutyches, at whatever cost and by whatever methods. He was not unattended; but, like Cyril before him, took with him what Evagrius calls a "disorderly rabble," * consisting of Asiatic veterans, a band of archers, and a crowd of turbulent monks, who carried consternation to the hearts of the peaceful inhabitants of Ephesus, and did brave service for their leader throughout the debates.†

The order of proceedings seems to have been: first, to expel from the chamber all reporters not belonging to the party of Dioscurus; ‡ then to read the acts of the Synod of Constantinople by which Eutyches had been condemned. This reading was constantly interrupted by the howls of Dioscurus' Egyptian monks, who took this method of showing their horror of heresy, and their zeal for a pure Christianity. Basil, Bishop of Seleucia, being reported as saying, "I worship the one Lord Jesus Christ . . . in two natures," the monks shouted, "Nestorian! Tear him asunder! Burn him alive! As he divided, so let him be divided!" the most fearful pun, I suppose, on record. When the reading was finished, and condemnation pronounced upon the former Synod, these shouts were redoubled. "Anathema to him that parts! Anathema to him that divides! Drive out, burn, tear, cut asunder, massacre all who hold two natures!" ‖ The noisy monks were not restrained by the presiding officer; on the contrary, those who could not "roar" loud enough to add to the clamor were besought by Dioscurus himself to "stretch out their hands" in token of assent and encouragement.

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* Evagrius, p. 290. † Gibbon, VI. 26, 28.

‡ Robertson's Hist. of Chris. Church, I. p 481.

‖ Evagrius, p. 320; Robertson, I. 481; Gibbon, VI. 28.

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Nor were these the only means employed by the politic Dioscurus to accomplish the restoration of Eutyches. A letter to the council, in condemnation of Eutyches, from Leo, Bishop of Rome, instead of being publicly read was quietly suppressed. Forged passages were introduced into the acts as finally passed; a fact which was elicited at the next council by an examination of the actors in this, and of which Stephen, Bishop of Ephesus, gives the following interesting explanation. "The notaries of Dioscurus seized the fingers of my notaries, so that they were in danger of most grievous treatment."* Finally, when the final vote was to be taken, and the prelates embraced the knees of Dioscurus, entreating him to spare them the necessity of deposing their Patriarch for condemning Euytches, Dioscurus exclaimed, "Do you mean to raise a sedition? Where are the officers?" Instantly a furious multitude of monks and soldiers, with swords, clubs, and chains, burst into the church, driving the terrified bishops into the corners, and under the tables and seats, from which they were not suffered to emerge until they had promised to sign a blank paper, which was afterwards filled out with the deposition of Flavian, Patriarch of Constantinople. The unhappy Flavian, who was present, suffered indignities greater than deposition. According to the testimony of two different historians, he was so beaten, kicked, and stamped upon by the Patriarch of Alexandria, that he died of his injuries. Whoever inflicted the wounds, it is quite certain that within three days he was dead.†

Thus ended the second council of Ephesus, by which the decrees of the Synod of Constantinople were reversed, and the doctrine of Eutyches, which for a year had been heresy, was pronounced orthodox. According to the orthodoxy of 449, Christ had not two natures: he had but one. I take pleasure in closing the narrative with the words of Evagrius: "Here let not any of the deluded worshipers of idols presume to sneer, as if it were the business of succeeding councils to depose their predecessors, and to be ever devising some additions to our faith." ‡ This protest becomes even more opportune, two years later, after the Council of Chalcedon.

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* Evagrius, p. 319. † Gibbon, VI. 29; Robertson. ‡ Evag. p. 270.

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Entire acquiescence in an edict thus procured was hardly to be looked for, even in an age accustomed to such methods of religious disputes; still less, as immediately after the council a change in in the Imperial household brought about a change in the theological atmosphere of the East. In the year 450 Theodosius died, and Marcion became Emperor; which means that the Alexandrian church passed out of favor, and Eutychian doctrines were consequently discredited at court. After two years of ill-gotten triumph, the Monophysite theory of Christ's nature must cease to be the orthodox faith of Christendom.

In 451, the influence of Leo, Bishop of Rome, in whom the coming power of the Papacy was already foreshadowed, and whose letter to the previous council had been so arbitrarily suppressed, caused the Fourth General Council to be summoned at Chalcedon, expressly to reverse the decrees of Ephesus, and end the weary and disgraceful strife over the nature of Christ.

The proceedings of this council do not seem to have differed essentially from those of its predecessors, and certainly bore no closer resemblance to the acts of a deliberative assembly, even if it won no such unenviable name. Not only was it so constituted that its decisions were secure in advance,* but many of the same furious and intimidating cries were heard which had struck terror to the hearts of the Nestorian prelates at Ephesus. The robbers seemed to be still in council. When the Nicene creed, which this council re-affirmed with certain additions, was read, the bishops shouted, "This is the faith of the orthodox! thus we all believe! thus does Pope Leo believe! thus did Christ believe! thus has the Pope expounded."† When the "Epistle of the divine Cyril" was read, the whole Synod exclaimed, "Thus do we all believe! Anathema to him that divides and to him that confounds! [The theology of these howls had advanced somewhat.] This is the faith of Leo! Thus do we all believe! As Cyril believed, so do we!" ‡ "But few are exclaiming," complained one of the prelates, "the Synod is not speaking." Whereupon the Oriental bishops cried, "Egyptians to exile!" Illyrians: "We entreat compassion on all." Orientals: "Egyptians to exile!" Illyri-

* Hase's Hist of Church. † Evagrius, 328. ‡ Do. 330.

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ans: "We entreat compassion." Orientals: "Dioscurus to exile! Egyptians to exile! The heretic to exile!" Illyrians: "We have all erred! Indulgence to all! Dioscurus to the Synod! Dioscurus to the churches!" * Finally, when Dioscurus was deposed: "Anathema to Dioscurus! Christ has deposed Dioscurus! Cast out such persons! Away with the outrage! Away with the infamy from the Synod!" †

To depose and condemn Dioscurus was comparatively easy, for passion and ambition were strong; but to prepare a new statement of faith which should meet the views of all parties, and steer a clear course between opposing heresies, was not so easy, and seems to have been accomplished only after a hint from the Emperor that "unless the bishops framed a rule of faith they might be assured that the Synod would be held at the West." ‡ Finally, at the fifth or sixth meeting of the council, the new formula was announced, re-affirming the Edict of Nice, and adding, with a great deal beside, the following words: "Since some reject the term 'Mother of God,' others mould into one the natures of the flesh and of the Godhead, . . . we confess one and the same Son, at the same time perfect in manhood and perfect in Godhead, born of Mary, Mother of God, and made known in two natures without confusion, conversion, severance, separation; the differences of nature by no means annulled by union, but the peculiar essence of each preserved and conspiring in one person and one subsistence, not parted or severed into two." ‖

And now what exact doctrine do we find beneath this profusion of words? How did the Council of Chalcedon solve the apparently insoluble problem which, as we have seen, was given it? To say that Christ was of one nature, as you remember, would be Eutychian; to say that he was of two natures would be Nestorian. How did the council escape this Scylla and Charybdis of heresy?

By the simplest process possible. It accepted both statements and declared them one. Creating for the purpose a convenient distinction between nature and person, it declared that in Christ were *two* natures in *one* person. Christ is not a mixture of Deity and humanity; no more is he one to the exclusion of the other;

* Evagrius, p. 332. † Do. p. 335. ‡ Do. p. 336. ‖ Do. p. 300.

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he is at once perfect God and perfect man, as divine as Deity, as human as humanity. Such, since the Council of Chalcedon, has been the creed of Christian orthodoxy.

In other words, standing between these two heresies, the new creed stretched out loving arms and embraced them both. It escaped each extreme by rushing to the other; it reconciled two opposites by putting them hand in hand; it escaped a palpable inconsistency by calmly declaring that the inconsistency did not exist. The Creed of Chalcedon is as Nestorian as Nestorius, it is as Eutychian as Euytches, it affirms the two natures as broadly as the one, it declares the one nature (under the name of person) as plainly as the other, and, with sublime effrontery, asserts that two doctrines, each of which excludes the other, and each of which in turn had been condemned as heresy, and both of which no human mind has ever succeeded in grasping at once, are both equally true. The lesson thus taught was well learned. The so-called Athanasian Creed, which was composed after this period, and perhaps grew out of this very controversy, and which stands to-day as the most complete enunciation of the Trinitarian faith, consists of little else than a series of mutually-destructive propositions like the above, made one by solemnly pronouncing them so. "By its repetition of positive and negative propositions," says an orthodox historian of doctrines, "its perpetual assertion, and then again denial of its propositions, the mystery of the doctrine is presented as it were in hieroglyphics, as if to confound the understanding."* "As is the Father, so is the Son; so also the Holy Ghost. The Father is not created; the Son is not created; the Holy Ghost is not created. . . . The Father is eternal, the Son is eternal, the Holy Ghost is eternal; yet there are not three Eternals; there is one Eternal. So there are not three Uncreated; there is one Uncreated. In like manner the Father is almighty, the Son is almighty, the Holy Ghost is almighty; yet there are not three Almighties; there is one Almighty. In like manner the Father is God, the Son is God, the Holy Ghost is God; yet are there not three Gods; there is one God. In like manner the Father is Lord, the Son is Lord, the

* Hagenbach's Hist. of Doctrines, I. 269.

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Holy Ghost is Lord; yet are there not three Lords; there is one Lord. It is also the true faith that we confess that our Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, is God and man. Perfect God and Perfect Man. Like the Father in his Deity, less than the Father in his humanity. And although God and man, yet is he not two, but one Christ. One, not by confusion of substance, but in the unity of Person." *

How entirely arbitrary, and how foreign to New Testament thought, is the distinction here made between "substance" and "person," or between "nature" and "person," is proved, not only by the fact that the distinction now for the first time appears, but also in the great difficulty experienced in finding words to express the distinction. The Greek word here used for "person" (hypostasis) means originally the same as that used for substance (ousia). The true meaning of both is substance, essence, being. The correct translation of Heb. i. 3, the only passage in the New Testament where "hypostasis" is found in connection with Christ, is "image of his being." As late as in the Nicene Creed, the two words are placed side by side, as if exact equivalents, "those that say that the son of God is of a different being or substance, &c., &c." (hypostasis or ousia). Again, how slightly the word translated "nature" (physis) originally differed from that translated "person" is sufficiently proved by the fact that while the Confession of Nice employs the former (physis) to express that which distinguishes the one nature from the other, and the latter (hypostasis) to express that which both have in common, the Confession of Chalcedon exactly reverses this use of the two words.† Between 325 and 451, the necessities of Christian theology demanding certain distinctions which had never before been made, had determined that hypostasis should henceforth mean person; physis, nature; ousia, substance; and that in this distinction of names the doctrine of the Trinity should rest.

That the Council of Chalcedon did not end this controversy, or that its creed was no more accepted as a finality than were the many which had preceded it, I need hardly assure you. Indeed,

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* Creed of Athanasius.

† Hagenbach, I. 279; also Stanley's East. Church, pp. 231, 234.

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the descriptive term Monophysite ("of one nature") first came into vogue at this time to designate the large party in the church, which, following in the steps of Eutyches, still insisted that two natures made two persons, and that to call Christ one person was equivalent to assigning him a single nature. I have space here only for names; yet the very titles of the various parties which sprang up in this same century have a certain significance, as showing through what giddy regions, and between what impalpable distinctions, theology was then holding its unsteady course. Among the sects whose names have survived are the Theopaschites, who declared that "God was crucified," a doctrine which in 533 was admitted into an Orthodox Confession,* the Aphthartodocetes and Phartolatres, the latter asserting, the former denying, that Christ's body was perishable; the Actistetes and Ktistolatres, the former asserting, the latter denying, that Christ's body, after the entrance of the Holy Ghost, was uncreated; the Agnoetes, who claimed that if Christ was really man, like us, he could not have been omniscient.†

The Monophysite faith, as such, can be found to-day, I believe, only in the churches of the East; its followers being called, in Alexandria, Copts; in Armenia, Armenians; in Syria and Mesopotamia, Jacobites.‡ Without its formidable name, however, it can easily be encountered in any orthodox community in Christendom; this being the special form of error, apparently, into which the new convert to orthodoxy is most liable to fall before his natural reason has learned to thread the intricate path which in orthodox regions leads between nature on the one hand and person on the other. ‖

I am aware how uninviting and how bewildering must seem to many these controversies of an age fortunately long gone by; nor can I hope that I have made as clear to you as I would like the bearing which they have upon the faith of Christendom to-day. To show this as plainly as possible, however, let me present once more, in a few words, the ground over which I have just tried to lead you.

The doctrine of the Trinity, as half stated at Nice in 325, and

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* Baur, II. 118. † Do. 120. ‡ Gieseler's Church Hist. I. 327.
‖ Comp. Chris. Examiner, 1860, p. 265.

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completed at Constantinople in 381, left still undecided the relation of the divine and human natures in Christ. Two views were possible, and were each in turn held and considered Orthodox; according to the one the divine and the human in Christ were wholly distinct, though intimately united; according to the other, the divine nature alone was real, while the humanity became absorbed and disappeared. To take the one position seemed to make two beings instead of one; to take the other seemed to make the human Jesus a spectre or fiction.

The church, in its Creed of Chalcedon, quietly took both positions at once, as though no incongruity existed. It declared that in Christ were two natures in one person.

EDWARD H. HALL.

GEOMETRICAL INSTINCTS.

SINCE our fellow citizens of all the animal kingdom are, like ourselves, dwellers in space and time, it is necessary for them, also, to have ideas of distance and direction in space, duration and lapse in time. Ideas gained by sense-perception seem to furnish them, as us, the data for reasoning; but ideas of direct intuition do not appear to afford to them, as to us, objects whereon to reason; but merely serve, as certain of the kind do for us, as the stimulus of desire, and the guide of unreflective action. These intuitive ideas, perceived by inward sense, but not, perhaps, distinctly eliminated in consciousness from co-existent ideas, are, in the lower animals, called instincts; and when used in like manner by us, not as propositions for conscious reasoning, but as the grounds of instantaneous judgment or action, they have the various names of instincts, feelings, promptings, conscience, or genius, according to the nature of the objects to which they relate.

Geometrical instincts are common to us with all the animate races. That instinctive trigonometry, for instance, by which a child, of a few months old, learns to tell the position of any object, to which his two eyes are directed, is probably exercised by all

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animals with two eyes capable of being turned upon a single object. The most striking instance is popularly believed to be the young quail, which is said to run, as soon as hatched, freely about, pecking at minute objects with as true an aim as its mother's. I have seen a Setter's pup, sired by a Pointer, when a few weeks old, point at a piece of anthracite with all the accuracy of its father, which it had never seen. In 1843, a toad, frequenting the garden at Burgoyne's Headquarters, in Cambridge, and losing by an accident the sight of one eye, was for a long time unable to aim his tongue, with certainty, at the overloaded bees, who, returning, missed the threshold of the hive, under which the toad, expecting such misfortunes of his insect neighbors, was accustomed to sit and await their fall. In time he, like human beings who have had like accidents befall them, learned to substitute optics for trigonometry, and instead of solving triangles, with a base and adjacent angles given, decided on the position of objects requiring a certain focal adjustment and direction of his remaining telescope.

But how complicated the action by which he proved this, if I may use the expression, unconscious knowledge of the position of the bee! A single conscious volition, and his tongue, which is rooted in the front of his mouth, with the tip lying far down within his throat, flies out and back like an electric spark, having taken the bee up on its tip, and thrust her down the throat of the toad. His calculating engine, set by the adjustment of his eyes, not only computes the exact curve in which the tip of his tongue must move, but the exact force and velocity with which it must be sent, in order to accomplish its mechanical errand. The same marvelous unconscious calculation is proved when a boy hits the mark, at which he aims a stone, or when the expert player at billiards strikes his ball on exactly the right part of the ball, in exactly the right direction, and with exactly the right force, in order to make it pursue a long course, partly curved and partly straight, with rebounds from the cushion, and rebounds from other balls, and come to rest at a determined place. He does not know the difficulties of the problem he has solved; he does it with as little of conscious calculation as that with which the toad snaps up the bee; but this only renders the more striking the wonderful perfection of the muscular and nervous organization, as machinery

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adapted to describe geometrical figures and solve mechanical problems of great perplexity.

The architectural or nest-building instincts of animals show the geometrical and mechanical knowledge of the Creator of animals in a very conspicuous manner. Men invented and used the arch long before human mathematicians solved its theory. Many other of our mechanical inventions, and some of them, as the barrel and the potter's wheel, for example, of a wonderful kind, have an antiquity that long antedates abstract mathematical thought. We, reasoning, discover the principles underlying our inventions, and thus improve science, which again suggests new inventions; so that human art and human science stimulate and foster each other to endless competition and endless progress. The lower races have, apparently, no abstract thoughts, no intuitions, that are brought, with consciousness, among the data of their reasoning; in other words, they appear to have no science, and hence their progress in the arts is so slow as to appear stationary. But their instinctive judgments appear, frequently, more accurate and wonderful than those of men. To see the republican swallow, coming through the air, fold her wings at precisely the right moment, and when at precisely the right speed, in order to enter softly and smoothly her earthen bottle, makes the art of the most skillful coxswain seem rude in comparison. The weaving of the bird's nest is in the case of the African grosbeak carried to a degree of perfection that vies with that of the nicest works of man, unaided by machinery.

But the architectural work of insects is most wonderful, and none more so than the familiar honeycomb. Always admired by men, from the earliest ages, it was, at the beginning of the last century, discovered by Moraldi, of Nice, to embody distinctly the complicated geometrical conception, of forming cells to contain a fluid mass, with the greatest strength, the greatest economy of space, and the greatest economy of material. The paper-making wasps make rude approximations toward the solution of the same problem, but inasmuch as the larger part of their material is cheaply gathered from the surface of wood, there is no call for so strict an economy. The bee, needing a water-proof material, yet finding the resin of trees too adhesive to be worked with facility, confines her use of such resin to the places in which she needs

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especial strength, or especial resistance to moisture; and, for her ordinary work of cell building, uses a material wholly secreted by the glands of her own body. Her cells are approximately hexagons, which hold more, and have shorter, and therefore stronger, sides than any other figures which could be packed without waste of room. They are set, with economy of room, base to base; and still further strengthened on the bases, by being set one against a part of three, so that the bottom of each cell is supported by three partition walls on the other side. Finally, and most curious, the bottom of each cell is depressed in the centre to about that degree which will save most by diminishing the height of these supporting partitions without increasing too much the area of the floor which rests upon them. I say about that degree; and the accordance of the average cells, in a normal piece of comb, with theoretical perfection as determined by the calculus of Newton, is very close. We should not expect perfection, because the perfection of the artisan is to be measured, not by the perfection of his results, but by the perfection of their adaptation to his end. He were a poor farrier who polished his shoes with the care that a dentist bestows upon his gold filling. Nor would the bee be a wise economist if she wasted time in bringing to theoretical perfection her saving of wax. What the bee's conscious aim is, in the construction of the cell, we may or may not at some time discover. That she has conscious aims is evident, from her adaptation of the form of the comb to circumstances, and from her ingenious contrivances, not only to repair mischief, but to guard against threatened evil. But it is equally evident that in the formation of the bee, and in the inspiration of her instincts, a knowledge and wisdom presided, to which the whole question of maximum and minimum lay open countless ages before human thought grappled with its problems.

It only requires a more intimate acquaintance with the habits of any animal to discover the adaptation of its instincts to its organization. The apparent instances to the contrary arise from want of patience and thoughtfulness in the observer. I stood, one evening, at early dusk, watching the movements of a curious insect on the inside wall of an open shed. Its body, a little over an inch in length, and very thin, seemed, nevertheless, too heavy for its long and delicate legs, which swayed and trembled under the

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weight, as it slowly stepped along, with long pauses between each step. It walked on four legs, holding the other two, which were shorter and stouter, extended in front. I presently perceived that it was making toward a fly which had settled, apparently to sleep, upon the board within three inches of my insect. I wished to see what its designs were upon the fly, but so slow were its motions, that I was obliged to wait fully twenty minutes before being gratified. As the insect approached the fly, he slowly extended a very long and exceedingly slender antenna, and touched the fly gently, in various parts, as if to ascertain more precisely its position. He then made a detour, and brought himself, at length, exactly in front of the sleeping victim, with his own head nearly over the fly's head, and began very slowly to raise his raptorious legs high above the fly. I was growing tired of his slow and awkward motions, when, in an instant, my feelings were changed to those of the highest admiration for his great engineering skill; the fly was aloft in air, with the beak of the insect thrust into its back calmly imbibing its juices; while the fly's feet could touch nothing, its wings were both dislocated, and firmly pinioned in the captor's raptorious legs; which, coming down suddenly between the wings, had parted them, dislocated them, and pinned them between the wrist-spurs of those legs and their sharp extremities; then, without an instant's pause, lifted the fly from his feet, and impaled him upon the ploiaria's beak.

THOMAS HILL.

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THE SIMILARITIES OF PHYSICAL AND RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

II.

GROUNDS AND METHODS, POSITIVE.

In the previous paper I endeavored to show that if the foundations of religion are insecure, those of science, also, for the same reasons and in the same way, are uncertain. Not only can this negative exposition be made, but positively it can be shown that religion has valid evidences similar to those of science. Physical investigation can claim no monopoly of scientific method; for, as Herbert Spencer says, it is nothing different from ordinary reasoning, but simply the processes of common sense carried out with precision. Let us consider, then, the

SCIENTIFIC FOUNDATION OF RELIGION.

The starting-point of all science is in the observation of nature. By the various senses, sight, hearing, smell, touch, various objects — star, rock, water, plant, animal — are perceived; and their varied qualities, heat and cold, hardness, softness, perfumes, sounds, forms, &c., are noticed. These are compared; their likenesses and differences noted. Then classifications are formed, — families, species, substances, forces, laws, — and, as the result of these inductions, general propositions are laid down, the general principle ruling in this inductive process being to classify together the like things, separating them from the unlike, and to interpret the unknown by the known, not *vice versa*.

Now the course of religious thought has been the same. It may not have been aware that it started with observation, and proceeded by induction, any more than M. Jourdain knew that he talked prose. It may even have claimed to reach its knowledge entirely through other sources. Nevertheless, like science, its work has been, for the most part, the interpretation of the facts of nature, only it has taken them up with other aim, and pursued them in another direction. Mr. Huxley himself, urging upon clergymen

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the study of science, points this out. The theories of religion, he says, "like all other theories, are professedly based upon matters of fact." (Lay Sermons, p. 61.)

If we examine even the rudest forms of religion, we shall find their genesis, as Mr. Tylor says (p. 387, Primitive Culture), in "the plain evidence of men's senses, as interpreted by a fairly consistent and rational primitive philosophy." Mr. Tylor has explained, at length, the various processes and reasonings which suggest to the savage the doctrine of spiritual beings. To sum them up, they are as follows: Thinking men, at a low level of culture, observing the strange phenomena of sleep, trance, dreams, disease, death, are deeply impressed by them, and seek to account for them. What makes the difference between a live and a dead body, — a conscious and an unconscious man? What are these human shapes which appear in visions? Looking at these marvelous facts, the ancient savage philosophers made the induction of what we may call an apparitional soul, or ghost soul, — an unsubstantial human image or shadow, — the cause of life and thought, independently possessing the personal consciousness and volition of its corporeal owner, past or present, and able to leave the body and flash swiftly from place to place.

This conception of spiritual beings as the causes of life and motion once attained to, two great postulates of religion were natural inferences from it. As the soul or spiritual being was able to leave the body during life, and appeared in dreams after death, it was not involved in the destruction of the body at death, but continued to live on.

This was enough to establish for them the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. Then, as they looked upon the mighty marvels of earth and sky, so full of awe to primitive man, the grand conception of Divine Beings was reached.

The blazing sun which warmed and lighted man; the cloud which swallowed up the sun in the midst of its career, and shot its lightning bolts upon the earth; the sea which now smiled so sweetly, and now raved along the shore with tossing wave; the bubbling fount, the fruitful earth, the wind, the mountain, — here were powers which did not originate with man himself, over which he could exercise no control nor foresight, which were mightier far

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than he. What is their nature? Naturally he applied to the explanation of the unknown outward nature the conception by which he had already explained his own life and movements. As he himself existed and executed his purposes and acted upon the world through the spiritual being or soul within him, so he believed that each celestial or earthly body was itself or had as its mover an independent living spiritual being. Accordingly he offered to them worship, prayer, gifts, sacrifices, rites, and ceremonies of various kinds, such as he deemed would win their favor, mollify their wrath, or persuade them to effect his wishes.

In the widening experience of man, the rude observations of early times have been made infinitely more full and exact. Further observation reveals many errors in the primitive animistic theories of human phenomena. Further observation shows nature not to be ruled by numerous independent volitions, but to be under the government of a single uniform system of laws. The first crude theories of religious interpreters must therefore be laid aside. Theology has undergone many transformations between those early fancies and its modern forms. Nevertheless its starting-point and its method to-day is the same, only carried out with more scientific rigor. Religion, with the help of science, whose aid is here invaluable, surveys the vast phenomena of the universe. It finds nature not the same from all eternity, but ever changing. It finds these constant changes, however, directed by law. Every effect has some regular cause. Force is linked with force. Principle dovetails into principle. Creature is grouped with creature, forming an hierarchy of species, genus, order, and class. Thus the Kosmos discloses itself as a wonderful order. A luxuriant and exquisite loveliness beams thence upon the eye. Whether the devout or the undevout survey nature, the beauty which graces it, ranging in scale all the way from the majestic glory of Alpine scenery to the symmetry of a snow-flake's facets, or the microscopic chasings of a diatom, cannot be unadmired. Again, in the admirable correlation of structure to environment, and of organ to function, in the mutual interdependence of animal and vegetable life, in the continuous self-adjustments of part to part and change to change, in the ingenious contrivances which minister to the prospective harmony of nature, a marvelous exhibition of the

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adaptation of means to ends greets the glance of the observer. In every creature, tokens of providential impulses, stirring to activity, are revealed. From the structureless germinal matter at the end of a placental tuft which spontaneously burrows into the surrounding pabulum to supply its want, or the jelly-like amœba which pushes out portions of the living substance and extemporizes with them an organ to grasp its food, up to the insects which, impelled by the needs of the coming generation, build their rafts of eggs to hatch out after their death, or the human infant seeking, untaught, the mother's breast, all living things are impelled unconsciously to do what is needed for the maintenance and preservation, not only of themselves, but of the race. Through all changes and events a continual progress from the more imperfect towards the more perfect, a finer finish in nature's handiwork, a steady exaltation of faculty and power, a constant increase in all that can minister to the well-being or the happiness of living creatures, discloses itself in response to religious inspection. A work on natural theology is a treasury of the most striking illustrations, out of the thousands that might be quoted, that witness to these facts.

Then religion surveys the phenomena of human nature. It finds there exalted powers and activities by virtue of which the impressions on the senses, common to man with the brute, are given with him a higher significance. It observes the power of memory to retain and call up again the past; the power of imagination to look forth into the future, fly in thought to other climes, or build before the mind's eye ideal structures. It observes the faculties of judging and comparing the conceptions of likeness, number, time, and space, through which the facts of the world are classified and interpreted. It discovers intuitions, such as those of purpose, causation, and uniting law, by which the medley of events is reduced to an intelligible whole. It finds powers of abstraction and expression, by which man builds up the beautiful edifice of language and the solid masonries of logic. Unlike the bird or beast, man does not lie down in dull content. There is something in him that makes him dream of ideal excellence, fascinates him with every intimation of the infinite, draws him after the perfect. A divine disquietude fills him till he can realize them. The un-

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alterable serenity which reigns elsewhere in nature, in man gives place to the dramatic agitations of consciousness. For the rigid determinism, the iron fatality of the physical world, breaks off when we come to humanity, and another law appears, — the law of freedom. Man finds that he enjoys the peculiar privilige of liberty of thought and liberty of will, that he has a power over nature and over self, and that he can exercise it as he chooses. He labors therefore to make these conform to his wishes and conceptions, and minister to his delights. Knowledge of the world's order itself is in his hands only an instrument for acting upon it. He becomes as it were a second creator. He levels forests, he drains morasses, he tames and introduces this animal, he banishes that, he transforms the nature of plant and fruit. From brute matter he draws forth the skillful tool and the industrious, almost intelligent, machine, and multiplies infinitely his force. On the frescoed wall he fastens his glowing vision of beauty. In woven harmonies he utters his unspeakable aspirations and infinite longings. In the forest-like arches of the cathedral he rears the enduring symbol of his reverence and awe for the Divine. He looks upon the body of every fellow-man while living as animated by a being peculiarly sacred and vital; and when the body is laid in the ground, it is his belief (in every race and nation, alike the most ignorant and the most cultivated upon the globe), that the *man* still lives on.

Most characteristic of all, there is in human nature a moral order more beautiful than anything that art can show, more imperative in its inexorableness than any law of nature, — the order of duty. It is the high prerogative of man to perceive distinctions of right and wrong, unseen by any creature except himself, unseen by him through any organ of sense, revealed only to that marvelous inner eye, — conscience. The right thus seen he feels bound to obey, though he has to go through fire and torture to do it. The wrong must be shunned, though the very heart-strings be torn asunder thereby. This moral law, as a French writer has well expressed it, "though it accord not with the selfish ends of interest, the order of desire, nor the fickle trifling of his passing passions, nevertheless appears to him as the ideal end, the very crown of life, and he summons nature to work with him for its realization."

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Such are the phenomena which theology observes in nature, without and within the circle of humanity.

The next step in the scientific method, as has been already noticed, is that of comparison and classification. To group together in the mind the things which are alike and to distinguish them from the things unlike them, is, as Herbert Spencer states it, "not only the beginning of civilization, but the first step in the genesis of science."

Now, passing over all those minor classifications and those secondary causes which science studies so assiduously, minutely, and successfully, what ultimate classifications may be made and what first causes may be found by which to interpret the universe most fully and completely? This is just the question which theology has asked and in its way answered. It has divided the universe into two great groups, each, within its own limits, containing the widest range of similar phenomena, and separated from each other by the broadest contrasts of nature. One group contains all natural phenomena, such as weight, size, form, heat, color, motion; the other, all mental or spiritual phenomena, perception, reason, love, will, aspiration.

In the one group, inertia is the law; in the other, spontaneity. In the one, necessity; in the other, freedom. In the one, the phenomena have a definite relation to space, — they have always a certain dimension, or local or extended movement; they can be weighed or measured. The phenomena of the other, on the contrary, exists in relation not to space, but to time: they have not extension, but duration; they cannot be either weighed or measured. The phenomena of the one are discerned by the senses; that of the other, by no sense but only by consciousness itself. In the one group, everything is divisible, even the smallest conceivable quantity is conceivably still further separable; in the other group, the subject affirms its indivisibility and identity. In the one group everything belongs to the earthly and the finite. In the other group there is a constant attraction and rise toward that which lies higher.

These two great groups of phenomena having been thus clearly marked off from each other, religion then makes its inductions. As science infers, in explanation of the different phenomena ex-

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hibited by liquids and gases, that there is a different molecular structure as the respective substratum or subject of each; and in explanation of the diverse chemical properties of two chemical elements, such as potassium and oxygen, that there is a diverse atomic constitution as the subject of each; and again for the luminous vibrations still another subject, called ether, different from the subject of ponderable things,—so religion, in explanation of the differences of material and spiritual phenomena, infers, as the subjects of each, distinct underlying realities, which it calls, in the one case, "matter," in the other, "spirit." This "spirit," it is true, has never been seen by mortal eye, probably never will be seen by mortal eye, and is therefore known only by a mental inference. But the same is true of molecule, atom, and ether. As these invisible things are inferred by science from the visible phenomena which it observes according to the mental law, that phenomena or qualities must belong to something as a subject, and that when the qualities are radically different the subjects must be supposed different, so is "spirit" the corresponding induction of religion from mental and moral phenomena.

As the imagination will not, in Tyndall's language (Fragments of Science, p. 135), "accept a vibrating multiple proportion, a numerical ratio in a state of oscillation," as the source of a series of ether waves, but "the scientific imagination which is here authoritative, demands as their origin and cause a particle of vibrating matter, quite as definite, though it may be excessively minute, as that which gives origin to a musical sound;" so, conversely, the religious imagination, in the religious realm equally authoritative, will not accept as the source of mental and moral states a vibrating material particle, but demands as the origin and cause of spiritual phenomena, a spiritual subject, quite as distinct from matter as its phenomena are distinct from material phenomena.

If an independent spiritual entity be a correct induction from spiritual phenomena, it will readily be seen to follow that this spiritual entity or soul, not being a compound, but an indivisible unit, as it constantly affirms, will not be dissolved by the dissolution of the body, but simply be released from its mortal coils. The same conclusion results also from the universal belief of mankind in a life after death. The philologists comparing the various languages of

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the Indo-European race, — Sanscrit, Greek, Roman, Teutonic, — find in them all certain common roots. They infer that these common roots must have been in use in the primitive Aryan race, before it left its ancient home in the table lands of Asia and was dispersed in India, Greece, Italy, and Germany. From these common roots they tell us the social, political, and domestic conditions of our primitive ancestors. Again, geologists, observing the various appearances and peculiar illustrations of extreme antiquity which the earth presents, assume that they are not artificial or simulated, as bigoted defenders of the Mosaic record have sometimes contended, but that the testimony of primitive nature may be relied upon as truthful. By parity of reasoning, religion infers from the universality of the belief in life after death that it is at once a primitive deliverance of human nature, and as such ought to be accepted as veracious.

The existence of the soul, now and hereafter, — this is the first great induction of religion. Then follows the second, that of Deity. If we consider the work of the Palæontologist, Philologist, Geologist, or Mechanician, we shall find them always searching after the causes of things. What is the origin of plants and animals? how did languages begin? how did the earth come into existence and into its present condition? — these are the questions which are perseveringly studied by these physical investigators. The principle upon which they proceed in their inquiries is, that all motion or change, of whatever kind, had some ulterior cause. With none of them is the business of scientific inquiry closed with the first induction of a cause. Beyond the proximate cause, they say, there must be a more remote. No sooner is it found, for example, that the peculiar scratches on rocks and upon banks of characteristically shaped stone running across the mouth of certain valleys in Scotland, are caused by ancient glaciers, then the inquiry is made, What is the cause of these glaciers? If they are recognized as products of snow long and tightly pressed together, then the snow must be traced to its cause in the action of extreme cold upon the moisture of the air; and now a cause must be sought for this excessive cold which no longer exists in the same regions. If this again be plausibly referred to a change in the earth's orbit, its distance from the sun diminishing the amount of heat received

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by the earth, the investigator does not cease his inquiries, but demands an explanation of this change of orbit. And when this is found in a secular change in the direction of the earth's axis still traceable, the torch of inquiry is brought to bear upon the very origin of the planetary system.

Thus the man of science is led further and further back, each secondary cause of the chain resolving itself as soon as reached into an effect of something else. This chain may run on to more and more remoteness. It may reach greater and greater simplicity and power. Nevertheless the mind cannot find any satisfactory resting-place at any point of it, nor can it be satisfied to pursue indefinitely this phenomenal series. It conceives necessarily a first cause, a commencement, not merely for each part, but for the whole of the chain, — an ultimate cause dependent upon nothing previous. It is the value of every true step made in philosophy, Newton said, that it brings us nearer to this first cause. "The business of Natural Philosophy" — these also are the words of the greatest of scientific authorities — "is to deduce causes from effects till we come to the very first cause, which certainly is not mechanical."

Now it is just this path and end that religion pursues. It is true that of late men of science have themselves held back from taking the last step, to the ultimate source, as a thing beyond their proper province. But they ought not to object to religion's doing it in strict accordance with the method of science up to the point where the province of the latter was thought to cease. Some such ultimate source or first cause must be conceived. For the universe is not an eternal quiescence. It is in constant change, constant motion. And these changes and motions are part of a series actually existing and progressing. No matter what intermediate causes or agencies there may have been, the mind is not satisfied to stop with any of these, but passes further and further back, seeking the first cause, which must sometime have first started the series. Now this first cause cannot be matter itself; for matter has no spontaneity of action. The essential idea of matter — an idea which is fundamental to all scientific dealing with it — is that matter is inert; remains in its present condition forever, unless disturbed by some external agency. If matter

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did not observe this law, no science of it would be possible. In whatever condition and position matter originally existed, in that it must always have remained. To start the evolution of the universe some external agency, possessed of spontaneity, must be inferred. As the only spontaneous agent we know of is free will, the will of some Supreme Being must be regarded as the great First Cause. A similar induction results from examining the nature of the proximate causes of change. A lightning flash, for example, was found by Franklin, in his famous experiment with the kite, to be of the same nature as an electric discharge. The electric discharge was attributed to the action of electric fluid, but further investigation showed it to be a case of molecular motion. Heat, light, sound, have all likewise, in turn, been found to be modes of motion, capable of conversion one into the other. Going one step further back, all motion is found to have its source in some force, — gravitative, cohesive, repulsive, chemical, or other kind.

As Herbert Spencer says, "We come down finally to force as the ultimate." What, then, is this last universal cause, this wondrous force? We do not actually observe force in the external world at all. When we observe a change in the external world, all that is really observed is the following of one event by another. We believe that there is force working this succession, because when the line strikes us we feel force, and especially because in acts of the will we are conscious that we exert force. "Undoubtedly," says Mr. Huxley,* "active force is inconceivable except as a state of consciousness, . . . except as something comparable to volition." Sir John Herschel similarly says,† "In the only case in which we are admitted to any personal knowledge of the origin of force, we find it connected with volition, and by inevitable consequence with motion, with intellect, and with all those attributes of mind in which personality consists." To these names I might add the names of Carpenter, Spencer, Grove, and Wallace in science, — not to speak of eminent authorities in philosophy, all of whom derive our knowledge of force from our volitional and mental experiences. As in the only case where we

* Article entitled "Bishop Berkeley on the Metaphysics of Sensation." Macmillan's Magazine, 1871.

† Familiar Lectures, p. 451.

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know force directly we find it to be an attribute of will and intelligence, an energy and expression of spirit, we must infer next, in accordance with the steps already taken, in accordance with the general rule of science, to interpret the unknown by the known, that force everywhere else is but an energy and expression of spirit, — and of what other spirit can it be than of the One Infinite and Almighty Personality whom we call God?

Drawing another inductive line, religion reaches the same conclusion. From the wise adaptation of means to ends in vegetable and animal life, the physiologist and anatomist are accustomed to infer certain designs or purposes as their explanation, and they freely employ this idea of design to assist them in solving the problems of their departments. Dr. Paget,* speaking of the study of physiology, claims as one of its advantages that it "is a science of designs and final causes." "In the inorganic world," he says, "we seem to come nearer to the efficient than to the final cause of events. But in the organic world the reverse is true; purpose, design, and mutual fitness, are manifest wherever we can discern the structure or the actions of a part; utility and mutual dependence are implied in all the language and sought in all the studies of physiology. The efficient causes and the general laws of the vital actions may be hidden from the keenest search; but their final causes are often nearly certain."

In the history of physiology, Whewell has shown that those who studied the structure of animals were irresistibly led to the conviction that the parts of this structure have each its end or purpose; that each member or organ not merely produces a certain effect, or answers to a certain use, but is so framed as to impress us with the persuasion that it was constructed *for* that use. This persuasion directed the researches of Harvey. By the assiduous application of this principle, as he himself constantly declared, Cuvier was enabled to make the discoveries that have rendered his name so illustrious; and it has been dwelt upon as a favorite contemplation, and followed as the most certain of guides by the best anatomists and biologists. Moreover, from such cases of curious adaptation, science has not alone affirmed design, but

* Youmans' Culture demanded by Modern Life, p. 139.

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also some Designer. One of the most astonishing of modern discoveries is that of the extreme antiquity of man, antedating, probably, the date formerly assigned by tens of thousands of years. How is it that science has been able to establish this? Simply by the discovery, in certain positions, of articles which it inferred were of human workmanship, — bits of pottery under fifty feet of Nile mud; instruments of bone or stone under thirty or forty feet of peat; flint axes, spear-heads, daggers, and knives, sometimes rudely carved with the representation of an ibex head, a reindeer or a rhinoceros, found in the drift of the tertiary period in connection with the bones of extinct animals, such as the mammoth cave-bear or woolly rhinoceros. And why was it judged that these articles were of human origin, rather than natural? Only through the principle, either expressly stated or clearly implied, that instruments, fashioned in accordance with a regular plan, and adapted to an intelligent purpose, could not be the result of chance, or of unintelligent force or unconscious principles of order, but must have had intelligent — that is, in this case — *human* makers.

In the same way, — employing the same principles of reasoning, — religion argues, from the evidences of fitness and contrivance in the world, intelligent design, and from the intelligent design an Intelligent Designer of supreme power and wisdom, equal to the supreme work manifested in the universe of creation. The theological argument is of the same kind as the reasoning of the archæologist, only vastly more cogent in proportion as the instances of adaptation from which the theologian starts are incalculably more numerous and curious than those of the physical inquirer. They are not drawn from a few scratches on a bone, or a hole drilled through a piece of obsidian, or a few sharpened bits of flint, now and then found in a gravel-pit or a cave. They are present wherever we turn our eye: in the coincident mathematics of plant and planet; in the untaught geometry of the beehive; in the admirable correlation of lung and air, sound and hearing, light and sight; in the mutual ministries of male and female, life and death, matter and spirit. From the wayside seed, laden with future provision for the folded germ, to the clustered systems, swinging in noiseless motion and perfect poise through the ethereal

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spaces, all nature testifies to the Arranging Mind that has marshalled the atomic armies according to well-ordered plan.

It is true that scientific men, of late, have objected strongly to religion's employment of the teleological argument. They charge that it leaves the field of experience to launch into that of unverifiable conjecture. If so, they but condemn their own practice in the field of anatomy, archæology, and physiology.

If no man of science will accept a poniard fashioned from a reindeer's horn, or the rude representation of the reindeer carved on its handle, as having come into existence by some chance combination of matter, or blind working of natural force, without the aid of designing mind, will he maintain, will any one maintain, that such chance combination of matter, or blind working of natural force, could bring into existence the *breathing man* that carved it and the *living* reindeer thus depicted? It is represented that, by showing how certain effects necessarily follow from certain antecedent conditions, all ground for supposing a prospective purpose is removed. "Because the fish," we are told, "has fins and gills, therefore, it uses them, and swims in the water. That is all. There is no need to suppose the fins and gills were made for that use." But how does the first truth militate against the last? If a purpose is wisely carried out, the means employed will always be such as lead naturally and necessarily to the end aimed at. To show that there is no design in the case, it ought to be shown, not that the structure of the fish naturally results in his swimming in the water, but that it is opposed to it. Nor do the theories of natural selection and evolution, if we suppose them already established, give any such fatal blow to the teleological argument, as it is urged that they do. The inference of design is not to be removed by showing that the present form or adaptation is not the original one, but a development from some rude structure, a modification of some more primitive function, and that the line of proximate causes and evolving conditions can be traced back to a remote past and a very different natural condition, even perhaps to some primæval nebula of glowing gas. All this but shifts the point of action and method of work of the Designing Intelligence, but does not diminish or abolish the necessity of inferring it. On the contrary, it increases the measure of Creative Mind to be supposed.

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For in that glowing gas were cradled all the elements of the earth-to-be. The special adaptations that now have been evolved lay latent there, and were necessarily unfolded from the general order. But whence that general order, — that original tuning of force to law, and matter to harmonious rhythm, and that exquisite adjustment of the whole vast net-work of kosmic tendencies, so that nature should build itself up in beauty, and the strong ever come forth from the weak, and the better proceed always from the good, in an undeviating progress, till the ascent is made from crystal and plant up to the reasoning man?

Here is a greater need of Intelligence than ever. Certainly the original arrangement and constitution of matter might have had any one of a million various positions and properties. Unless nature be endowed with Intelligence, there is no reason that we know why it might not have remained a perpetual chaos, — a chronic anarchy of discordant elements, incapable of stable organization. To choose out of the infinite variety of possible primitive arrangements, with their corresponding various results, just that one first arrangement and particular rudimental structure that in gradual, necessary unfolding would work out just the present admirable result, is a thing requiring fore-thinking wisdom far more than any instantaneous creation. "Natural evolution," says Prof. Owen, "by means of slow physical and organic operations, through long ages, is not the less clearly recognizable as the act of an adaptive mind because we have abandoned the old error of supposing it to be the result of a primary, direct, and sudden act of creational construction."

Even a Darwin, describing the wonderful contrivances existing in some of the orchids, by which their fertilization by insect go-betweens is secured, is compelled in spite of himself to resort to the language of design to express the facts; and Moleschott, the chief of the German materialist school, in an introductory address delivered at Turin, while forewarning the investigator against guessing at final causes, yet would not have it believed that he is "rash enough or blind enough to refuse to nature a design and an end. All those whose ideas I share by no means deny the *telos* which they guess, which they even sometimes perceive in nature."

Again, from the spiritual wants of human nature, the inductive

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line leads to the same conclusion. One of the constant assumptions of scientific investigators is that a constant harmony exists between the structure and the environment of any living thing. "Wherever there is a constitutional want," the savant says, "there is a corresponding provision for meeting it." If he finds portions of the fossilized remains of a hitherto unknown animal, and by it recognizes its digestive apparatus as adapted to flesh food, then he knows that it must have had claws and jaws suitable for rending its prey; if he finds its digestive organs ruminant, then he is assured that the animal had teeth for cropping grass, and that there was grass or other vegetation for it to crop. If he finds, as was found by the late Atlantic dredging expedition, animals at immense depths in the sea possessed of good eyes, he makes the induction that there is also there vegetable food for the animals to live on (though none was actually found), and light for the eyes to see by (though ordinary sunlight, according to his calculations, could not penetrate these depths). If he is an evolutionist, like Herbert Spencer, whenever, in tracing down the line of descent, he comes to a new species or a modification of an old one, there, he supposes, some new combination of external conditions took place corresponding to the inward change. Even for life itself he can find no better definition than "the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations."

By the same logical principle, religion draws, from our felt need of the Divine to realize our ideal aspirations, from our inability to remain satisfied, as other creatures are, with the fleshly and the earthly, the induction of a Being corresponding to these demands of human nature.

The inward want, rooted in our deepest nature, of a Personal Object to whom to direct our love, our worship, and our instinctive prayers, — a Heavenly Model to serve as the guide and inspiration of our perfecting, an ever present Friend whom we might seek in all sorrow and trouble, — this inward want implies, somewhere outside of us, the Infinite Power and Absolute Perfection which alone maintains human nature in that harmonious adjustment with its environment which is found everywhere else in the world.

Once more, when the scientific explorer, unearthing the antiqui-

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ties of Egypt or Assyria, discovers some tablet inscribed with laws, he not only infers that some one carved the sentences upon the stone, but also that they came from the mind and heart of some one, — king, minister, or counselor. And if the law be wise and just, its author is believed to have been wise and just. If, by further researches, other acts of this king or minister are discovered, and they are uniformly found to be such as would promote the happiness of the people, and would carry the nation constantly forward to higher and higher stages of physical, intellectual, and moral improvement, the historian does not hesitate to assign to him the attribute of benevolence.

Similarly, religion proceeds from the observation of the moral law to the induction of a moral Law-giver. The profound sense of personal obligation to do the right and avoid the wrong, testifies, the theologian claims, to a Holy Ruler. Unless these most imperative convictions, these highest distinctions of human nature, are idle dreams, they must be the edicts of a righteous Governor. And the profuse beauty, the constant progress exhibited in this Ruler's works, especially the abundant means of happiness provided for all creatures, compel us to recognize goodness and love as among his most distinguishing qualities.

Finally, religion takes the last step of the scientific method by applying to these great inductions the test of verification.

To the hesitating novice and the flaw-picking doubter, religion's common injunction is, "Just try my teachings, and see for yourself if they do not authenticate themselves." And whenever the trial is fairly made, the further harmony between the inductions of religion and the experience of human life is triumphantly shown.

One of the most conclusive tests of science is that of concomitant variations. John Stuart Mill, in his system of logic, makes it the fifth canon of induction. When Faraday showed that, by making or breaking or reversing the current of the electro magnet, he had complete control over a ray of light, this was held to have proved the relation of cause and effect between magnetism and light. Let a man, then, make the experiment of dealing with himself and his fellows on the two opposite principles. First, let him regard and treat them as soulless animals. How poor, how

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out of joint, then, are all the results he meets with. Why is it, if this view be true, that he cannot reach his loftiest and most delicate development on any such theory? Why is it that men so foolishly sacrifice the most useful to the ideal, — the most needed bodily comforts and the most brilliant earthly advantages to a worthless spiritual improvement? Why is it that even life itself is sacrificed that this chimera of a soul may receive no stain?

But if a man, on the other hand, will live as if he had a soul and as if his fellow men likewise had souls, each day will bring him confirmation of the great truth. In its light there are made plain to him the puzzles which before were so incomprehensible, — this mystic attraction toward the Infinite and the ideal, this discontent with our highest attainments, this remorse for the smallest transgressions, this strange fact in the realm of mind (the one exception in the animated kingdom) that even the most fully developed should not begin to reach a typical perfection. He comprehends now why it is that all human glory and happiness and possession are so transitory, and yet how the human heart with immortal fidelity and hope can tell the grave that it claims in vain aught beyond the mouldering robe of him whom it loved.

The continued growth of thought and affection, even until the very last, though the body long ago passed its meridian and commenced its decline; the curious powers of the mind, seemingly independent of the senses, such as are exhibited in somnambulism, trance, clairvoyance, and similar phenomena; the utter inability of the subtlest science to find any adequate material or physical explanation of consciousness and the conscious powers, — each afford renewed verification to the religious postulate, "Man is the possessor of a spirit."

So, too, when a man lives as if there were no God, he experiences the confutation of his atheism in his daily stumbles over the divine laws. But when a man honestly makes the experiment of acting steadily as if in the presence of a Heavenly Father, he finds corroborative witnesses in every day's events. In whatever place he bows in sincere worship to this Adorable Being, he finds it good to be there. As often as in sincere prayer he seeks from above light in the perplexities of duty, or help in the hard battle of life, he receives the blessed answer, — a heavenly beam upon

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his way, a heavenly strength in the dusty conflict. Whatever may be urged against the power of prayer to modify external nature, its spiritual inward efficiency is known by the direct experience of millions. Whenever, at bitter cost to his own desires and pleasures, he has yet obeyed the higher law of the Holy One, he has heard in his heart the approving whisper of a Divine voice.

In the fortunes of kings and private citizens, in the rise and fall of states, in the fluctuations of races and the vicissitudes of society, in every case of conduct, there is shown, to use Matthew Arnold's favorite phrase, "an Enduring Power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." Reward and retribution this Power allots in strict conformity to obedience or disobedience of the Divine Commandment. Every student of history knows how strange oftentimes are these vindications of God's moral law. How curiously innocence is justified, evil unearthed! The engineer of vice hoist with his own petard, Haman hanged on his own gallows. How sublime are the verifications of an Almighty Friend which the records of the past, the fresh life of the present, afford! Witness the strength which the weakest, trusting in Him, have drawn to bear superhuman burdens, — the bursting of the rockiest heart, under the heavenly touch, into sweet blossoms of tenderness and charity! Behold the sereneness with which pain and anguish can be borne, — the bright faith with which the mourner can stand by the fresh-filled grave, — the courage with which the champion of the right faces poverty, odium, perpetual annoyance, nay, goes to the stake or the gallows, assured of his vindication hereafter on earth and at once above. Whatever contradictions, anomalies, enigmas, the infinitely-varied phenomena of life can present to religion, the sacred Edipus, by one or the other of her two great truths, the existence of soul and the existence of God, can always present a solution.

What Whewell calls the consilience of inductions — the leaping together of numerous facts of different kinds from unconnected quarters to one point, every new discovery or hitherto troublesome exception taking at once a position in harmony — is here wonderfully exemplified. It is a characteristic of the theistic argument. In the exposition which we gave of the theistic induction, it will be remembered, line after line of inference converged

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to the same point; and here, in the process of verification, we see the same thing afresh.

Now this consilience of inductions, says Whewell ("Novum Organum Renovatum," p. 88), "belongs only to the best established theories which the history of science contains." For example, it has been especially exemplified in the "Theories of Universal Gravitation" and the "Undulatory Theory of Light," and is considered as establishing them beyond all doubt. "No example can be pointed out," says Whewell, "in which this consilience of inductions has given testimony in favor of an hypothesis afterwards discovered to be false."

Stronger verification, then, than this would hardly seem to be desired of religion by any one. Yet, if it is demanded, it has a further confirmation, — that of prediction. "There is no more convincing proof," says Prof. Jevons, "of the soundness of scientific knowledge than that it thus confers the gift of foresight." "Prevision," says Auguste Comte, "is the test of true theory." The astronomer's predictions of the movements of the planets, the occurrence of eclipses, the return of comets, — even, as in Leverrier's discovery of Neptune, the existence and movement of a hitherto unknown body, — afford the most conspicuous proof of the correctness of the Copernican system and the Newtonian laws. Even so have the prophets of old and the seers of God, in all time, through their comprehension of the great laws of moral gravitation, been able to foretell the course of states and the coming eclipses of individual and national glory. They have reckoned beforehand, according to the calculus of Divine Sovereignty, the setting of unholy stars, now proudly flaming in the zenith, and the triumphant rise of unsullied orbs, veiled then, though they were, in darkness, — and, lo! it has come to pass even as they have said. If all supernatural instruction or illumination be denied to the prophetic voices of ancient and modern times, then the amazing power of insight, which must be ascribed to normal spiritual vision, as developed by religion, testifies with equal significance to the truth of those great principles on which religion is based.

Thus has religion positive foundations of the same kind as science, and they may be built up in a genuine scientific order. Doubtless a sharp scientific critic would find objections to such an

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inductive demonstration of religion. He would charge that these so-called inductions were not complete and exact, but imperfect, — at best, only approximated perfection. He would say, "They are not simple colligations of facts, but they are theories built up and superimposed upon them. They are not cautious, exhaustive generlizations of co-existences; but they are hypotheses to which you have boldly leaped. And the verification you appeal to, though in much seeming to be given, is also in much wanting."

Now, these objections I should not altogether deny; but I should give to them this twofold answer, which ought fairly, it seems to me, to stop the mouth of the scientific objecter, or of any objector who usually accepts, without hesitation, current scientific conclusions: First, in my previous paper it was shown in general that every one of these objections applied to science as well as to religion. Secondly, that in the positive presentation, in the present paper, not a single medium of proof is employed in regard to which it is not or cannot be shown that the very same argument, or its exact counterpart, is customarily and confidently employed by science. If one is to be rejected, then both should be rejected; if one is to be trusted, then both should be trusted.

JAMES T. BIXBY.

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THE SHOEMAKER OF GÖRLITZ.

"Jamie, yon man's crack't."
"Sandy, while's there's light comes through a crack."

THE little Silesian village of Alt Seidenberg has but one claim to escape omnivorous oblivion: a child was born there, whose name the world has not forgotten, nor seems likely to forget. It was three hundred years ago, just as the close of the third quarter of the sixteenth century was striking, that this soul

"Drew near from out the vast,
And struck its being into bounds."

That was the century of giants and gigantic works. Almost the *first* quarter had been spent in vast efforts of scholarship, — the revival of the ancient literatures, and the formation of new. The *second* and *third* were eras of great religious agitation and growth, in which theology and the church gave shape to all men's thinking, and armed tongue and hand for civil strife throughout Europe. With the *fourth* quarter was coming a new period, when the strongest minds of Europe were to be busied with philosophy, the search into the ground of certainty and truth, rather than the dogmatic and polemic assertion of traditions and systems, — the age of Bacon, Gassendi, Giordano, Bruno, Campanella, and of the subject of this paper, Jakob Böhme. This soul was to bear the impress of its age, and to face the age's problems, with the least possible propædeutic for the work. Upon it was laid the call to attempt to solve the mystery of the universe, with hardly any knowledge, save what Luther's German Bible furnished, of what other inspired souls had thought and said of that vast riddle. He looked upon life and its surroundings with his own clear gray eyes, and found them so wonderful, and suggested such strange explanations of their wonders, that the boldest radical must be startled at the audacity of his rejection of all our cherished prepossessions and our established forms of thought. In outer life he "was a simple and dutiful apprentice, took care of his domestic affairs, submitted to be silenced because he was only a layman, treated

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every one with whom he came into contact submissively and graciously, indulged in no reproaches against those who pronounced him accursed and procured his banishment;" but his inner-life was full of strange experiences, wonderful "beholdings," and daring thoughts, that have extorted praise often from the most unlikely quarters. Among those who confess his greatness, acknowledge indebtedness to him for help and suggestion, are numbered philosophers (Leibnitz, Henry More, Coleridge, Schelling, Hegel, Baader, C. H. Weisse, Feuerbach, and St. Martin), theologians (Spener, Arnold, William Law, Bengel, Œtinger, Semler, Harms, Auberlen, F. C. Baur, and Bleek), and masters in literature (Henry Brooke, Fr. Schlegel, Novalis, Ludwig Tieck, de la Motte Fouque, Lichtenberg, Wolfgang Menzel, and C. F. D. Schubart).* Every historian of philosophy pauses at his name as that of the one creative mind that Germany has to show between the generation of the reformers and that of Leibnitz and Kepler. Though his books display, on every page, his lack of culture, and the inadequacy of his expression to his thought, they have passed through seven editions in German, and are found in translations, partial or complete, in five of the principal languages of Europe. A vast literature, friendly and unfriendly, has grown up around his name, and has received additions during the past year.†

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* Böhme's English scholars claim that "Sir Isaac Newton had plowed with Behmen's heifer." William Law writes to Dr. Cheyne, "When Sir Isaac Newton died, there were found among his papers large extracts out of J. Behmen's works, written with his own hand. This I have from undoubted authority. . . . My vouchers are names well known, and of great esteem with you. It is evidently plain that all that Sir Isaac has said of the universality, nature, and effects of attraction, of the three first laws of nature, was not only said, but proved, in its truest and deepest ground, by J. B., in his three first properties of eternal nature."

† See Leibnitz's Nouveaux Essais, IV. cap. 19; Henry More's Philosophiæ Teutonicæ Censura; Coleridge's Works (Am. ed.), III. 249–54, 691–9, IV. 311, V. 61–2, 324–5, 526, VI. 293; Schelling's Uber d. Wesen d. menschlichen Freiheit (1806), and his Philosophie der Offenbarung I. 123 et seq; Hegel's Encyclopädie (Preface to Second Edition), and Geschichte der Philosophie, III. 300-27; Baader's Vorlesungen über peculative Dogmatik (especially Pt. V.); C. H. Weisse's Philosophie des Christenthums; Feuerbach's Geschichte der Philosophie, Pp. 150–214. Also P. J. Spener's Theologische Bedenken; Gottfried

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Jakob Böhme was the child of peasant farmers of pure German descent, — free, that is, from any mixture with the Slavic element that predominates in that part of Germany. He received the education common to all lads of his class, in that age, benefiting, no doubt, by Dr. Martin Luther's strenuous efforts for the establishment of good German schools. Like others, he shared in the pleasant task — *experto crede* — of herding the cows of the village on the common lands. Once, we are told, "in the heat of midday, retiring from his playfellows to a little stony crag, hard by, called the Land's Crown, where the natural situation of the rock made a seeming enclosure of some part of the mountain, and, finding an entrance into it, he went in and saw there a great wooden vessel full of money; at which sight, being in a sudden astonishment, he did in haste retire, not moving his hand thereunto, and came and related his fortune to the rest of the boys, who, coming up along with him, sought often, and with much diligence, an entrance, but never found any." All of which portended that the hidden secrets of nature, the treasures of recondite knowledge, would hereafter be laid open to the lad. He has hardly had better luck in leading others to see what he did.

Fouque tells us that he, "with several of his companions in arms, saw the place on their way to the battle of Lützen, in 1813, and did their best to carve their names on the stones as a memento of the gladly-solemn moment. If we may trust tradition, the place is changed greatly, and the vaulted roof that once shut out the light of sun, moon, and stars, has fallen in. Masses of rock, however, still stand fast, rising like a row of grim, steep pillars above the magic treasure-house, and a little pool of water, clear as a

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Arnold's Kirch und Ketzergeschichte, Book XVI., Chap. xix.; Œtinger's Lehrtafel, and his Selbstbiographie; J. S. Semler's Selbstbiographie, II. 107 seq.; F. C. Baur's Christliche Gnosis; Auberlen sub voce Böhme in Herzog's Realencyclopädie. Also Henry Brooke's Fool of Quality; Fr. Schlegel's Vorlesungen aus der Jahren 1804–6, and his Geschichte der Alten und Neuen Litteratur; la Motte Fouque's Jakob Böhme, ein biographischer Denkstein, (1831); Lichtenberg's Tagebuch and Schubart's later Poems. Editions of Böhme's Works, (1) Amsterdam, 1634–77; (2) [minor works] Frankfort, 1675; (3) Amsterdam, 1682, 9 vols.; (4) Amsterdam, 1715, 2 vols.; (5) Amsterdam, 1730, vols.; (5) Leipzig, 1831–47, 7 vols.; (7) reissue of last, 1861, seq.

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mirror, covers, not unpoetically, the spot where the pot of gold rested."

As his physical frame was not strong, his father thought best to apprentice him to a trade, instead of making a *bauer* of him. The honorable craft of the cordwainers — already boasting of a Hans Sach, and destined to be proud of such sons as George Fox, John Pounds, Roger Sherman, and our Silesian — was the one selected; and Jacob was entered as an apprentice in Görlitz. Omens of his future still accompanied him. One day a queer-looking stranger called at the shop, when all but Jakob were out, and priced a pair of shoes. To be rid of him, and of the responsibility of trading, the timid apprentice asked an exorbitant price; but the stranger submitted to be jewed, and paid the money. When once in the street again, he called Jakob out by name, and, taking the melancholy, nervous lad by the hand, said, "Jakob, thou art little, but thou shalt be great, and become another man, — such a one as at whom the world shall wonder. Therefore be devout, fear God, and revere his word. Above all, read diligently the Holy Scriptures, wherein thou hast comfort and teaching; for thou must needs undergo distress and want, and withal persecution. But be of good cheer, and stand fast, for thou art dear to God, and he is gracious to thee."

As was the exhortation, so was the life, it appears, from all that we know of these apprentice years of this upright, God-fearing lad, and of the *Wander-jahre* or journeyman-years that followed them. We judge, however, from his own vivid pictures of the process of the mystical regeneration, that "the gray luik o' life" was all that was vouchsafed him as yet. The soul, finding itself cast out from Paradise, was pressing back thither through the piercing, fiery sword of the cherub that kept the gate, and under that sword it must stand till the divine fire should consume its vanity of craft and lust. Once an ecstasy fell upon him, — the reaction of the inward suffering of the true mystic. "A divine light shone around him for seven days together, and he stood in the highest beholding and kingdom of joy."

But the enlightenment, at this stage went no farther than to awaken in him a deep concern for the moral uprightness and Christian consistency of his fellow-men, and an impulse to reprove their

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faults. He was cast among strangers, — a situation especially painful to the melancholy and introverted mind. But the fire burned in his bones, and would not let him be silent; and we hear that one master sent him about his business, rather than bear his pointed rebukes of the sins of house and shop. We get a glimpse of these experiences when he is dwelling upon the story of Joseph's early life, and especially the words, "Behold this dreamer," in his "Exposition of Genesis," "a fanatic fellow! He will inveigh against our good customs, wherein we have honor and good days. What! shall this fellow teach and reprove us?"

In 1594 he attained mastership in his craft, and set up his own shop in Görlitz, marrying Frau Catharina Kunschmann, the daughter of a butcher in that city. They had four sons about their table, as the years went on, and Kate made him a good, loving wife; so the little out-of-the-way house "between the gates, behind the 'Spital Forge," was the home of peace. Except in the very last years of his life, Jakob seems to have entirely supported his family by his awl, and to have stood well with his neighbors as an honest, hard-working man. In some things, doubtless, he seemed a little queer. He was not as sociable and neighborly as might be desired; but he was always ready to lend a helping hand if need were.

In 1600 — the year they burnt Giordano Bruno — came a second great crisis in the spiritual life to Böhme. The mystery of the universe, the problem of good and evil, had been pressing on mind and heart for we know not how long, — perhaps we might say for these twenty years back. "Heathenish thoughts" were suggested to him, but he thrust them away, and "strove with heart and mind, thought and will," in prayer "with the love and mercy of God, and, after sundry sore tempests of the soul, broke through the gates of hell into the innermost birth of the Godhead." "I beheld and knew the being of all beings, the ground and the unground; also the birth of the Holy Trinity, the descent and the first estate of this world and of all creatures through the Divine Wisdom. I knew and beheld in myself all the three worlds, — namely, the Divine, Angelic, or Paradisic [world as light]; the dark world or the first estate of nature as fire; and this outer world as a creative or outbirth, or as an uttered being from both

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the inward spiritual worlds." . . . And many other such high and mystical matters, of which this is a taste.*

The occasion of this enlightenment was simple enough to provoke the scorner to laughter. The shoemaker was gazing on the reflection of the sun's rays from a bright pewter cover, — one of a row, no doubt, on Frau Böhme's well-scoured dresser. Thoughts and ideas rushed upon him, which almost overwhelmed his brain. He went out into the fields, that lay near at hand, to shake them off; but everything seemed to renew and deepen them. In the very grass and flowers of the field he found the impress of a divine signature † on their lineaments and figures that discloses to him "their essences, uses, and properties," and showed him an unearthly meaning uttering itself through them.

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* George Fox, in the year when Böhme's works were printing in English, was making that strange search through all sects and parties in England for any that knew a deeper truth than opinion or tradition, — the search that ended in 1647 with the discovery that One was seeking him. Did he come upon Böhme's Books, and find any help there? Here is the story of his illumination: —

"Now was I come up in spirit through the flaming sword into the Paradise of God. All things were new, and all creation gave another smell unto me than before, beyond what words can utter. . . . The creation was opened to me, and it was shown me how all things had their names given to them according to their nature and virtue. I was at a stand in my mind whether I should practice physic, seeing the nature and virtues of things were so opened to me by the Lord. . . . He showed me that the physicians were out of the wisdom of God, by which the creatures were made, and so knew not their virtues, because they knew not the Word of Wisdom by which they were made."

"I saw into that, which was without end, things which cannot be uttered, and of the greatness and infinitude of the love of God, which cannot be expressed by words. For I had been brought through the very ocean of darkness and death, and through and over the power of Satan, by the eternal and glorious power of Christ." . . .

† A word borrowed from the Spagiric or Paracelsian school of medicine, which held that the shape of plants, by resemblance to parts of the human body, designated the organs whose disorders they would be likely to heal. Hence the names of many of them, such as *liverwort*. Böhme's "signatures" are traced in far more recondite lineaments, and can be seen only by the theosopher who enters into communion with the divine mind, and submits to have God "open" his creative thoughts within him, that he may think them after God.

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Those who have any acquaintance with the Hermetic and Alchymical literature that abounded at that period will have discerned that Böhme was no intellectual Melchizedek; that his mind had taken its direction from the books and men of his own time. His turns, both of thought and expression, savor of Paracelsus and his school, and of the congeries of strange notions, and still stranger previsions of late discoveries, that passed with them for natural philosophy. And, indeed, from the moment we get any clear notion of Böhme's outer life, we find him the centre of a group of such persons; their opinions form one of the three elements that are commingled in his writings, and detract much from their clearness and worth. In his very first book he tells us, "I have read the writings of many high masters, in the hope to find therein the ground and the true deep; but I found naught save a half-dead spirit that yearned in anguish after health, but could not, for its great weakness, attain to complete strength." And indeed he makes what he borrows his own, fusing it with new fire, and often filling up the dry husks and shells of the alchemical phraseology with substance and meaning of his own. Those who knew more about those books than he did confessed that they found in his writings a satisfaction and a depth that was lacking in those others.*

Another and a better influence was that of the noble mysticism of the Silesian Knight, Caspar von Schwerkfeld (1490–1562), and the Saxon Pastor, Valentine Weigel (1533–1588), the latter one of the most remarkable men of the century. Starting from the standpoint of the "Theologia Germanica," he developed a system of absolute idealism three centuries before Schelling. Their followers were numerous in Silesia, which is the eastern focus of German mysticism, as Wurtemberg is the western; some of them were Hermeticists also, and Weigel himself was not free from the influence of Paracelsus.

But a third element in Böhme's writings cannot be traced to any previous source: it is all his own. We mean his profound speculative thoughts and "beholdings," which would give him

* See Dr. Harless: Jakob Böhme und die Alchymisten. (Berlin, 1870.)

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rank with Plato, Eckhart, Spinoza, and Hegel, were it not for his dialectic deficiencies, that unfitted him to develop his thoughts as a consecutive philosophy. It is this element that is all his own, wrought for and fought for, seen with his own eyes, received by no tradition, either orthodox or heretical. Therefore, with small faculty of making the many understand him, he has made a few enter into his meaning in a sense which is peculiar to the seer; has made them feel how strange this world is; how much stranger the things that fools count common than the things that fools stare at, all agape.

How soon these new friends discovered that here there was a congenial spirit, and a greater mind than their own, because an originative, we do not know. Not till 1611 or 1612 did the impulse to authorship come upon the shoemaker; for his illumination was slow and progressive. "I must needs begin to labor in this great mystery as a child that goeth to school. In the inward I saw it indeed as in a great deep; for I saw through it as a chaos, wherein all lay; but to develop it was to me impossible. It opened itself, however, from time to time in me, as in a growing plant; yet I was twelve years about it, and it was breeding in me. And I found in me somewhat that drove fiercely till I should bring it forth. And presently it came therewithal strongly into mind to write this down for a memorial to myself; albeit I could very hardly apprehend the same in my outer man, and bring my pen to express it. . . . I can write nothing of myself, but as a child that neither knoweth nor understandeth anything, nor hath ever learnt, but only that which the Lord vouchsafeth to know in me, according to the measure that He discloseth Himself in me."

As he wrote at this first book "The Aurora" (Die Morgenrothe im Anfang), a possible public took shape before him, and the matter cast itself into the colloquial form that characterizes most of his writings. He sketched out the plan of a work designed to cover the three great fields of theology proper ("philosophy"), natural philosophy ("astrology"), and the spiritual life of man ("theology"), purposing to disclose the true ground of each to his readers. "But the Devil bethought him to give me a holiday at the work, since he saw that day would break therein." When Böhme was busy with the second grand topic, a friend got sight of

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the MS., and began to speak of it; then another borrowed the work, and had it copied secretly and hurriedly. The bruit of it spread more and more, until it reached the ears of the clergy of the city, who called the attention of the magistracy. Three entries in the diary of one of the burgomasters — Bartholomew Scultetus — tell us how the Prophet of Görlitz was honored in his own country: —

"*Anno* 1613, *Jul.* 26*mo.* — Jakob Böhme, a shoemaker, living between the Gates, and behind the 'Spital Forge, was brought up to the Raths-house, and questioned about his enthusiastic faith. He was put in ward, and his written book, in quarto, was fetched immediately from his house by the sergeant. Thereafter he was dismissed from custody, and charged to meddle no more with such matters.

"*Eodem anno, July* 28*vo.* — This day, the Gospel being that about 'false prophets,' the Primarius made a sharp sermon against the shoemaker, J. B.

"*Eodem anno, Jul.* 30*mo.* — J. B., the shoemaker, was brought before the preachers, at the house of the Primarius, and straightly questioned concerning his confession."

This seems to have been Böhme's first unfriendly contact with the dominant Lutheran Church. From her doctors and divines he was not likely to receive any help or guidance that would meet his case; that they would simply let him alone, and accept as sufficient his attendance on public worship and the sacraments, was all he could ask, and more than he could expect. Since he had settled in Görlitz, he had had proof sufficient of the bitter polemic temper of the times. The Crypto-Calvinistic Controversy, so-called, — rather the persecution and expulsion of the Melanchthonian or moderate party from the primitive home of Lutheranism, — had been begun and ended. In Saxony, great memories were condemned to infamy. Wittemberg University was stripped of her professors, and their places filled with zealots, collected from country parsonages. Scholars and divines of European reputation were sent to prison, and only released and sent into exile at the intercession of reformed sovereigns like Queen Elizabeth. Printers of obnoxious pamphlets were impoverished by heavy fines, and banished from the country. The houses of honest citizens were mobbed, and their lives openly threatened; and the Chancellor of Saxony expiated the crime of Calvinism upon the scaffold.

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Böhme's side of Silesia lay just on the frontiers of Saxony, and the controversy spread thither. A petty reign of terror followed in Görlitz, destroying all unity of feeling among the citizens, and sowing suspicion and mistrust. It is recorded that Böhme's sensitive nature was profoundly affected by this state of affairs, — this opening up of the abyss of religious malevolence at his very feet.

Perhaps it helped Böhme that the questions put by Gregory Richter, the Pastor Primarius, and the other clergy, "about his confession," — that is, his faith or creed, — elicited no Calvinism from him. He was no Predestinarian; and the other doctrinal peculiarities of Lutheranism would not stagger him. He rather went beyond the clergy on those points, as we know by his writings. At any rate, he was dismissed with a promise on his part to write no more, and an understanding that they would leave him in peace.

Primarius Richter stands out as the head and front in this bit of persecution, — a passionate zealot, full of dry pedantry and a sense of his clerical importance; yet he represented his class in his treatment of Böhme. Down to the time of Spener and his Pietists, at the close of the century, any other course would have imperiled a man's reputation for orthodoxy. Even in Spener's days, a zealot of the Richter type, John F. Mayer, of Hamburg, raised the mob against a brother pastor, Spener's brother-in-law, J. H. Horbius, and drove him into exile, because he would not sign an unauthorized formula, repudiating all agreement and sympathy with Böhme.*

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* In 1694, Lawrence Sebold was banished from the City of Regensburg, at the instigation of the Lutheran clergy, for the offence of owning and reading Böhme's "Way to Christ," and refusing to sign a condemnation of his opinions. On appeal to the Imperial Chancery, at Wetzlar, he was reinstated in citizenship and communion, on the ground that a man might belong to Böhme's school, without ceasing to be a good Lutheran in the eye of the law, and therefore still entitled to imperial protection under the Treaty of Westphalia.

One of the side issues of the great Pietistic Controversy of this time was the innocence and orthodoxy of Böhme's teachings, and of the mystical theology in general. Spener and the first leaders of the movement took decidedly affirmative ground; but in the next generation the party became more scholastic, and cut loose from the Mystics, to whom they owed their first impulse.

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Such theologically-inspired mobs were much more frequent in Böhme's own days, and our prudent Burgomaster of Görlitz might well strain a point to avoid offending the clergy.

And to the clergy our theosopher must have been an inexplicable annoyance. It was impossible that he and they should understand each other. "That the Bible should present to him an entirely different aspect from that which it presented to the doctors; that they should wish to crush him as a subverter of all their clear and satisfactory deductions, — as an intruder into a province which they had an exclusive right to govern; that they should simply treat his pretensions to any apprehension of things in heaven and earth, which were not derived from them, as monstrous and impossible, was altogether natural." *

Till 1619 Böhme kept silence, but was not idle. His "Aurora" was circulated in several MS. copies; and one was made for himself to replace the original that lay *in perdu* at the Rathshouse. His circle of friends widened into Saxony and Silesia, and began to embrace nobles and officials, and men of learning. It is said that their acquaintance with Böhme was the turning point in the lives of several of these men of rank, "who had been utterly given up to worldly vanity and fleshly lusts, and had demeaned themselves no other to their inferiors than as ravening wolves would," but "now, to the wonder of all men, became the enemies of all such insolence." To some of them he paid visits at their country-seats, and seems to have been treated with a queer mixture of deference and patronage, — the former being excited by his "gifts;" the latter by the very humble and unpretending "earthen vessel" that contained them. He had not lost his old trick of making enemies by very plain-spoken rebukes, which he now based on spiritual discernment of character, rather than observation of the outer life. Twice, on these visits, he ran risk of losing his life in consequence; one wounded spirit actually bribed the lad who guided him to push him into a morass, from which he escaped with difficulty.

Unless the pictures we have of our theosopher are pictorial

* F. D. Maurice: "History of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy," (3d Ed.) vol. 2, p. 325.

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libels, there was little in the man's bearing or countenance to overawe or charm. "His presence was mean, his stature small, his forehead low, his temples prominent, his nose a little crooked, his beard short and thin, his voice low." Only his eyes were remarkable, — the bright, clear, bluish-gray eyes of genius, "like the windows of Solomon's temple," men said. The stories told of him show that he possessed the exceptional gifts of the clairvoyant. He would follow the sense of a conversation in any language, though he knew only German. He would tell his medical friends all that they knew about the properties of any plant that they showed him, after looking into its "signature." He would also ask, as a help, to be told its name in Hebrew, or at least Greek; for he had a notion that a "language of nature" underlay all the actual languages, German not excepted, and that the two languages of the original Scriptures were chosen as the Divine medium because they most closely resembled it. He picked up from these friends, and from books of the Hermetic sort, a host of Latin and artificial terms, which bestrew without adorning his books. He speaks of these as "unusual words, some of which are taken from nature and sense, and some are the words of uncommon masters, which I have tried, according to sense, and found them good and fit." This was not merely from the poverty of his vocabulary. His was one of those minds — John Foster's was another — for which certain words and sounds have a fascination of their own, apart from their meaning. Abraham von Frankenberg tells us: "The Greek word 'idea,' to which I helped him, pleased him mightily, and, as he said, seemed like a very fair, heavenly, and chaste virgin, — a sort of goddess exalted to spiritual corporeality." Yet, as Wolfgang Menzel has remarked, there is sometimes a method in his verbal madness, as when he derives *quality* from the German *quellen*, — a source or spring.

The clergy now found the seer's dangerous influence had not departed when he ceased to write, and they again began to abuse from the pulpit the unlettered teacher, whose influence over rich and learned and noble men they would fain have possessed. So far as they were concerned, he felt released from his covenant of silence, and his friends kept urging him to disregard the commands of the magistracy. As he feared the judgments of God, let him

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not hide this talent in the earth; let him fear God rather than men. There would be no lack of protectors, if the Rath made trouble, and his temporal support they would provide for.

In 1619 he resumed his pen, and threw aside awl and last, having written nothing but a very few "Theosophical Epistles" during seven years. His first works were three long and elaborate treatises, which some of his admirers regard as marking successive degrees of profound thought. They are certainly much clearer than "The Aurora;" the "Chaos" is much "more developed;" but in all of them the Paracelsian elements are abundant. "The Three Principles" is certainly one of the best and most readable of his works, and was the one that introduced William Law to his writings. "The Threefold Life of Man" and the "Forty Questions concerning the Soul" are more limited and psychological, while the former covers the whole field of his theosophy. The last has a history of its own. "The Forty Questions," answered by Böhme, were proposed by Dr. Balthasar Walther, a Silesian physician who had traveled through the East in search of the hidden wisdom, and sought it in vain from the learned bodies and high schools of Europe, to find it at last in the person of an unlearned, untraveled craftsman in his native land. He spent several months with Böhme, and bestowed upon him the title of *Philosophus Teutonicus*, which, Hegel says, was well deserved. It is noteworthy that Böhme censured his severe, ascetic manner of life, as savoring more of legal severity than of Christian freedom.

The writings of 1620 are reckoned by many, both inside and outside his school, as his very best, — less dogmatic and more dialectic in form, and freer from alien elements than those that went before them. "The Incarnation of Christ" and "The Six Theosophic Points" are the chief of them. This year he had a discussion with a Chiliastic admirer — Paul Kaym — who had made the discovery that the world was to end in 1630. To a really profound mystic, like Böhme, such calculations seemed utterly frivolous, though he himself prophesied most eloquently of "The Time of the Lily," yet in the future. As to the fate of the more material system, he would have said, with Emerson, "Let it end. We will get on much better without it."

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In 1621 he wrote only one work that is not controversial, a treatise "On the Four Temperaments," which he classifies and discusses after the traditional method of Hippocrates (as Kant also does in his "Anthropology"), and gives cautions against their dangers. A Schwenkfelder, named Balthazar Tylken, had written two books against "The Aurora" and "The Incarnation" respectively. He was a Predestinarian, and a stickler for the letter of the Scriptures and of Schwenkfeld. Böhme replied in two "Apologies against B. T.," in which his opponent is handled vigorously, if not conclusively. By a caricature of Weigel's bold mysticism, Ezekiel Meth, of Langensalza, had reached the conclusion that true believers are so completely identified with Christ that they may call themselves by his name, and attain to his complete perfection. When Stiefel recanted and withdrew, Esaias Stiefel took his place at the head of the Antinomian and Pantheistic sect — not unlike the English Ranters that troubled George Fox — that had grown up in Saxony. Böhme's books had reached them, and they sent him some of them, asking his judgment upon them. Böhme wrote, "Thoughts upon Esaias Stiefel's Book of the Threefold State of Man — His New Birth," and next year followed it up with a sharper one: "Of the Error of the Sect of E. S. and E. M., concerning Perfection." It is interesting to see how sharply Böhme defines the limits within which mysticism remains sane and Christian, and notable that he indirectly acknowledges his obligations to Weigel. As for their fancy that Christ had many a time been born of believing parents, and was continually to be looked for, he says there is hardly a cow but laughs to see men talk nonsense below her own level.

In 1622 he also wrote the treatise "Of the Signatures of Things," — the most formal statement of his views on natural science; also a number of small devotional tracts, generally included in the collection called "The Way to Christ," — the most popular and the most artistic of his writings. One of these, "Of Divine Contemplation," ranks very high as a dialectic development of his views, standing beside the treatises of 1620.

In 1623 he had a verbal discussion with Dr. Staricius, a high Predestinarian, though an Alchemist. Böhme's "beholdings" had no fair chance in such a colloquy, and, feeling that he had not

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supported the cause as it deserved, he wrote a treatise on "The Election of Grace," in which he aims to refute Predestinarianism on purely theological ground. The idea of "an eternal counsel" in the mind of God implied a denial of the divine unity, and the supposition of a division of views and interests in the Godhead. He reckoned this among his best and profoundest writings, and it was the especial favorite of Franz Baader. The same year he wrote "Of the Sacraments," a treatise whose "high" doctrine has been a stumbling-block to those of his admirers who relish the idealism of his mystic side, but not the realism of his theosophy. When the partial union of Lutheran and Reformed in Germany revived the old controversy, the late eminent critic, Friedrich Bleek, reprinted part of this treatise, as a help to clearing up the subject, and to leading both parties to a deeper apprehension of it. To this year belongs also his very large and very curious "Exposition of Genesis."

In 1624, Böhme's last year, he wrote only two short tracts of any permanent value, — the "Dialogue of an Enlightened and an Unenlightened Soul," and the (unfinished) "Prayer Book." In the early part of the year he went into Silesia, on a visit to his friends, and wrote there the "Clavis," — a glossary of the peculiar terms used in his writings, — and the "Tables of Divine Revelation," also an attempt to simplify his system, made, no doubt, at the suggestion of Abraham von Frankenberg, who was himself a great manufacturer of mystical tables and diagrams, as may be seen in his own voluminous writings. This nobleman, afterwards Böhme's biographer, about this time sent three of Böhme's tracts to the single printer that Görlitz boasted. These appeared under the title, afterwards given to a much larger collection, "The Way to Christ," and were extensively circulated throughout Liegnitz and Saxony, and even reached the Electoral Court at Dresden. The clergy were enraged, and a Pastor Frisius, of Liegnitz, wrote to Primarius Richter about the affair; and then, at his request, to the Rath of Görlitz, demanding that they no longer tolerate such a heresiarch in their midst. Richter published, by the same printer, a "Judicium," a sheet of bad Latin verse, full of *ne sutor ultra crepidam* jests, personal abuse, and curses. It shows that he had not taken the slightest pains to understand Böhme; that he had

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never even seen the book he especially abuses; that he knew absolutely nothing of Böhme's oddities and heresies, if such they were. Much of it comes with the worst grace from a man who had long hesitated between his father's honest trade, as a blacksmith, and the sacred office, and who, having unhappily decided for the latter, had notoriously soiled the cloth by his life. The only valuable bit in his pasquil is his lament that the Silesian nobility would receive Böhme with open arms, if Görlitz cast him out: —

> "Elysias [*i.e.*, Silesias] etiam fœdasti dogmati terras;
> Isthic te excipiet, sat scio, turba virum,
> Qui quantum reliquis antiquo stemmati præstant,
> Tantum aliis præeunt hac novitate suâ."

Böhme, when he came back to Görlitz, found this second storm ready to burst. At this time, or later, he had a German translation of Richter's "Judicium," made by some of his friends, and answered it in a vigorous but simple, painstaking way that makes one smile at his guilelessness. In answer to the charge of innovation, the one definite impersonal charge that Richter brought, he says, "I have no new doctrine, but only the old, which is to be found in the Bible and the kingdom of nature. I wish nothing more than that men begin once again to learn to know Nature and Scripture, not only in their breadth, but also in their depth, and to leave off unprofitable chatter, that they may enter into the ground of the truth." As Richter had closed his "Judicium" with a curse, — "male pereas sutor" — Böhme closed his reply by solemnly and earnestly invoking a blessing upon the Primarius.

April 1st, being Sunday, Richter mounted the pulpit to pour out the seven vials of clerical wrath upon the shoemaker. He was "a fanatic, a rogue, a shark, a hog, a fellow soaked in brandy, a despiser of churches and sacraments, a blasphemer who declared there were four persons in the Godhead, and that the Son of God was made of quicksilver." Böhme was present, and stood facing the pulpit, with his back to a pillar. When the people were gone, he followed the Primarius out of the church, and with great meekness asked for specific instruction as to his errors, and besought Christian courtesy. The answer was an *Apage sa-*

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thanas! and when the shoemaker besought the friendly intervention of another of the clergy, who stood by, he was threatened with the sergeant and the stocks unless he took himself about his business.

On the next and several following days, Böhme was brought before the Rath. In no way could they get the Primarius to substitute specific charges for his general denunciations. Richter threatened them with the fate of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, if they failed to cast out the heretic. Some of them had read the much-abused book, and found no harm in it, — very much good, rather. They all knew that he had powerful friends find patrons, and the Honorable Rath found themselves, in sailor phrase, "between the Devil and a deep sea."

Böhme had prepared a bold, manly "supplication" to the Rath, in which his case was clearly stated. He explained his reasons for breaking silence, charging that the clergy, so far from keeping to their part of the agreement, had continued to assail him, attacking his character as well as his orthodoxy, taking away his good name, — so far as in them lay, — making his own life and that of his wife and children a burden to them. His townsmen knew that he was no drunken tavern-loafer, as was alleged, — that he rarely crossed any threshold in Görlitz save as he needs must. Let the Primarius look at home for drunkards. Nor was he a demagogish sect-maker and separatist; he had been most regular in his church duties as a good Lutheran; and those whom he had influenced by his teachings and his writings were, for the most part, not of the common people, but men of learning and rank.

But the Rath would not even go through the forms of giving him a hearing. They dared not expel him from the city, but they besought him to leave it in peace, and save them from a collision with the higher powers. The clergy had the ear of the Elector and of the Emperor;* what if Dresden or Vienna were brought

* In these opening years of the Thirty Years' War, the Elector was siding with the Emperor, against his fellow Protestants of Bohemia and Silesia, and had indeed brought the latter into subjection to Maximilian, while the Emperor himself was occupied with the former. Silesia, for centuries, had been a dependency of Bohemia, and shared in all its commotions. In return for his services, part of Silesia was ceded to the Elector in 1626.

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to believe that Görlitz harbored heretics? Böhme gave way to their entreaties to find a refuge for a time with his friends, and committed himself to God. As he left the Rath-house, a lot of young rogues set upon him, with jeers and mockery, as one "who would make the Holy Ghost as common, by and by, as hide-spots at the tanner's." He calls them Richter's following.

Several of the officers of the Electoral Court, at Dresden, had read "The Way to Christ," and perhaps others of Böhme's books; and one of these now invited him to visit that city. Leaving his wife and children to the generous care of his friends, he set out May 19th. On his way through Saxony, he met with generous hospitality and cordial recognition of his gifts in all quarters, among the upper classes, as he tells us, in a childlike way, in his letters. At Dresden, he was well lodged and cared for; courtiers came to see him, and took him out riding in their coaches; his book was praised on all hands, and the meek, sensitive spirit, which Richter had so cruelly bruised and wounded, was healed with the wine and oil of human sympathy. Every one seemed to agree that that worthy's conduct was both unchristian and unclerical.

The world began to look bright and rosy again to the melancholy, burdened man. He began to hope for great things from the speedy reception of his message that called men from bitterness and wrath and darkness to the sweetness and light, the mildness and sweet reasonableness, of Christ. "The time of the lily" was surely not far off. Did not even Dr. Strauch, the Lutheran Superintendent, love and praise his little book? and had not Dr. Hoe* now preached much of the new birth, and Christ formed within us the hope of glory? Dr. Strauch had expressed a desire to meet him, and the day for the interview was fixed.

Here Böhmes' letters break off, and the story of the rest of his stay at Dresden is *sub lite*. Tobias Kober, Böhme's friend and

* This worthy was the very embodiment of the *odium theologicum*. He wrote a book to prove that the Calvinists in points agree with the Turks, and is charged with having persuaded the Elector of Saxony to take active part with the Emperor against the Calvinists of Bohemia at the opening of the Thirty Years' War. The Jesuits used to drink to his health, and there are strong reasons to believe that he was on the Imperial pay-roll.

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physician, writing thirty years after, and at second or third hand, tells us of an interview between the shoemaker and six of the Court divines of Dresden. Drs. Hoe, Meissner, Gerhard, Balduin, Leisner, and another, unnamed, together with the two "mathematicians" or astrologers of the Court. Böhme answered their questions with such depth of understanding, such fullness of matter, and withal so modestly, that they could find no fault in him,—not even when he became the questioner, and propounded queries that their school theology furnished no answers for. They parted without a word of censure, and Dr. Meissner is reported to have said to Dr. Gerhard, "Who knows but God may have designated him for some uncommon work? And how can we, with justice, pass judgment on that we understand not? For surely he seems to be a man of wonderful gifts in the spirit, though we cannot at present, from any ground of certainty, approve or disapprove of many things he holds." The story is a myth; there may be some now unattainable kernel of truth in it; but the details given are false, and even impossible.

In the autumn, he left Dresden to visit his friends in Liegnitz, where he stayed some six weeks, and seems to have begun to write answers to "177 Theosophical Questions," and had reached only the fifteenth when he was taken with a violent fever. He drank freely of cold water, which seemed to aggravate it. As he grew worse and worse, he decided to return home. The clerical Herod of Görlitz was now dead,* so that nothing stood in the way

"Böhmenist tradition is pretty severe upon Richter, but is not always to be trusted. We pass by an ugly story, that he cast a brother-in-law of Böhme's into a melancholy by cursing him, because the poor man paid him no interest upon a thaler which he had borrowed of him in sore distress. Church and State alike forbade interest as usury, and the Primarius could not exact it. Böhme, it is said, interfered, but Richter drove him from his presence by his foul abuse, and flung his slipper at him as he left the room. The shoemaker picked it up, and brought it back, meekly begging him not to be so offended; which is likely enough. Another tradition, first printed by J. J. Zimmermann in 1691, says that a son of Richter's studied Böhme's writings in order to refute them, and so vindicate his father's memory, but was converted in the process, and published a topical selection from them in several volumes at Thorn. I can find no trace of the book, and I do not believe the story.

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of his return. He arrived November 7th; but he had already sunk so low in health, that his physicians had no hope of his recovery, and told him that he had but a few days to live. They suggested that he should call in a clergyman and receive the last offices of the church. Böhme had no superstitious notions about the need of any *viaticum*; but, like most men who dissent from their contemporaries on great points, he cultivated no singularity in smaller matters. The suggestion of his physician fell in with his own views. Master Elias Dieterich responded to the dying man's request, and first submitted him to a long theological *examen* to ascertain his orthodoxy in a Lutheran sense. Happily the questions — still preserved for us — touched on no point of Böhme's radical differences from the school theology; for, indeed, the clergy had as yet made no study of his writings, and were aiming in the dark whenever they sought to fix the stigma of heresy on him. Dieterich, therefore, granted him absolution and administered the Lord's Supper.

Early on the morning of November 17th, "he called to him his son Tobias, and asked him whether he heard that sweet, harmonious music. He replied, 'No.' 'Open then,' saith he, 'the door, that you may the better hear it!' And asking what o'clock it was, he was told that it had struck two. "My time,' saith he, 'is not yet; three hours hence is my time.' In the meantime he spoke these words, 'O, thou strong God of Zebaoth, deliver me according to thy will! Thou crucified Jesus, have mercy on me, and take me into thy kingdom!' When six in the morning came, he took leave of his wife and son, and blessed them, and said, 'Now I go hence to Paradise;' and, bidding his son turn him, he fetched a deep sigh and departed."

Then came a protracted and painful struggle between his friends and the city clergy, who refused him the common honors of Christian burial. Richter's spirit still lingered among them. The reproaches of Lutheran zealots, in other quarters, roused them to take the most public way possible to disavow all complicity with the dead fanatic who had brought disrepute upon their city, and had poisoned other districts with his heresies. Two sessions of the Rath were held to discuss the matter, and twice did they command the clergy to give Böhme the burial that the civil law grants

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even to heretics. The new Primarius, Nicholas Thomas, absolutely refused. Elias Dieterich submitted to their positive orders, partly, it is said, because the Imperial Landvogt or Governor of the Province — the Catholic nobleman, Karl Hannibal von Dohna — was in the city and exerted himself in the matter; and not unfitly, as Böhme was to find his ablest expositors among Catholic scholars. His friends were about to leave Görlitz, and set out with the body for Schloss-Leutolzhain, where Böhme's friends, the Von Enderns, would have received it with all the honors.

Von Dohna would have no half measures. The clergy and the choir of the school children must accompany the cortege, and there must be a funeral sermon. And so, with psalmody and outer honor, the outer shell was borne from his home to the church, at whose porch the rest of the clergy slunk away, and left Dieterich to officiate. We have the sermon yet, — a wooden, juiceless, pedantic bit of chatter about the disagreeableness of dying, — almost as much Latin as German in it. The preacher assured his audience that he only submitted to the positive commands of the Rath; that he would accept no *honorarium* for his services, and that he would as lief he were a hundred miles away. As the usage was, at the close he read the "Testimonium Vitæ," drawn up by Böhme's friends, — or at least so much of it as to the story of Böhme's last communion, where he broke it off with a detailed account of the questions he had put to the shoemaker before his absolution, and declared that he accepted Böhme's affirmative answers as a recantation of his heresies. The wooden head of him! Then with tolling of the bell, and more psalmody by the school children, the shoemaker was borne to his last resting-place by the younger members of his craft.

Hate pursued him even in his grave. His friends sent from Liegnitz a large wooden cross to be placed over his grave. It was covered with emblems and inscriptions in the taste of Abraham von Frankenberg. Unknown hands first defaced it, and then destroyed it, perhaps because its mystical ornaments were supposed to have something to do with the black art. That he was a conjurer, and had a familiar spirit, was certainly believed by the common people during his life. Even his meekness burst into indignation, when, on one occasion, a stranger approached him with a persistent offer

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of money, in exchange for his magical secret, and would not heed his assurance that he was no wizard, but a good Christian, that loved God and his neighbor, and had no familiar spirit to bestow upon any. For years his house was pointed out in Görlitz as that of "the heretic Böhme." The common people were still mostly fervent Lutherans, in the heat of the Reformation movement, and devoted to the clergy. They had no deed of Böhme, and he had, as yet, no message for them. Only the classes that possessed some measure of culture, and knew that there were more things in heaven and earth than the school theology had ever dreamed of, received Böhme's message and reverenced his "beholdings."

On his death-bed he told his wife that she would not long survive him. She died, in 1626, at the house of Tobias Kober. Of his four sons, one was already dead; the rest served apprenticeship to honest trades, were married and settled in life, but have left no direct posterity.

R. E. Thompson.

MODERN SWITZERLAND.

Switzerland is accomplishing at this present time, in the midst of various turns of fortune, an important political and social revolution. She is not only a country of mountains, lakes, cascades, and chalets: she is a people active and intelligent, — a people who are endeavoring to attain to a clear consciousness of their mission, who strive to assert themselves, who understand better than ever that it is their mission to represent and to practice in Europe the principles of a democratic republic. Their task is often rude and laborious. They cannot often move quickly or well. They are divided, subdivided, parceled out. They speak four or five languages, profess two religions, possess many civilizations, and at least twenty-two governments. Ignorance jostles knowledge; the middle-age, the nineteeth century. In the midst of all this the German, French, and Italian traditions clash, contradict each other, and intermingle, aspiring in one single force to embody the genius of Switzerland.

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We may say, with little exaggeration, that before 1848 there really did not exist a Swiss people. Between the Rhone and the Rhine, the Jura and the Alps, were found twenty-two nationalities, or cantons, twenty-two sovereign states, twenty-two armies, and twenty-two constitutions, but a Swiss people could hardly be discerned. They were, first, Bernois, Zurichois, Neuchatois, Genevois, and afterwards, by occasion, by fortune, by necessity, Swiss. The cantons overruled the Swiss mother-country. Still they were trying to become Swiss. They understood instinctively that it was necessary to succeed in forming a Swiss people. They strove for it, and reached out their hand from canton to canton. In the year 1815, societies arose in all parts. Apparently, they were agitating the questions of religion, art, science, commerce, politics, and mark-shooting; but in reality they were striving to come out of their cantons, to honor each other, to exchange sentiments, and to send salutations to the Swiss mother-country. These vacillating efforts led to the war of the Sonderbund, and to the new federal constitution of 1848. They believed all was lost. They were mistaken. In the midst of revolutionary cantons and a civil war, they saw the Swiss nation appear.

Switzerland gave herself a new constitution which centralized her forces. The cantons abandoned a portion of their sovereignty to the federal power. There was a Swiss army, a Swiss currency; the custom-houses which separate the cantons leading to the frontiers became Swiss. The constitutions of the cantons must be guaranteed by the federal power; a jurisprudence was established in Switzerland, and the revolutions in the cantons were accomplished as if by magic. The nation grew and prospered. The federation became confederation. They no longer strove to become Swiss, — they were so. The changes, however, were not complete. They were still Bernois, Zurichois, Vaudois, Genevois at first, and then Swiss. That which could not be done in 1848 was accomplished in 1874.

They perceived instinctively that the constitution was insufficient. It created new wants which it found itself unable to satisfy. It contributed, without intention, towards bringing to light various disturbing elements, which, though they might be tolerated under the old regime, were incompatible with the new order of things.

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At each moment the laws of the cantons found themselves in direct opposition to the exigencies of the federal power, and the aspirations of the age. The retrograde cantons contented themselves with their immovability, and became comparatively more retrograde. Progress was stopped in its career. The machine ground heavily. All the body suffered because one member was sick. Then new facts came to the surface. It was impossible not to take them into account. Railroads traversed the valleys, rose among the mountains, circulated around the lakes, joined themselves to the grand lines of France, Germany, and Italy. Commerce revolted against the shackles of authority by the legislation of 1848. Popular education was enforced as one of the imperious necessities of the age, but in certain conditions, given over to the religious orders, it was ineffectual. In establishing himself outside of his canton, a Swiss might often demand in vain his political and municipal rights. The laws upon marriage were so different that a marriage among the Swiss themselves was always difficult and sometimes impossible. In short, events had placed upon our frontiers, eastern and southern, two great nations, Italy and Germany; the constitution of 1848 was no longer sufficient for the exigencies of the situation. The cantons felt it their duty, for the general good, to sacrifice a portion of their sovereignty. There was a certain amount of hesitation on their part. A large patriotism is required in those who voluntarily despoil themselves of their prerogatives. The first proposal for revision was rejected. The sacrifice appeared too great. Still the necessity remained and every one comprehended it; on the nineteenth of April a new plan was accepted by an immense majority. Before the nineteenth of April, disturbances, fears, menaces, and agitations prevailed; afterwards, as by some enchantment, there was calm and confidence. No despot was ever obeyed like the majority of the nineteenth of April. In Switzerland democracy was orderly, and even represented political truth.

A new era began then for Switzerland. We can now state it in two words. Before the nineteenth of April they were Bernois, Balois, Genevois, before being Swiss; afterwards, they were Swiss before being Bernois, Balois, Genevois. Such are the political changes that have of late been accomplished in Switzerland. We

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may with propriety consider it one of the best triumphs of democracy, and this triumph has not caused a single drop of blood to flow, nor even produced a single riot.

But in Switzerland and elsewhere, all political revolutions are generally preceded or accompanied by a religious revolution. In order to understand one, it is necessary to understand the other. The religious revolution has been twofold, — Protestant and Catholic. We will begin with the former, the Protestant. The Restoration of 1815 exercised a serious influence over the destinies of Protestant Europe. The political reaction engendered a religious reaction. Instead of going forward they went backward. The ideas and doctrines of the sixteenth century returned with the Bourbons. All the progress accomplished by the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was considered as treason against the Protestant faith. There was not, there could not be, any other formula than that of the confession of faith. They could not add any new doctrines, but must only modify or abridge those of the sixteenth century. The religious movement of this epoch, under the name of Pietism, was a gift of England. It had in the domain of politics conquered at Waterloo, and it ought also to have triumphed by progress in the church. But the movement, feverish and unnatural, could not last. It must disappear before modern aspirations, the discoveries of theology, and the researches of science. After 1830, a new and liberal Protestantism was seen to appear. It asserted itself in the German cantons, particularly in that of Zurich, legitimate heir of the bold and progressive genius of Zwingle; from thence it penetrated into the French speaking cantons, more or less exhausted by the spiritual despotism of Calvin.

From the same reason that modern Switzerland could no longer exist with the constitution of 1848, modern Protestantism could not accommodate itself to the ancient ecclesiastical constitutions. New constitutions, positively democratic, were demanded and obtained in the cantons of Zurich, Berne, Saint Gall, Schafhausen, Aargau, Neuchatel, and Geneva Vaud was on the road to revise hers also. The constitutions, belonging without question to the same family as the federal constitutions, established a certain harmony between the Protestant and political organism.

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After Protestantism, came Catholicism. The year 1815, which had brought a Protestant reaction, created also a Catholic reaction, and gave a new impulse to Ultramontanism. From 1850 to 1870 it advanced with great success. It invaded Switzerland. The Jesuits driven out in 1848 returned under various disguises. They were everywhere, and yet one could lay hands on them nowhere. Episcopacy even, national as it was, became Romish. The smaller clergy lost all their independence. This was seen at the time of the councils. Whilst the emissaries of the grand monarchs showed themselves hostile to the dogma of Papal Infallibility, those of republican Switzerland were enthusiastic in its praise. The inferior clergy were silent, or approved. It was evident that they intended to make use of infallibility to kill out democracy.

Monseigneur Mermillod, Curé of Geneva and Bishop of Hebron, distinguished himself by the intemperance of his language, and the duplicity of his conduct. He proposed to make Switzerland a province of the Roman hierachy. He plotted incessantly with foreigners. Infallibility imposed upon the people, opened the war of the democracy. The challenge was accepted. Moreover, the modifications which had taken place in Protestantism could not but produce a certain sensation among the Catholics. The tenth of July, 1870, the date of the promulgation of the dogma of papal infallibility, was the beginning of hostilities. The Franco-German war made, it is true, a diversion, but this diversion could not turn aside a war already inevitable. Had a Catholic despotism a right to live in a democratic republic? Democracy being at the foundation of political and Protestant institutions, ought it not also to be at the base of Catholic institutions? Were not the Syllabus and the new dogma flagrant contradictions to democracy, which must endanger permanently the republic? The response to all these questions was a liberal Catholicism.

It has been said, particularly in France, that it was an exportation from Germany, and not an indigenous product. There is no truth in the saying. Simply, the same causes have produced the same effects. The indulgences gave birth at the same time to Luther and Zwingle in Germany and Switzerland. Papal infallibility has produced at the same time in these two countries a lib-

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eral Catholicism. But in order that this Catholicism may live and develop itself, it was necessary in certain cantons to change the constitutions which were under the sway of Catholicism, and in others to make practical a liberal legislation fallen into decay. From these modifications, from these returns to legality, have come out new Catholic constitutions, which bear close resemblance to the Federal and Protestant constitutions. In short, one may say in general terms, that democracy is actually at the base of all our organizations, civil and religious. Every one saw the principles of equality applied by democracy and universal suffrage.

The changes in the political and ecclesiastical domain constituted the liberal democratic revolutions which, with scarcely any jar, have created modern Switzerland. Outwardly, nothing is changed, but in reality everything is made new. Contradictions will disappear, old laws will be erased from the codes of certain cantons, progress will be able, and must accomplish its work in all departments at the same time, order must succeed to confusion, and general interests precede private ones. Switzerland will have henceforth her army, her legislation, her tribunals, her universities and national life. We may say that on the nineteenth of April, 1874, she really became a democratic* republic. The nineteenth of April she reached the goal, towards which she had been directing her vacillating but longing steps since 1815; and she is now actually employing all her energies to put in practice the new constitution which she has given to herself. This constitution will not be a dead letter: it will be, we may hope, a spirit and a life.

J. VIOLLIER, *Geneva.*

* It may be worth while to remark, that the word "democracy" has not in Europe precisely the same signification as in America.

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THE THINGS THAT PLEASE GOD.

A SERMON. BY REV. A. P. PEABODY.

"I do always the things that please him." — JOHN viii. 29.

CAN there be a definition of a perfect character and life more comprehensive, more intelligible, than this? Can we have a rule of life more sure and easy in its application than this suggests? We know what pleases God. There are things which we are sure that we see as God sees them. This is confessedly the case with the laws of space and number, and with absolute, universal truths of every description. It is equally the case as to moral truths and laws; and in this respect there is a very wide distinction among the dispositions and acts which we dignify with the name of right or duty. There are some of them which have even a perceptible earthly parallax,— which do not occupy the same place in the vision of equally good men. There are some of them which, we know, must have a secular parallax, and owe the esteem in which they are held to temporary and transient modes of belief or feeling. There are others which hold the same place in the spiritual firmament to good men of all times, and in all conditions, and these we are conscious of seeing as God sees them.

When Jesus says, "I do always the things that please him," our own consciousness bears testimony to his words. The traits of his character, the acts of his life, have looked equally pure, radiant, and glorious to good men and women all down the Christian ages, with all their diversities of belief, culture, and condition, and we feel sure that they must bear the same aspect to the omniscient eye. So far as we follow him, we know that we have the approval of his Father and our Father. But we are slow in applying this test to the elements of our religious life. We often lay intense stress on things which must be indifferent to God; and we often lay inferior stress on things that must in his sight be of supreme and paramount importance. Reference to his judgment might often correct our own, and convict us of atrocious folly where we profess to be most wise.

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I know of no so sovereign remedy for sectarianism as might be found in the application of this test. I doubt whether exclusive ritualism of any sort would dare to offer itself for trial on any such ground. Rites of some kind are necessary for social and public worship; for they are a conventional language of devotion, by which a body of worshipers can so understand one another as to offer praise and prayer with one consent. But the most stubborn ritualist would not dare to pretend that the Almighty cares in what color or fashion he decks himself or his altar when he prays, that his sincere heart-offering is made more acceptable by the garment he wears, or that an insincere lip-service is consecrated by stoles or candles. He who excludes from the communion-table his confessedly Christian brother who thinks differently from him about baptism, would be slow to acknowledge that God proportions his complacent regard for equally devout men to the quantity of water used in their initiation into the Christian church, or that he withholds his favor even from the Quaker who sincerely thinks that the symbolic baptism of water has been in the divine purpose superseded by the baptism of the Holy Spirit. You will hardly find a champion for the exclusive right of episcopal ordination who would venture to assert that the divine malediction rests on the saintly Oberlin, as with grace transmitted not from fingers' ends, but from the spirit of the ever-living Christ, he spreads the holy table with the three kinds of bread preferred respectively by the Romanists, Lutherans, and Calvinists of his mountain flock; and that the blessing witholden from this holy man attends the ministrations of the ignorant and vicious ecclesiastic who can trace his pedigree to the apostles, but has neither received nor sought any gracious gift from their Lord and Master. The very idea that these paltry matters are of any concern to the Supreme Being, is so absurd as to resolve itself into mere fetichism, and ceremonial punctiliousness, if it be really regarded as a part of worship, deserves no better name than this; while if it be deemed unessential to acceptable worship, it is but a sorry account that can be given of the time wasted, the zeal expended, and the love lost in sustaining it.

We should be compelled, I think, to take precisely the same view of our frequent disposition and conduct toward one another

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on more important subjects, — on Christian dogmas appertaining to the highest of all truths, to God, to Christ, and to the eternal life. Here I would not plead for indifference. I cannot believe that indifference is pleasing to God. He who has kindled the light of intellect cannot but claim that it be thrown with its most searching rays upon himself, in his relations with man. Nor have I any faith in the depth, or even in the genuineness of the emotional feeling which has no back-ground of belief, or intellectual conception. Faith, to be sure, is much more than belief; yet it must spring from and rest upon belief. But the attitude which Christian believers often assume toward one another, by the test which I now propose is utterly untenable. If religion be measured by the spirit of Christ, there are few things more irreligious than those (so called) religious newspapers, whose perpetual aim seems to be to cherish mutual disesteem among equally sincere inquirers after truth, — on the one hand, seeking to attest their loyalty to their loving Master, with his all-embracing tolerance and charity, by the narrowness of their sympathy, and on the other hand, identifying breadth with bitterness, and liberality with scorn. It is thus that such truth as is held is "held in righteousness," by not a few of all sects and parties. Now what are all these differences, if honest? They are but different views of truths too large, too high, to be seen all round and in their entireness by any mortal, — truths "in part unseen, in part but dimly seen." From the divine point of view all our creeds must be equally inadequate, — gropings after the truth, — if by the best light attainable, healthful and invigorating, tasking and training our apprehensive powers by the noblest discipline they can have, stimulating our wills and our energies to their highest efforts, and educating our dim vision for the clearer revelations which will open upon us in the life to come. But these truths are so refracted by the hazy medium through which alone we can behold them, that positive dogmatism is the height of folly. What we can do and should do is to borrow light from one another, and to strive each so to develop whatever of truth he can apprehend, so to purge it from partiality and prejudice, so to rectify it by the faithful study of the divine Word in consciousness, nature, providence, and revelation, that he may feel and manifest more and more of its sanc-

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tifying power in heart and life. This, and not mutual antagonism, petty jealousies and partizan warfare, must needs be among the things that please God.

I have spoken thus of the prevalent blemishes in our religious life, because I feel sure that they are incurred and persisted in solely because in them our view is not fixed on the things that please God, but that we simply seek in them to hallow by the form or show of devotion precisely the same elements of character which, if manifested in secular affairs, we should at once condemn as unchristian, and should regard as among the things to be put away by him who would really follow Christ.

Let us now look at the positive side of the theme suggested by our text. When we ask what are the things that please God, we can hardly be at a loss. First of all, it must be his good pleasure that our inward being should centre in him, and that piety to him should be the source and the inspiration of our daily lives. I apprehend that, though this sounds like a truism, it is, like many truisms, more familiar in sound than in thought. Even the religiousness of our time lacks piety. This lack is manifested in the very material forms and arrangements that might seem to indicate its presence and power. The great monuments of medieval piety — those stupendous edifices which are man's least finite copy of the infinite — were built, not as means of drawing worshipers, but as the expression of the rude indeed, yet profound and awe-stricken reverence of nations, — a reverence that would have been equally rendered before a roadside crucifix. We, with such modicum of taste as we may have, build and bedizen our churches, and alike in orchestra and pulpit cater for the public ear, sometimes in strains that bear the remotest kindred to the songs of Zion, sometimes — heaven grant the contagion spread not — in slang, buffoonery and ribaldry, as the only condition on which men and women will consent to seem to give an hour a week to God. This setting traps for worshipers, and baiting them with devices of worldly cunning, is a specialty of our time. We laugh at the barn-like meeting-houses of our fathers, their unartistical psalmody, their hour-long homilies. But that they needed no appliance of art, taste, or even common comfort, — that neither snow, nor cold, nor heat would keep them from the house of God, — indi-

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cates in them a spirit of devotion which no mere human skill or genius can woo back.

The feeling is to a great degree prevalent that piety has no earthly use, while it can certainly add nothing to the supreme glory and felicity of the Object of our worship. It may be that we are wrong in the latter assumption. As the ocean is kept full by the confluence of rivers, brooks, and fountains from all the world over, so may the joy of the Creator be replenished by the flow of grateful, trustful thought and feeling from all realms of his spiritual universe; and thus, in our tribute of thanksgiving, praise, and prayer, we may be literally doing the very things which most please him whose love cannot go forth for his children without, from the very nature and essence of love, claiming a return in kind. As for the other assumption, that piety is of no earthly use, — though it seems to do no work, may it not be as rain upon the inaccessible mountain-tops, whence come the springs which run among the valley, fertilize the tilth of man, and reappear in the harvest-wealth of meadow, garden, field, and orchard? This at least we know, that no good *man* is pleased by ingratitude, by extorted thanks, or by praise beguiled from reluctant tributaries; and that in proportion to the sterling worth of the man is his appreciation of the loyal love and thankfulness of his beneficiaries. Much more, then, must the Author of our being be pleased by the thankful recognition of his love on the part of those whom it sustains, gladdens, redeems, ordains to be partakers of its own immortality. So natural, so intrinsically fitting, so obviously due, is this tribute of our felt dependence, our fervent gratitude, our loyal trust, our warm affection, and so constant and full were these emotions in the only son of man who could say without reservation, "I do always the things that please him," that we cannot imagine his good pleasure in us if we withhold them. Nor can we overestimate their actual working power in our daily lives. They are energy in toil, transparency in thought, encouragement under adverse circumstances, serviceableness in our social relations, elasticity in youth, prolonged vigor in age, strength when all earthly strength fails.

Another point at which we are prone to part company with him whose words give us our text, is as to the breadth and tenderness of

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our human sympathies. Not only did he go about doing good, an earthly incarnation of the loving providence that fills the throne of the universe, but his sympathy was always with whatever tended or looked toward good in others. On this way how far behind him whom we profess to follow are our closest steps! How little mindful are we of opportunities of which every day is full for contributing our part — our mite it may often be, yet helping to make up the sum — to the happiness, well-being, and growth in character of those among whom we dwell and move! Still more, I witness in those with whom I am most familiar, I detect in myself (and am ashamed of it), a lack of sympathy with the good that others are attempting to do, if it be not in our way, — a readiness to urge objections on merely æsthetic grounds. Our Saviour, when his disciples saw a man essaying to do good, but not in his name, rebuked them for interfering with him, and announced that broadly catholic principle, "He that is not against us is for us." We, if men will not do good in our way, or in accordance with our taste, are prone to range ourselves in the opposite camp. Thus, how quietly have we been enduring the inroads of intemperance, the encroachments of custom and fashion in this direction, the symtoms of a relapse into whatever was most to be deprecated in the past! How entirely apathetic had what we call, and often miscall, Christian sentiment become as to this inveterate and deep-rooted evil! But no sooner is a movement initiated for arresting its growth than we — most of us — feel moved to apply to it far keener æsthetic criticism than we should ever think of applying to any social innovation of an opposite kind, — to the introduction of customs, practices or amusements fraught with contingent harm or peril to good morals. I name this as a specimen of what seems to me a thoroughly unchristian tendency, to which we are liable in many directions. It shows itself as an obstructing force in ostensibly Christian hands at every epoch and as to every measure of reform and progress, often putting the Church into the rear when she ought to be in the van, and casting reproach upon her in the very concerns in which she ought to win the most abounding and enduring honor. Now, if we take the divine point of view, and habitually ask ourselves as to the things that please God, I believe that we shall find ourselves never chiding in others the

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good that we will not do ourselves, always in sympathy with sincere and earnest endeavors in the right direction, rejoicing in all that is done for the redemption of humanity, though not in the way we might have chosen, and earnestly desirous of bearing our part in the establishment of his reign whose right it is to reign.

My subject is exhaustless. It covers the whole of life. There is no department of duty outside of its scope, and the sole thought which our text suggests would supersede all casuistry, and solve without the slightest difficulty such questions as we often hold in suspense. The divine side of the question, the spirit, the conduct which must of necessity please God, we can generally determine without the shadow of a doubt. Our much more frequent and difficult problem is, How far may we yield to personal or social proclivity, taste, custom, prejudice, and yet not incur the express and utter displeasure of our Almighty Witness and Judge? We shall make our duty as clear as it now often seems obscure, our heavenward path as straight, easy, and luminous as it now often appears tortuous and hazy, if we will only take for our life-motto those words of Jesus, "I do always the things that please him."

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EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE SARATOGA CONFERENCE.

THE sixth biennial meeting of the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches was held at Saratoga, during the week September 13–20. To many persons the place of meeting suggested only a mammoth picnic, without serious purpose: and apprehensions of discord in discussion of exciting topics created some distrust of the result. All such doubts have speedily and happily disappeared, and by general consent the occasion has, in the various purposes of the Conference, far surpassed all preceding meetings.

As we think of the toilsome, tedious pilgrimages of other days, and the marvelous facilities with which people, thousands of miles apart, were swiftly brought here together, or as former church councils, with their trials of heresy and fierce persecutions, are compared with the brotherly greetings and warm fellowship of this meeting, the old times and the new appear in vivid contrast.

Through the corridors and piazzas and parlors of the immense hotel passed to and fro a friendly throng, greeting old acquaintances or forming new ones, and giving to the occasion a delightful social charm. Thus the fellowship, of which abstractly we theorize so much, was made real; the common feeling was attuned to a quick and sympathetic response to the spirit and sentiment and kindling appeals of the meetings; and the denominational *esprit de corps* was stimulated, not to be manifested, we trust, in any narrow sectarianism, but in more brotherly co-operation for the common cause.

Among the practical advantages peculiar to the place were the facility with which all were cared for, without burdening the hospitality of any society, the readiness with which privacy, quiet, and rest were at command, and the great opportunity for personal interviews, committee conferences, and the transaction of business

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details. For these practical advantages, Saratoga affords an opportunity so rare and peculiar that many persons deemed it the fittest place for a permanent appointment of the conference meetings, and we shall not be surprised to find our meeting but the pioneer for similar meetings of every denomination.

Nor was our cause ever before so widely published to the nation. Deemed by many the private fancy of a select coterie of the refined and fastidious, the Unitarian faith is unknown to the people. That our churches care enough for Christianity to go so far from home, and in numbers so large to serve its interests, was a new revelation of their faith and zeal.

It was one of the advantages of the place, also, that early morning meetings for prayer were rendered possible. Hitherto the delegates have been so widely scattered that such meetings were impracticable, and have not been held at the sessions of the National Conference. The whole occasion was pervaded by a devout religious impression, whose tone was given by the three morning meetings with their earnest testimonies of deep experience.

Several papers of great ability were presented. The relations of religion and science, and some results of the voluntary system in church administration, were discussed in essays, brilliant as clustered diamonds. A strong and searching paper on temperance won the Conference with unanimity to bear its weightiest testimony against the sin and crime and disastrous effects of intemperance, and in favor of all religious and social influences to disarm the demon. While the old theology would crush, liberal Christianity, with more hopeful views of human nature and more human conceptions of the divine administration, would lift up and help the fallen. And its special message was expressed in admirable papers on crime and the treatment of criminals.

A message of brotherly greeting was sent to the Universalist Convention in session in New York, and a warm response was received. A similar expression was heartily voted, after slight debate, to the Council of Trinitarian Congregational churches soon to meet at New Haven. This was promptly followed by the proposal of a like vote to the Free Religious Association. If sent to one, what good reason for withholding from the other, especially since in the

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ranks of the latter are many with whom we have closer relation of personal friendship. In the warm debate that followed, the Conference steadily refused to be misled from settled convictions, even by the most trusted leaders and most earnest appeals. In the calm judgment that overwhelmingly voted down every attempted endorsement of an expression that seemed to compromise the Christian confession, we recognize this clear discrimination. The New Haven Council maintains allegiance to Christianity and announces the purpose to propagate it. However we may criticise its errors or defects, in the sweep of the grand purpose all minor faults will be outgrown, and in that purpose we work together. The Free Religious Association distinctly repudiates such purpose, and in free debate brings Christianity into perpetual question. On its platform met last spring, in threefold debate, the Christian with brilliant plea for loyalty to the religion which is our birthright inheritance, the anti-Christian who, with destructive criticism, would tear the gospel into tatters as a hindrance to human welfare and progress, and the extra-Christian, with tender farewell to Christianity, as the cradle that cherished our childhood, now outgrown, and no longer needed. Do we then fear the free conflict between truth and error? By no means. Christianity has survived the criticisms and conflicts of the centuries, and is going on conquering and to conquer. But why needlessly multiply its obstacles?

No real believer in Christianity fears its downfall in any free debate. But when we are settled in conviction that the gospel is a blessing to the race of man, why waste the century in preliminary debate to establish its claim? The work of the Conference is to move forward, proclaim it to mankind, and with it prepossess and consecrate the continent. A philosophical debating club may be a needed and desirable institution. And for those who are interested in the preliminary stages of theological inquiry, it may be well freely to measure and test all religions. But for those who accept Christianity, and deem its truth and value settled by the intelligent experience of mankind, as well as authenticated by their own personal intuitions, and who organize as a conference of Christian churches to disseminate it, surely it is inconsistent with common sense, it seems a self-stultification, to bring it into perpetual question, or to express sympathy with a society that is ready to advo-

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cate or condemn it according to the chance leadership of the hour. And this we think was the solid sense of the meeting which steadily resisted the eccentricities of a few brilliant speakers.

In the agitations among us not peculiar to ourselves, but common to all the churches of Christendom, which indeed keep our life from stagnating, and render our thought forever fresh, it is a matter of congratulation that we may calmly confide in the stability of that common sense which, having organized on a Christian basis, will not permit itself to be removed; having hoisted the Christian flag, will not, under the specious plea of liberty, suffer it to be hauled down.

PROF. JEFFRIES WYMAN.

THE death of this distinguished man of science is not only the loss of one of the most eminent teachers of his time, but also of one of the rare men in any time who dignify their knowledge by the nobleness and beauty of characters that teach a lesson better than any to be found in books. To the fact that Prof. Wyman published comparatively little, and that he neither possessed nor desired certain showy qualities which seem to be needed to catch the popular eye, — perhaps also to the fact that he was an American working quietly at home in his own land, — is due his freedom from that kind of celebrity which would probably have hindered much more than it would have helped his true work. But it remains established, nevertheless, that he is recognized, by all competent students, to have been an authority second to none in his department of knowledge, and that by all who have had the happiness of being his pupils he is gratefully remembered as a teacher who, for more than twenty-five years, has been one of the most inspiring and lofty influences in Harvard University, teaching the method of loyally seeking truth in all departments of knowledge by his method in his own, and making evident the worth of knowledge and the way in which it should be sought and held by the simplicity and unselfishness of his daily life.

A beautiful tribute to him appeared in "The Boston Daily Advertiser," from the hand of Dr. O. W. Holmes, which we copy:

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JEFFRIES WYMAN.

It belongs to a later day and another hand to give to the public a fitting record of the life and labors of the student of nature and teacher of science whose loss we have been so suddenly called upon to deplore. But it does not seem out of place to set down here a few words such as some one of us might have spoken at the side of the grave, in which we have just laid him, if that custom of other lands were known among us.

It is hard to speak of a man so averse to all exaggeration, and so little disposed to over-rate himself, without fearing that we shall say more in his praise than he would be willing to hear, if he could listen to our eulogies. Yet how much that we could not say during his life comes of itself to our lips now that he can no longer shrink from the breath of praise!

We have lost in Prof. Wyman as nearly perfect a model of the student and teacher of science as we have ever known or are ever like to meet with. Never, to begin with, was a man more entirely surrendered to his work. He gave his life from his youth upward to the pursuit of natural science, as a missionary devotes himself to preaching his faith, or a martyr sacrifices all he has and is to it. To study the forms, the functions, the development of the animal creation, was the main business of his life. It offered a boundless and a worthy field for his fine intelligence. What, according to the Mosaic record, had taxed the powers of Omnipotence for two whole days and nights, a third of the entire creative period, must furnish study enough for the life of a single finite being. And it was a kind of natural religion with him to search out what was recorded in those great volumes, written all over with lessons from the Creator's own hand. No social ambition, no desire of wealth, no pursuit of pleasure, no excuse of invalidism — and he was never strong, and for many years always ailing — was allowed to interfere with his self-consecration to his task.

From first to last, from his early manhood to his ripe maturity, it appeared as if he never sought or found an idle moment. In truth, his pleasure was in the pursuit that he had chosen, and thus he could not get away from work without condemning himself to privation. If he wandered for what seemed a careless stroll his quick eye was always finding something strange or rare. It seemed as if nature knew her true lover, and was always sending him some curious token of her fondness, as to one who could value her favors as they deserved. He was sure to be in luck when any search was going on for any curious object, living or dead. Where others saw only pebbles and sand his microscopic sight would detect the chips of an Indian arrow-shaper, and he would presently pick up an arrow-head that generations of men had walked over without ever seeing. He knew the haunts of the lonely

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creatures that skulk in out-of-the-way holes, or steal through the tangled thickets, or lurk in the dark pools, and made many a living thing that shunned the public gaze famous and immortal in the jars of his museum. Where othere saw nothing more than a stray clam-shell or two, he would detect a "kitchen-midden," where a tribe of savages had lived hundreds of years ago, and left its record in the gastrological strata through which he would soon be digging as if he had found a gold-mine. In those hot climates which he visited for health, he kept his eyes always on everything that stirred, and brought back from his walk a mighty toad or a monstrous rattlesnake as another might come home with a handful of orange-flowers or a branch of blossoming magnolia. In this way he became acquainted with and made known many curious points of structure and functions in animals which had heretofore been little studied.

He was, in a word, a natural observer, as another man is a natural painter or musician. Put him down anywhere, and his eye began taking the inventory of the natural objects about him, something in the same way in which White of Selborne looked round and catalogued the furniture of his unwalled dwelling-place. But he was not content with the good clergyman's quiet way of observing nature. He was inquiring, aggressive, penetrating, importunate, persistent, until he had got out of the object he studied the secret it had to tell him. And what an eye he had for a hint, no matter how slight, beneath which lay hidden a record he was to decipher! No Indian ever followed a trail with a nicer sense than he brought to the study of a sliver of bone or a fragment of pottery. The kind of implement with which a jar was fashioned or ornamented, the weapon with which a victim was slain, the mark of a cannibal's tooth, — any trace of this kind he recognized with a sagacity which can only be compared to that almost preternatural fineness of sense which enables a woman to draw conclusions from infinitesimals in which the differential calculus of a male philosopher would never suspect a meaning.

Such sagacity is very often accompanied by two qualities which it is natural enough that it should breed: haste in coming to conclusions, and an over-estimate of one's self which not rarely gets fed up to the dimensions of conceit. But with all his penetration Prof. Wyman was as cautious as a man could well be without timidity. He was so perfectly trustworthy in his statements, and safe in his conclusions, that while constantly adding new facts to what he had already learned and taught, he never, so far as we can remember, had to retract a statement to which he had once fairly committed himself. He was not timid, but he was not in a hurry. He knew that nature was patient, that she did the same thing over in the same way a great many times, and he felt that if she could afford to be leisurely in her operations he could afford to be patient in watching her. In his experiments on spontaneous generation he found his infusions became cloudy and betrayed the presence of life

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after four hours' boiling in his sealed flask. He announced the fact and went on experimenting. After *six* hours' boiling he failed to detect the presence of organisms in the fluids, and added this new fact to the record, not as final, but as the result of all his trials up to the date of the record.

Always in his laboratory when he was not busy with out-of-door nature, the labors of his hands and the results of his accumulations gradually grew into that beautiful collection which is as truly his monument as St. Paul's is that of its architect. Here, more fully perhaps than in his printed contributions to science, are to be found embodied the discoveries and the ideas to which he was led by his searching observation and his skillful dissections. To be thoroughly appreciated, the objects displayed, classified, and carefully arranged in his museum, must be studied, as the great monumental collection of Hunter has been studied, by a mind not unlike his own in its attributes. The lessons are written out in full on his shelves, which are summed up briefly in his pages. To go through the treasures which his keen eye had discovered, and his nice hand had in a certain sense created, was a delight which no one who has enjoyed can ever forget.

The foundation of the Archæological Museum, of which Prof. Wyman was appointed curator, gave a somewhat different turn to his studies in these later years. Archæology shades into ethnology, and this into physiology, in which he was already a master. He entered into this new field of labors singularly well prepared for it by his acquisitions as well as his tastes, and with an enthusiasm which had all the ardor of youth and all the sustained energy of matured power and long habits of systematic diligence. One could not look without admiration on the order and beauty which had arisen out of the chaos of antiquities and curiosities which had loaded the corridors and floors of Boylston Hall in the shape of huge unwieldy boxes, filled with all manner of battered relics, — skulls which had been cracked by Incas at their sacrifices; bones which mourning relatives had split to get at their marrow; earthen pots which had done service at troglodyte banquets; clothing and implements and weapons and divinities from all parts of the earth and from all depths beneath the surface of the soil or the water. How exquisitely these objects have been arranged! how carefully they have been labeled in that neat, delicate, upright handwriting, so familiar to our eyes, all of us who have visited the collections in these later times can recall with gratification that so much has been done, — with grief that he is to be no longer the life of this new and most interesting department in our university.

It would be premature and presumptuous, in a sketch like this, to attempt to weigh the absolute or relative value of his scientific labors. He worked side by side in the same institution of learning with one of the greatest masters of science whom this generation has known. He

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made no pretensions to cover the whole broad field over which Agassiz extended his survey. He was not a systematizer. He never published a single volume, so far as we remember. He aimed to elucidate certain special points of structure and of function, and, when he had worked them out to his own satisfaction, he told in clear and concise language what he had seen, and how he had experimented, and what were his conclusions. He never wrote a paper unless he had something of his own to tell, and he tried to make his account simple and brief where many scientific writers would have attempted to spread out their facts and inflate their inferences.

His natural ingenuity helped him greatly in contriving the apparatus required in his researches. Among these a sphygmometor, or pulse-indicator, of his own invention, and an exquisite little arrangement by which he made more evident, and even measured the rapidity and force of the ciliary movement, come first to our remembrance. But in these few recollections only the writer's unaided memory is consulted, and all that is recalled of him can not pretend to be more than a hint or two, here and there, to show those who have heard him named as one of whom we were all proud and whom we all cherished, and it might almost be said reverenced, what manner of man he was.

And now, not forgetting the promise of temperate language implied at the beginning of these paragraphs, we say deliberately that a more beautiful and truly admirable character would be hard to find among the recorded lives of men of science. The basis of all was in his personal qualities, his absolute truthfulness, his great modesty, his amiable disposition, his quiet enthusiasm, his inexhaustible patience. He never boasted, he never sneered, he never tired; he put forward no pretensions to infallibility, though he was never caught making mistakes; he was always exact and positive as to what he had seen, but willing to suspend his opinion, however tempting a generalization might offer itself, if it was only probable and not proved. He was prompt to recognize the merits of those whom he considered in any way his superiors, generous in his estimate of his equals, and a willing helper of all those who looked to him for any kind of knowledge he could impart. In a word, he was always the same honest-minded, sagacious, unprejudiced, sweet-souled and gentle-mannered creature of God, whom it was a joy to meet, a privilege to listen to, a regret to part from; whom it is a sorrow beyond words to lose, and whom it will always be a precious inheritance to remember.

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OF THINGS AT HOME.

THE question of mixed schools at the South is a very important one, and is claiming public attention, particularly at this time, in connection with the civil rights bill. It is as unwise to look upon all those opposed to these schools as enemies to human rights, as it is, on the other hand, to consider those who favor them as unpractical theorists.

It is a question which cannot and ought not to be decided hastily .Movers for popular education must feel their way along, consulting the will of the people, hearing both sides of the question, and experimenting in quiet ways, so as to have some actual results to rest upon. The Rev. W. George Dupee, of Kentucky, a colored man, editor of a paper and an eloquent preacher, speaks very earnestly on the subject. We have not space for all, but will quote his concluding paragraphs: —

"Now we believe by education our people will secure to them every right civilly that they claim, or that justice demands, and until this is done you may pass laws until statute books will groan under the burden, and equal civil rights will not be enjoyed. But we verily believe that under the proposed law ten years will be bartered away in quarrelling, fighting, and killing, and our people will be in the same, if not in a more discouraging state, educationally, than they are to-day. And what good did any one ever do by working at a thing that cannot be accomplished and neglecting the thing that can be? What the colored people want is good school facilities, and it don't make a particle of difference if they are not seated with the white children. We deny that justice cannot be done to the colored children unless they are in the same room with the whites.

"Mixed schools carry with them the idea of social equality, a subject that the colored people never think of or care about, as a general thing, unless the subject is introduced by some one who has an axe to grind, and who really has no very definite respect for the party thus approached. The colored people, that is those of our acquaintance, and they are not a few, don't care enough about social equality, that is, with the whites, to induce them to ask what it means. We are gratified to know that our people generally have sense enough to know that without education they are not, and cannot be, the social equals of anybody else but those without education, and that with it they can be the equals of everybody that they wish to be. Equal school facilities are what we want, and we don't desire it in the same house.

"Give us equal school facilities, and we colored people ask no more;

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and when the white and colored people go to the ballot-box and say by a majority we see the possibility of mixed schools, then, and until then, waste no more time stirring up bitter feelings between the races by unwise legislation. Give us equal school facilities, and let us have peace."

We may not agree with these opinions, but the article has a manly tone of self respect which we like to see on the part of the blacks. Rev. Dr. Sears, agent of the Peabody Fund, made remarks in a similar strain at a meeting in Virginia. He says, —

"Some persons, through false views, may be in favor of seating the two races side by side on the same benches; but can Congress compel both races to attend? No, it cannot. Some philanthropists, in urging the mixed school system, are in earnest in their efforts to benefit a poor, ignorant race; but the question is, Will it benefit them?" Among the representatives of twelve States whom he had met at Washington he only found one who was in favor of mixed schools, and he was from South Carolina. The great majority of those favoring the civil rights bill desire only that the colored race shall have equal educational facilities with the whites. Many of the senators who voted for it were hoping all the time it would be defeated, and they will not vote for it again. Many of those who voted in favor of its passage had told him that if it did not pass last session it was dead, and that there would be no trouble about it hereafter.

We must give the other view of the question, in an extract from an article proceeding from Howard University, Washington, printed in "The Advance:" —

"Schools which tend to separate the children of the country in their feelings, aspirations, and purposes; which foster and perpetuate sentiments of caste, hatred, and ill-will; which breed a sense of degradation on the one part, and of superiority on the other; which beget clannish notions, rather than teach and impress, as an omnipresent and living principle and faith, that *we are all Americans*,—in no wise realize our ideal of *common schools*, while they are contrary to the spirit of our laws and institutions.

"Two separate school systems, tolerating discriminations in favor of one class against another, inflating on the one part, degrading on the other,—two separate school systems, even tolerating such state of feeling and sentiment on the part of the classes instructed respectively in accordance therewith, cannot educate these classes to live harmoniously together, meeting the responsibilities and discharging the duties imposed by a common government in the interest of a common country.

"The object of the common school is twofold. In the first place, it should bring to every child, especially the poor child, a reasonable de-

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gree of elementary education. In the second place, it should furnish a common education, one similar and equal, to all pupils attending it. Thus furnished, our sons enter upon business or professional walks with an equal start in life. Such education the government owes to all classes of the people, and it is very fortunate that a public spirit, favorable to the establishment of schools wherein this work is accomplished, is becoming prevalent to an extent hertofore unknown, particularly in our own country."

The question, however, as we take it, is not one of social caste so much as of race. The opposers of mixed schools would probably speak thus. The common schools have been made up of the same races, however, wide their social distinctions. If they intermarry in the end, as the last result of co-education, no harm to civilization comes, but only a reinvigoration of the national stock. But here we have these masses of colored people who ought not to have been brought to the country, who should have been civilized on their own soil of Africa. Physiology tells us that the intermingling of races is not desirable. Can we not give them all their civil rights, and Christian and neighborly fellowship, without endangering the relation of the two races? We might cite in answer the case of the Spaniards and the Moors in the South of Spain. Nothing could exceed the old hate of the ancient Spaniard for the Moors, and yet it is a fact that many a beautiful woman now in Seville is proud of her half Moorish descent.

There is also the old question of where the distinction is going to end, and the Northern difficulties in our common schools, and threats of different parties, might be much aggravated if a door were once opened to separation. We are inclined to think that our noble departed Senator, who was accused so often of being visionary, will be found in the future to be right on this question, as he was on so many others.

The duty of the Church to the active life of the American people is well and liberally set forth in an article, a portion of which we cut from "The Standard of the Cross:" —

"To all this intensity of national life, the Church must respond, if the Church would keep pace with the nation. Sometimes it would seem as though we were too indifferent to those forms of life which pre-eminently characterize the American nation. What thoughtful man but will say that it is wise to study his own time and people more earnestly than other

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ages and nations? So the Church in this country, whilst holding the Mother Church in England in a high spirit of reverence, whilst keeping closely to ancient models, has its especial work to do upon the hearts and homes of American citizens. It is our duty to see that our pulpits reach these men, consumed by the cares of business, with the faith of the Cross. It is our duty to see that the Church lays strong moulding hands upon the warm quick life of the nation, and gives it shape for Divine work and service. The moment that we go back, even for the purest reasons, to revive an effete system of worship, or arrange ceremonials on mediæval models, that moment the men of the nation will be ready to pass us by, and turn to worship God in some simple way. We do not mean that the Church should simply follow the temper of the times, and be ready to yield to every popular demand, but that she should strive to lead the nation by being heartily *en rapport* with it, rather than by slowly following behind the nation and attempting to restrain the eager anxious life.

"As a people we are impatient of authority. Old precedents do not satisfy us. We take but one step back, — Is the title, the custom, the law, founded upon right? We like to touch the roots of things, and are impatient of the system that hinders our thorough investigations. Sometimes we go about it rudely, but our aim is apt to be high, and the principle upon which we estimate men and things by actual worth is fair and sure. One may see how our dread of authority is perhaps one of the ways in the Divine economy to balance the over-estimates of older nations rooted in their ancient prejudices.

"In a cold critical way men turn to the Church, and demand, — not how much of history, how valuable a succession, how illustrious an ancestry, how well endorsed a creed or doctrine it has, — but measuring simply by the word of truth and the necessities of the hour, require practical answers to practical questions. Are you, as a church, making men who are in the midst of work and worry, conscious of the current of a high spiritual life? Are you touching the crime, the misery, the sadness of these homes with the hopeful spirit of Christ? Are you making the days brighter, the nights shorter, by illustrious examples of holiness and saintliness? Are your preachers preaching Jesus Christ? Are they ministering to actual wants, and relieving those who bear the burdens of trial and sorrow? How much we all need to hear these questions, and to heed them!"

The Bishop of Alabama, in his annual address, looks calmly and philosophically upon the variations of belief around him and allays the fears of his co-religionists. His arguments, however, in illustrating the catholicity of his church, are precisely those which are used by our opponents to prove the utter skeptical tendency of Unitarianism. He says, —

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"The fact is,—that every heresy and subsequent schism has its *germ* in some perverted or partial truth. Errors in doctrine are not so much pure inventions as perversions of some original truths. Consequently, if any particular truth be not held, there is no perversion of it possible. In this connection, I quote from one of my published sermons, and the extract has an increasing significance in the progress of the present discussion: 'The present diverse movements of thought in our midst are most pregnant proofs and illustrations of the catholicity, the wholeness — of this branch of Christ's Church. For it must be considered that none but a body truly catholic could be susceptible of such diverse movements. For example, if the doctrine of the Intermediate State were not held, there could be no room for the doctrine of Purgatory; if there were no reverence for the blessed Virgin, there could be no room for Mariolatry; if there were no recognition of the departed faithful in the Communion of Saints, there could be no room for their Invocation; if the Sacraments were not retained, there could be no development of Sacramentarianism' (and I might insert here — if virtue or grace is denied to the Sacrament of Baptism, there would be no footing for the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration). 'If the Unity of the Godhead were not held, there could be no Unitarianism; if the Holy Evangel were not taught, there could be no Evangelicalism; if Reason were permitted no scope, there could be no room for Rationalism. In a word, if there were no life, there could be no disease and no death.'

The attempt to prevent a liability to error by eliminating or denying or suppressing any truth of which it is a perversion, may be successful, but it will be at a cost of mutilation. If that truth be a vital part of the whole system of truth, the result of such elimination or denial would be as if the lungs should be destroyed in order to guard against pneumonia; and if the principle were consistently and fully carried out, it would be as if life should be destroyed in order to render disease impossible."

M. P. L.

OF THINGS ABROAD.

THE Commission appointed by the Synod in Switzerland for the revision of the Catechism are undergoing severe criticism from the extreme orthodox party. To give an example of the nature of their criticism, in many cases where the Commission use the word "evangile," in the sense that St. Paul and other writers use it, as expressing in a large way the divine Gospel of Jesus, the critics desire to substitute the word "Bible," thus giving to the mere letter of the word the fullness and power which dwell with the truth itself. The distinction may seem at first sight small; but it really involves all the points of difference between the Ultra Orthodox

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Party in Switzerland and the Liberals. There are undoubtedly extremists on both sides, — in the Protestant and Catholic churches of Europe. Father Hyacinthe has recently been in Belgium, where he made a public statement of the principles of the reform movement in the Catholic Church. Ex-Canon Mouls, formerly honorary Canon in the Cathedral at Bordeaux, and now editor of a paper, "La Renovation," at Brussels, has answered him in his columns in a way which shows how far the mind swings forward after having been long kept back by the superstitions and tyranny of Roman Catholicism. He says, "Your Catholic reform is stricken with death as well as the Ultramontanism, which is not essentially distinct from it, despite its anathemas. . . . Back with all revealed religion! Viva Theism or natural religion! . . . In the matter of religion there are no middle terms. We must choose between Roman Catholicism and Theism, — that is to say, between reason and faith." The ex-Canon is excusable for his rebound from the mummeries of the Old Church; but we shall still, in spite of his spirited charge, prefer that very middle ground of Father Hyacinthe and all the great religious lights of the age.

Prof. Viollier, one of the editors of "L'Alliance Liberale," of Geneva, whose article appears in this number, is doing a good work for Protestantism, and reconciling the opposing tendencies. We quote from an article, in the last number of that paper, which is probably from his pen: —

"Nous avons entendu la Démocratie et l'Eglise. Maintenant, ne dirons-nous pas aussi noter pensèe? Oui, nous la dirons franchement, comme il convient à des libres-penseurs chrétiens et à des democrates sincères.. Au nom de la foi indépendante qui nous a faits religieux et au nom des convictions politiques qui nous lient à la Société moderne, nous n'hésitons pas à dire: Ni la Démocratie, ni l'Eglise, n'ont pleinement raison. Si c'est une erreur manifeste que de repousser le Christianisme, la religion, par cela seul qu'ils ont la forme dogmatique, il n'est pas moins condamnable de s'insurger contre la société actuelle, sous le prétexte que ses tendances, ses aspirations, menacent les croyances traditionnelles. A l'un et à l'autre adversaire, nous opposons le christianisme de Jésus, la religion adaptée à la conscience moderne, la foi qui nous possède."

The Kaiserswerth Normal School was founded in the year 1836 by the late Pastor Theodore Fliedner. Some recent accounts of

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it are well worthy of attention. He himself would never say "founded;" he called it "revived" from the old apostolic times, when an order of good women, widows or unmarried, called "Deaconesses," was established to take care of the poor and sick, and instruct the children, and attend to many duties in the early Christian Church. Paul speaks of these true Yoke-fellows in the Gospel. There were as many as thirty or forty in the Church of St. Chrysostom at Constantinople. This order is said to have existed down to the twelfth century. It was lost in the obscurity of the middle ages. Luther made an attempt to revive it among the women who were cast forth from the convents, uncared for and without occupation, during the Reformation. It remained, however, for the fervent and zealous man of whom we speak to establish the Kaiserwerth Mother-House, which has now a hundred and fifty branch houses in Europe and Asia, served by Deaconesses, trained to all kinds of philanthropic work. Women of all ranks and degrees of education enter these houses and become teaching-sisters and nursing-sisters. They can, if they prefer, serve their apprenticeship in the garden, the apothecary department, or the kitchen. There are about five hundred Deaconesses now in existence. Many of them are in hospitals, reform schools, infant homes, and prisons, working without pay. When they are hired by the Government, they receive about fifty dollars, paid to the establishment. Many of them are scattered in different parts of the world, but they return fondly to their old home at festival and other times. Each Deaconess receives every year from the Mother-House two dark-blue print dresses, four caps, four large linen collars, and several blue linen aprons. Every five years she receives a blue merino dress, worn only on Sundays and festival days. All her luxuries are paid for by herself out of an allowance of about twenty dollars. They are not allowed to receive presents, except very simple ones from each other at holiday seasons, when their innocent cheer has something in it of the simplicity and beauty of Christ's little ones, removed from the pomps and shows of life, and living, not to be ministered unto, but to minister.

Our Episcopal brethern understand the art of enlisting their young people in good works, associated with the church, so that they learn to love the church from the very fact that they are

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serving her. There is no denomination in the world, we believe, that does more philanthropic work than our own; but we would like to see it less scattered, more concentrated, more fondly associated with the beautiful sacraments of our faith, and stimulated with the brotherly and sisterly fellowship of the Church of Christ.

Miss Leigh, an English lady, has established a Home in Paris for English governesses who find themselves alone and without protection in that great city. Some years ago — before the present undertaking — she was in the habit of having Sunday afternoon Bible readings with girls employed in the shops, ending the readings with a free dinner. The Home has now been established in its present form about eighteen months. Girls of all classes in life, and of any creed, are admitted there. The building needs enlargement, and Miss Leigh is at present appealing to her friends and the public for aid.

The Holy Synod of Greece has lately made choice of a new archbishop, at Athens, in place of the "most excellent" Theophilus. The new Archbishop Procopius appears to be a man of great simplicity and modesty. He refused several times to be a candidate, saying that the church required some one of more character and firmer health than he; but this lowliness of spirit seems to have made him more sought. He persisted to the last in his refusal; but the Synod went on and elected him, and he was influenced by the King's personal wishes, at last, to accept. The ceremony was very grand, the Archbishop and the other members of the Synod being met at the door of the Cathedral by all the clergy of Athens, and conducted to the Episcopal throne, with the other prelates on his right. A processional hymn, "Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord," was sung, and the following address was made by the Synod: —

"*To the Most Holy and Wise Archbishop of Constantinople, New Rome, and Œcumenical Patriarch, Lord Anthimus, the Holy Synod of Greece:*

"The honored Metropolitan of Athens, and President of the Holy Synod of the Church of Greece, Theophilus, having gone to his God, the throne of our most holy metropolis stood vacant. The Synod, deeply and most justly moved at the loss of a prelate so worthy of honor, and so apostolic in his life, his manners, and his character, blessed God in the trial, and earnestly besought him to enlighten and guide it to the choice

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of a successor worthy to govern His Church. And having besought in faith the true enlightenment of the Holy Ghost, with one voice and one mind we have voted that he who has been till now the Most Reverend Archbishop of Messania, Proçopius, was such an one, — a man who, from his very youth, has consecrated himself to the service of the Church, given to the careful study of the sacred writings, and throughout his long pastorate has shown himself approved in everything. We have laid this, our choice, according to the rule which has obtained amongst us, before our most serene king, who, finding our choice pious and good, has accepted it, and confirmed our action with his high approval. And so, with the Divine help and assistance, the aforesaid Archbishop of Messania, Procopius, having been translated from that See, has been canonically enthroned as Metropolitan of Athens and President of the Holy Synod of the Church of Greece. Wishing, then, to inform of this both your Holiness and all the Most Reverend Hierarchy with you, we send this letter of friendship, following the custom and rule given to the Church by the Apostles and Fathers.

"On this happy occasion, as indeed always, fulfilling a pious and sacred duty, we pray God the All-Merciful that He may long preserve your Holiness in health and strength, and that the Church, so holily and wisely ruled, may be superior to all plots and harm."

The Papal Nuncio in Brazil has received a very spirited answer from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in response to his protest against the judgment pronounced on the two Bishops of Para and Olinda. The following concluding sentences are in Italics: "The Tribunal which has judged the Right Reverend the Bishop of Olinda, and which is to judge the Bishop of Para, is the Supreme Court of the Empire, competent by virtue of our laws, and this competence does not depend upon the opinion of any foreign authority whatever. Your Excellency will permit me, then, to say that the protest of the Nuncio Apostolic is out of order and null, and as such can have no effect."

We have received another letter, addressed to Mr. Lowe, from our zealous missionary in India, Mr. Dall. His labors are various, as he puts his hand to whatsoever he findeth to do, and doeth it with all his might. We have seen two letters of his published in the "Indian Mirror" and the "Indian Daily News," which show how his fervid and earnest mind is coming in contact with the Eastern world. His four schools were opened on the 8th of June. Miss Chamberlain was to arrive in Calcutta the next day. Two letters which he has sent us are interesting: one from a native

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Hindoo from Bombay, who speaks longingly of his desire to aid in the spread of Christian truth, and of his inability for want of means; the other from an English minister, of the Union Chapel in Calcutta, who expresses great interest in Unitarianism, and hopes that the Unitarians in America will not be led away from the spirit of Channing. He says, "I have often thought that between him and Trinitarians there was little beyond a mere war of words." Mr. Dall sends us a specimen of a Brahmin thread, cut from the neck of a Brahmin friend, each knot in it being tied with a prayer to a protecting goddess.

The famine, the "Hindoo Patriot" says, has produced a reformer in the person of Pundit Ajoodya Prasad, who has taught the Tirhootia Brahmin that work is worship. He is himself a Brahmin of high caste, and is Circle Officer of Putrahee, in Tirhoot, where these Brahmins are particularly numerous. He practically showed them, by using the hoe and pickaxe himself, that he did not consider this species of labor derogatory to his caste; and the result has been that there are now over two hundred of the poorest members of the caste cheerfully working on the relief works, and earning an honest livelihood, instead of subsisting upon public charity.

M. P. L.

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REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Recent Theological Publications in Germany.

1. Symbolik des Mosaischen Cultus von Dr. Carl Christian William Felix Baehr. The first volume of the second edition of this great work of Baehr is a great improvement upon the first edition. The editor has availed himself of the results of recent criticism and discovery. His book is full of learning and seems to exhaust the subject. The six hundred and two pages contain a mine of information. It is in seven chapters. The first treats generally of the Mosaic worship and its relation to the heathen methods. The second treats of the construction of the Sanctuary. The third, of its materials. The fourth, of its colors and ornaments. The fifth, of the Holy of Holies and its furniture. The sixth, of the utensils of the Holy Place. The seventh, of the Outer Court and its furniture. There is an acute dissertation on the Cherubim. The book ought to be translated.

2. Dr. J. Wellhausen, Professor at Greifswald, in a volume of one hundred and sixty-four pages (Die Pharisäer und die Sadducäer) makes some new statements about these rival Jewish sects. The Scribes and the Pharisees, he thinks, are of the same party, — the sanctimonious men, popular, because they are supposed to hold the divine secrets and to interpret the Law. The Sadducees are aristocratic, more of a political than of a religious kind. Their priestly dignity is political. They are opposed to the Pharisees as the kings and magistrates of Judah and Israel were opposed to the prophets. Their rejection of the resurrection doctrine came rather from antipathy to the Pharisees than from any actual skepticism. They were worldly men, and prized too much the good things of the present life to care much about another life. Wellhausen is self-sufficient, and is a sharp critic, but his book is worth reading.

3. Dr. G. Christian von Hoffmann in his new volume of Die Heilige Schrift neuen Testaments zusammerhaengend, Part 6, discusses the letters of Paul to Timothy and Titus. There is no preface to the volume, but a very full table of contents. The notes are wanting, the references are scanty, and the discussion is diffuse and prolix. Trifles are dwelt upon. The criticism is mostly verbal. But some

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difficult points are well handled. The genuineness of the Epistles is assumed. The commentary on the Titus Epistle comes first. The narrative is continuous, and there are no chapters. The book cannot be regarded as a very valuable addition to Biblical Literature.

4. The idea of Julius Decke's book (Die Goldenen Worte des neuen Testamentes) is not new. It belongs to the class of edification books, or as the good deacon himself calls it of "Life books," (Ein Christliches Lebensbuch). He first arranges the words of Jesus: 1. What Jesus says of his relation to God; 2. What he says of himself as Saviour; 3. What he says about the kingdom of heaven, in sermon or parable; 4. What he tells his followers to be and do; 5. What virtues he specially commands; 6. What he says about Eternal Life. The second part of the book arranges the golden words of the Apostles, about God, about Christ, about the Church, about the Christian Life, about the Life Eternal. The second half is considerably larger than the first. The selections are well made, mean what they are said to mean, and the volume will be found convenient for practical use.

5. Dr. J. H. A. Ebrard, in his scientific justification of Christianity, (Wissenschaftliche Rechtfertigung des Christenthums), takes an apologetic tone. His general purpose is to test the eternal truth of Christianity by the facts of nature and human consciousness. He discusses first the essence of the Christian religion, what are its postulates, what the moral law means, what is the doctrine of human nature, the human will, the human personality, the power of knowing God, the essence and origin of sin, the work of redemption, the doctrine of God in the soul. The second part tries and refutes the several anti-Christian systems: 1. The system which denies any organic life power; 2. The denial of design in nature; 3. The theory of evolution and spontaneous generation; 4. The denial of free will; 5. Pantheism. There is a tone of self-sufficiency in the book, but the learning is ample, and much of the pleading is very ingenious, if not convincing.

6. Prof. Vilmar of Marburg was a scholar of rare gifts, in spite of his dogmatism. All that he wrote will be worth reading. And Dr. K. W. Piderit has done good service in bringing out an edition of his lectures. (Dogmatik-Akademische Vorlesungen). The first volume is in two parts, one covering the whole ground of theology, and angelology, and demonology; the other, dealing with anthropology, the condition of man, sin and the fall, and the consequences of the fall. The orthodoxy of the volume is decided, but not sava &c. 11

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large show of Hebrew learning in it. Vilmar takes pride in being a demonstrator of facts more than a theological rhetorician. Yet he assumes the dogmas of the creed with very inadequate proof. He insists that the Christian and Jewish God are one, and finds the Trinity in the Hebrew metaphors. He believes heartily in *devils*, and is a literalist as an interpreter.

7. "Löse Blaetter der Zeit. Von einen Lehrling im Dienste der Anthropologie," is the title of an anonymous publication of three tracts, in which the questions of the time are handled in a calm, judicial, impartial manner, very hostile to sectarianism and prejudice. The writer is evidently radical in his opinions, but has no antipathy to Christianity. He regards this as, on the whole, better than the heathen religions in spite of all the woe and crime which it has caused. In the third tract there are copious extracts from the Fathers and the record of Councils. The style of the tracts is excellent, and the question of the soul and its destiny is eloquently discussed.

Gleanings. William P. Lunt, D.D.

This is the simple announcement on the titlepage of a most modest little volume, beautiful in its typographical form, on fair paper, which will awake sweet and gracious memories in all of those into whose hands alone it is designed to fall. On a page bearing the cross and crown, it is dedicated as follows: "For his Parishioners whom he loved, wherever they may be found, these remembered paragraphs and verses are gathered by his affectionate Daughter, Mary E. Lunt." And those who loved Dr. Lunt, without having been numbered in his pastoral flock, will claim the privilege of his parishioners as they fondly turn the pages.

Not all our readers share our reminiscences. Therefore we will try to set forth some of them. William Parsons Lunt preceded Dr. Dewey in the ministry of the church of the Messiah in New York, and afterwards became the colleague and the successor of the Rev. Mr. Whitney as pastor of the First Church in Quincy. Suffering from impaired health, though still retaining his office, he left his home on the last day of the year 1856, to realize the dream-wish of his life, by a visit to the East. He was then in his fifty-second year. He grew ill on his arrival at Sinai, but was carried, with all the tenderness of which the means and the circumstances at hand admitted, to Akabah, the ancient haven of Ezion-Geber. There "he struck the sail of his modest life and gave back a thoughtful soul to God." He

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was buried in the desert sand, March 21, 1857. A beautiful memorial tablet, with an inscription written by his cherished friend, Rev. Dr. N. L. Frothingham, whose words of requiem we have just copied, was affixed by his friends to the front wall of his church in Quincy, the solid granite temple, opposite to the stately marble monuments crowned with busts of the elder and the younger President Adams.

As we write those last words we recall the delightful relation of intimacy, respect, and confidence which existed between Dr. Lunt and his venerated parishioner, John Quincy Adams. The minister had built for himself a comfortable scholarly home on the brow of a charming hill, overlooking the scenes of his work. But he used to say to his friends, that he valued most the signature of the ex-President to the free deed of gift which made the land beneath and around his dwelling his own. We remember to have heard from Mr. Adams, at his own table, his strongly worded statement that he regarded Dr. Lunt as unrivalled by all the preachers to whom he had listened, all over Christendom, for exquisite graces of scholarship, unction, appropriate fervors and the most effective qualities of a Christian teacher. To those who may now be reading the Journals of Mr. Adams, and who have noticed what a diligent, critical, earnest, and discriminating man he was in listening to, appreciating, and commenting upon pulpit exercises, in this country and over Europe, his emphatic praise was of full significance. It fell to Dr. Lunt to deliver in his church, before the Congressional Committee, the funeral discourse over the remains of the honored and well-scarred patriot, when they were brought from Washington for interment in his native village. Many will recall the expressions of amazed and sober surprise and high appreciation with which that discourse, "by a country minister," was commented on by the public men who listened to it.

Those who remain of the brotherhood of the Boston Association of Ministers, as it was, say a quarter of a century ago, will recall, with fond retrospections, their annual visit, in the month of July, to the home of Dr. Lunt, and with what a grave kindliness of dignity and cordiality they were received. The somewhat inadequate photograph presentment of his features, which we have as the frontispiece of this little volume, is more faithful to the darkened aspect of his features, on which disease and pain had made their traces, than to the Christian scholar's signature of refined and spiritual purity and heavenward thinkings. The charm of his utterances was alike of matter and of tone. Sedate musings upon high themes, and choice readings from the selecter treasures of saintliness and wisdom, with a

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true poet's range and nutriment of fancy, were the furnishings and endowings of his rich nature. His smile was easy, genial, and full; his laugh infrequent, but had volume when occasionally indulged.

"Gleanings" is the title which his daughter has chosen for selections, all too brief and rare, from the writings which he left in prose, and from the occasional indulgences of his pen in verse, which had already been put in print, as prepared for days and scenes of observance. He delivered before the P. B. K., at Cambridge, in 1837, a poem to which he gave the title of "Psyche." He comes before us most vividly as a poet as we listened to his own reading in the open air, on the greensward, by the foundation walls of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, at Quincy, of his beautiful ode for that occasion. That fine summer day, with its gathered groups of merchants and men of mark, to initiate a kindly refuge for seamen, was in charming accord with the golden tones and the melodious rhythm of the poet. The venerable President Quincy had come from his neighboring mansion, and to help his dulled hearing stood with his hand at his ear, close by the side of Dr. Lunt, that he might lose no word of that lyric of Massachusetts Bay.

The contents of this modest volume, both prose and verse, are as fair and adequate as more extended pages would be, for presenting alike to friends and strangers the marked characteristics of Dr. Lunt's genius as a thinker and a writer. A chaste and grave dignity, a fine and pure simplicity, and a fullness of apprehension of scriptural themes and truths, with the severest delicacy and fitness of style, mark his periods and his lines. His fondness for the old founts of Hebrew imagery and phraseology, akin to his conservative preference in matters and forms of worship, are strikingly indicated by the peculiarities of the "Christian Psalter," complied by him, and issued in 1841 for the service of the sanctuary.

From the earliest settlement of Massachusetts Bay, there was a relation of very intimate ecclesiastical fellowship between the First Church of Boston and that of Quincy, then Braintree. This ancient tie was fondly recognized and held in regard by Dr. Frothingham, in his pastorate of the former, and it was made especially tender for him by his affection for Dr. Lunt. While Dr. Frothingham was still in his vigor he was temporarily confined for a few weeks to his chamber. He turned the restraints of his seclusion to the composition on his bed — to be written out when he again sat in his study — of a poetical characterization of half a dozen of his special ministerial friends who were wont to visit and cheer him. The following is his

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portraiture of Dr. Lunt. The designation of him as "a rural bishop" distinguishes him from the others of the group whose ministry was in a city.

A "rural bishop" now,
With pale and furrowed brow,
Draws up his chair beside my bed.
The cloudy orb Saturn
Drips from its leaden urn
Its damps on his fine nature and clear head.

Long will he silent sit
If no inspiring fit
Rouse him to animated speech.
His low, unfrequent laugh,
Half gay and plaintive half,
Rolls like grave ocean toying with the beach.

But give a quickening theme,
And wake his soul from dream,
And you shall feel what magic power
Of skilled melodious tongue,
And energies full strung,
Has genius in its high, ascendant hour.

Rhetor and poet too,
With taste severely true,
He writes for those who can judge well;
But when his periods glance
With burning utterance,
Both taught and untaught feel the binding spell.

Introduction to the Teaching of Living Languages, without Grammar or Dictionary. By L. Sauveur, Ph.D., LL.D. Boston: Schœnhof and Mœller; &c. 1874.

Dr. Sauveur is well known in this community as a teacher whose new and original method has achieved surprising results. This little pamphlet is an exposition of his system, for the benefit of other teachers, and is introductory to his work in French, entitled "Causeries avec mes élèves." It will convince its readers that in learning modern languages, at least, there is a "royal road to knowledge."

The Nobility of Knowledge. An address delivered before the Free Institute at Worcester, Mass., July 28, 1874. By Josiah P. Cooke, Jr. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1874.

It is an encouraging sign of the times when a student of Prof. Cooke's eminence comes forward with friendly sympathy and encour-

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agement for men engaged in the practical work of life. In this address, reprinted from "The Popular Science Monthly," for September, the highest idea of the value of knowledge for its own sake is impressed on a body of cultivated working-men, and the practical worth of what is seemingly the most unpractical knowledge is shown by the story of Galvani and of Copernicus. The underlying thought of the whole address is that with whose enunciation it closes, — that the highest ideal is the most necessary reality, and that this ideal is revealed in the Life which makes Christianity known.

Poems. By Celia Thaxter. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: Riverside Press. 1874.

This enlarged edition of Mrs. Thaxter's poems will be welcome to many readers. These poems are full of a tender melancholy: we do not think it dwells in the mind of the writer, but simply that the pensive voices of the sea which she loves so much have given the key note to her verses, which have mostly been writen within the sound of its waves.

Joseph Tuckerman on the Elevation of the Poor. A selection from his Reports as Minister at Large in Boston, with an Introduction by E. E. Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874..

We are glad to see a reprint of these valuable reports of Dr. Tuckerman, with an introduction by Mr. Hale. Nothing better has been said on these subjects since the writer's death. The successive chapters treat of, The Need of, and the Qualification Required in Ministers for the Poor; Who are the Poor? the Wages Given to the Poor; Means for Relieving the Poor; the Tendencies of Cities to an Accumulation of Poverty and Vice; Neglected Children; and the Public Relief of the Poor. The volume concludes with a short biographical sketch of Dr. Tuckerman, and a Report of the New York City Council of Political Reform upon Compulsory Education.

Reception of Dr. Benjamin A. Gould by his fellow-citizens of Boston and vicinity, June 22, 1874. Pp. 32. Boston: printed by Rand, Avery, & Co. 1874.

This handsome pamphlet contains the most interesting account given by Dr. Gould, at the public reception by which he was fitly greeted on his return from an absence of four years from America, of his astronomical labors in the Argentine Republic under the encouragement of the enlightened President Sarmiento, and of his brilliant conquests among the stars of the Southern heavens.

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Perry's Bible Manual. Manual of Bible Selections and Responsive Exercises for Public and Private Schools, Sabbath, Mission and Reform Schools, and family worship. By Mrs. S. B. Perry. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard, & Dillingham. 1874.

This little volume has been very well prepared, and shows a good deal of taste and discrimination, with a desire for Christian Unity. We think the book would be better if more condensed. The first half, being responsive lessons and exercises, could not be improved. The headings are well chosen and stamp the lessons upon the mind of the child. The last half is made up of general Bible selections which are long, and might as well be got from the Bible itself. The main thing, in our opinion, is to give the child in school, for a few moments, the spirit of holy resolve and devotion. That we think would be accomplished by the first half of this book, and its smaller size would enable him more easily to become familiar with its contents. The narrative portions, of the last half, taken from the Old and New Testaments, however valuable, are in our opinion better suited for lessons in the Sunday school and at home.

Prayer and the Prayer Gauge. By Mark Hopkins, D.D. Pp. 48. New York: Dood & Mead.

The definitions given in this discourse of the terms Natural, Supernatural, and Miraculous, will doubtless be questioned; but the statements that God can vary the order of events as man can, and that it is reasonable to believe that the Divine Will can act as directly upon matter as our wills act upon the muscles of our own bodies, will hardly be challenged by any theist. The criticism of Prof. Tyndall's conception of the "physical value of prayer" as evinced in the proposed scientific test, is characterized by all the terseness of statement and clearness of illustration which has won such distinction for Dr. Hopkins as a preacher and theologian.

Phantasmion. A Fairy Tale By Sara Coleridge. With an Introductory Preface by Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. Pp. 348. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

This is a reprint of a book written nearly forty years ago, which was never very widely known, and long since forgotten by the reading world. Though the work of a woman of great gifts and beautiful character, we cannot predict for it now a very hearty or general welcome. Certainly, its genius is of the last century. It may be ques-

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tioned whether even a new Pilgrim's Progress, or Arabian Nights' Entertainment, would command a great success in our day; and this book lacks both the homely vigor of the one and the absorbing interest of the other. It is easy to believe the statement of the preface, that it was written upon a sick bed. The plot is slight and tortuous, the narrative long, and monotonous in incident; the characters, human and supernatural, numerous and much alike; with strange, polysyllabic, and often unmeaning names. But the style is clear and graceful, the descriptions of scenery often charming, and the verses which are frequently interspersed in the course of the narrative, though hardly meriting the high praise given them in the preface, are certainly very delicate and pleasing, and often extremely musical. We have found the book hard reading; yet a child who has read it through pronounces it quite interesting; and we should be glad to believe that its pure English and always wholesome scenes will occupy some of the vacation hours of many of the young, to the neglect of books which may be more exciting, but whose tone is less refining and whose influence upon character vastly less healthful.

The Bible Regained, and the God of the Bible Ours; or, The System of Religious Truth in Outline. By Samuel Lee. Pp. 285. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1874.

There are some minds that hate supremely an unsettled problem in ethics or theology, preferring a crude or provisional solution to allowing the slightest haze of uncertainty to rest on the horizon of their thought. No fact in heaven or earth is permitted to stay unrelegated to its fixed and certain position in their system of truth. This eagerness for systematic statement, this fondness for logical clearness and simplicity, most observable now in scientific, or so-called scientific, speculation, is also native to Orthodoxy and has had much to do with the building of those systems of theology which are going to decay in our day or undergoing extensive and fundamental repairs. The attempt at reconstruction comes oftenest naturally, from those who have been trained to regard logical completeness of theological statement as indispensable. This book of Mr. Lee is a thoughtful and earnest attempt to re-state religion in accordance with reason and science, yet in harmony with the Bible as a record of God's progressive revelation made perfect in Jesus Christ. The necessity of making a system is the inspiration, as we are inclined to think it also the main fault, of the book. Something of the stiffness of his Orthodox training clings to the author's method of conception and to his style

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of expression; but the reader will find a vigorous and manful dealing with the questions of the current theology, and an intellectual courage and sincerity which, if somewhat cramped in their range of application, are genuine and refreshing in quality. Though far from according with most Unitarians either in criticism or statement of doctrine, his positions are still farther removed from Evangelical standards. He believes that the world, long before created, was fitted up for man in six days. The accounts of the Garden of Eden and of the fall, also the story of Christ's tempation, are allegorical, depicting the primal innocence, sin and its miseries, and the Divine Forgiveness. The antediluvian years were probably months, and the flood only a partial submersion. The mosaic and prophetic ages were successive periods of increasing spirituality and increasing knowledge of God. The Trinity, vicarious atonement (even in its governmental form), and everlasting punishment for the sins of this life, are distinctly repudiated, the only question concerning the latter being whether the continual perversity of the human will may not perpetuate evil and its penalty. As to the Divinity of Christ, the book is Orthodox, with a difference. The difference is that the union of God and man in Jesus is moral, and not physical or constitutional. The writer pities the Unitarian, who loses, as he thinks, a Divine Saviour, yet virtually accepts his ground when he says "that when we worship the Lord Jesus, we do not worship the man, but the divinity revealed through him." The man Jesus, then, is not the Lord Jesus? "Moral union" never implies identity surely; and when the Unitarian worships "the divinity revealed through" Jesus, he calls that divinity the Heavenly Father, as Jesus did. We suspect that Mr. Lee is very near to being a Unitarian without knowing it. Two chapters are devoted to the author's view of the "Kingdom of Heaven," in which he presents Christ's mediatorial work as still going on in this world and in the world to come; and he brings prophecy and argument and biblical criticism to overthrow the system which makes God's relations to men mainly governmental and limits his redeeming agency to present life. In the defence of the doctrine of a future probation he does not hesitate to break lances with Dexter and Hickok, and Orthodox scholarship generally; and in an appendix he gives an outline of the ethical basis of theology, in which he criticises Drs. McCosh and Peabody boldly but keenly; and closes with a paper on the church and church discipline, with some comments on the late Congregational Council at Brooklyn. Without the wide scholarship and largeness of view which would give it a

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permanent place in theological literature, this book is so vigorous and trenchant, so reverent and yet so boldly progressive in spirit, that it will be a valuable contribution to the discussions now going on in the popular branches of Protestantism, and we hope that it will be widely circulated.

Some Women's Hearts. By Louise Chandler Moulton, Author of "Bed-Time Stories." Pp. 364. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

Mr. Moulton is well known as a graceful newspaper writer, whose earlier work for children has had a wide circulation. Like that, this book is made up of several stories, reprinted doubtless from periodicals, and bearing marks of haste in occasional faults of style and inaccuracy of expression. As newspaper tales, these stories might be regarded as pleasing and well written; there is a clearness of delineation, a vividness and profusion of color in description, which attracts the reader. We look in vain, however, for any marks of power or lasting interest which would warrant their appearance in this more permanent form. There is a sameness of plot and narrowness of range, which do not indicate any considerable creative ability. We are sorry to recognize, too, even more than in the "Bed-Time Stories," a certain exaggerated and unwholsome quality, which persuades us that the writer has not held the mirror up to nature, but to very artificial and, we hope at least, a very exceptional phase of human character and life.

Hannah's Vow; or, Hallowed Motherhood. By the Rev. Daniel Chichester. Boston: American Tract Society. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: Riverside Press.

This little book has a simplicity and quaintness about it that leads one, at first sight, to believe that the writer is an old-fashioned Bible-reader of the narrow and literal type. He dwells with so much unction upon the excellent character of Hannah, the mother of Samuel, that you fear at the outset that the book will become monotonous and wearisome. But as the reader goes on, he finds that Hannah, the ideal and type of true motherhood, is also the type of all true consecration and devotion to the will of God, and so the book widens in his vision, and he sees that the author has many true and large thoughts in regard to the higher nature of man. His style often shows great picturesqueness, combined with moral power, although there is a little want of connection in the book, and there are some

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singularities of thought. The picture of Samuel's character is well drawn, noble and life-like. The want of spirituality in the ancient Greeks, as contrasted with Christianity, is ably shown, evinces a familiarity with and just admiration for the old nations on the part of the author. He has some fine thoughts about instincts, and stands up for the body as well as the spirit, which he considers in some measures indissolubly united. His picture of Jesus, although he is undoubtedly a Trinitarian, is charming, natural and true, and he appears to have a mind capable of growing into broader knowledge and truth.

Thomæ Kempensis De Imitatione Christi Libri quatuor. Textum ex autographo Thomœ nunc primum accuratissime reddidit, distinxit, novo modo disposuit; capitulorum argumenta, locos parallelos adiecit CAROLUS HIRSCHE. Pp. 376. Berolini, Carolus Habel. MDCCCLXXIV.

This last edition of the work which has had more editions than any other, save the New Testament alone, comes to us with the special recommendations of Baron von Holtzendorff, and justifies those distinguished credentials and the claim which its Latin title-page makes for it.

The method and principles of the editor have been more largely expounded in his separate volume of Prolegomena to the works of Thomas a Kempis. His researches have convinced him that the good monk of Mount St. Agnes really wrote the book whose authorship has been so much disputed. If so, the autograph copy from the hand of Thomas of Kempen, now in the Royal Library of Brussels, must be the authoritative text: on this, therefore, the present edition is most accurately based, restoring the punctuation, even to the uniform use of the middle-age *flexa* (a punctuation mark ranking between a colon and a period), discarding the usual imperfect division by verses which was introduced by Sommalius in 1599, and giving for the first time the rhythmical structure and mediæval rhyming arrangement of the sentences. To each chapter is appended the vulgate text of the Scripture verses quoted or referred to, a brief "argument," and a statement of the usual verse division of that chapter; and an index to parallel passages in the Bible and elsewhere closes the volume.

This must rank as the standard critical edition of the "Imitation," and it is printed in faultless form and page. No lover of the book, however familar with any translation of it, quite knows its beauty and its music without knowing the rhythm of its Latin sentences; and

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in Herr Habel's most thorough edition these seem to come to us, more directly than in any other, from the hand of Thomas himself.

New England. A Handbook for Travelers, with six Maps and eleven Plans. Pp. 399. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

The Middle States. A Handbook for Travelers, with seven Maps and fifteen Plans. Pp. 469. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

We have great pleasure in commending these admirable guide-books, without reserve, to our readers; and we do so with the more confidence, having carefully tested them from a pretty wide personal knowledge of many parts of the New England and Middle States. They supply a great lack, and in a most faultless manner. Constructed on the plan of the series of European manuals, published by Karl Bœdeker, they furnish for the new world what that series does for the old; and all travelers in Europe know that higher praise could not be bestowed. Many, even well-informed, Americans will find that their own country contains treasures of historical association as well as of beauty, far beyond their conception, if they travel with these compact volumes in hand, and will be susprised to know that they can visit their own country with something of the interest with which they travel over other lands.

The mass of interesting information which they contain, and the excellent maps and plans render them as valuable for reference in home use as for companions of travel; and they must more and more become indispensable not only to all intelligent wanderers over their own land, but to "stay-at-home travelers," for reference and instruction.

Finding his Foot-Prints. By Sophia E. Eastman. Boston: American Tract Society. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: Riverside Press.

This little book is written in a sprightly style, and may prove attractive to many children. The author shows a religious spirit, and great sincerity. She means to be wide and liberal in her feelings, but the effects of early training show themselves in the way she speaks to children of becomming Christians, and her arguments for the authority of the Biblical narratives, though showing some knowledge of the questions of the day, are not likely to weigh a great deal with thinking children, who are generally much more impressed with the divine truths to be found in the Bible, than with any evidence on the way of miracles or modern researches.

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The Children's Hymn and Chant Book. Compiled by a Committee of Parents and Teachers. London: John Marshall & Co.

This little volume, containing two hundred and fifty-nine hymns and twenty-four chants, has been prepared with excellent taste and judgment and religious feeling, and is well worthy of commendation. The only criticism we have to offer is that a large proportion of the hymns are not especially appropriate to children, and valuable as the collection is, we doubt if it will altogether satisfy the want which the title promises to supply.

How Marjory Helped. By M. Caroll. A Prize Story. Selected by the Ladies' Commission on Sunday School Books. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard, & Dillingham. 1874.

This book needs no recommendation from us, as it is approved by the Ladies' Commission. It is full of pleasant, bright talk, and teaches some valuable lessons to young people.

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RELIGION AND SCIENCE.*

"THE Invisible things of God," says St. Paul, "are clearly seen by the things that are made." If this be true, then the way to clearly see the Invisible God in the things made is to look at the things themselves. In other words, the things themselves will show us how they were made. We are not, then, to start with an *a priori* theory about the things, as to what would be the most dignified way of making the things, and then force the things to conform to the theory. No! we are, in all humility, to look at the things in full confidence that within them is written the secret of their own creation. The way God made the stars is to be discovered by looking at the stars: the way God made plants and animals, by looking at the plants and animals.

A noble motto, this, for all reverent students of nature; and one would suppose that Theology, backed up by such high authority, would in all ages, have been the first to insist upon this method. But, alas! Theology has not only herself refused to

* A paper read at the Saratoga Conference, Friday, Sept. 18, 1874.

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adopt it, she has for ages endeavored to prevent mankind in general from adopting it.

At first sight this seems all the more strange, seeing that Theology possessed, among her sacred archives, a brief but memorable record of one keen, inspired look at the things made. The writer of the first of Genesis gave a truly wonderful first approximation to the great law of the evolution of the world: the growth from less to more. The great truth in the first verse is, that the Universe is one, because One Infinite Life fills it. Restated in modern language, that truth stands fast for ever. "In the beginning, which is the eternal Now, God created, doth create and forever will create, his heavens and his earths." But more than this, he anticipates the science of after days in placing first chaos and darkness in the unformed world: then the dawning of light upon a lifeless earth: then the differentiation between sea and land. Life in the ocean precedes life on the land. The fishes come before the reptiles and the cattle; and Man, the grandest work of creation, is the last. Surely the crowning glory of insight is that it begets insight; of inspiration, that it inspires high thought in its own direction. But Theology used this record of one intuition, not to stimulate, but to stifle all other intuitions. Up to this very hour, each new gleam of insight into the things made has had to struggle for its very existence against a power which strove to crush it in the name of the Maker of the things.

In a world that grows, the surest sign that a truth has got into the wrong hands is, that it does not grow. Darwin wondered why certain wide heaths in England were treeless. He examined the ground very carefully, and discovered, here and there, among the heather, tiny trees, which every summer strove to grow, and every summer were browsed down by the cattle. On a wee trunk, a few inches high, he counted twenty-six annual rings. Twenty-six years it had tried to grow, and twenty-six years it had been eaten down! The trees were in the wrong place. But one day a piece of the self-same heath was fenced off, and, lo! a plantation of trees sprang up.

Just so science was once wholly in the hands of the Church. All that was knowable concerning the origin of things was contained in the first of Genesis; and the guardians of the Faith,

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year after year, century after century, devoured every little green shoot of original thought on the matter; and therefore in centuries not a single tree of scientific knowledge grew!

Just think a moment. In centuries, the Church, as Church, did not give one moment's real thought to the origin of things: did not once ask questions of the things themselves, — so, of course, the Church's real knowledge of the things after fifteen hundred years was exactly what it was before, namely, *zero*.

The Church's original knowledge of the solar system was pretty much confined to the fact that the sun was made upon the fourth day, and that it stood still, when Joshua told it to do so; and as, in fifteen hundred years, the Church, as Church, never once put a single question to the solar system, and therefore never once obtained an answer, astronomical knowledge, under the guardianship of the Church, stood as still as Joshua's sun did.

But there came a time when it was no longer possible for the word of God in Astronomy to be thus bound. Resolute hands fenced off Astronomy from the fields of the Church. The Pope's bulls could no longer eat the Tree of Knowledge down; and, lo! the infinite Heavens were laid bare to the wondering gaze of man!

But the Church still continued to devour Geology. Geologic history is one long page of persecution: of repression: of devouring the man-child Truth as soon as he was born. Imagine Buffon, a century or so ago, obliged to recant before the doctors of the Sorbonne, when his little finger knew more geology than all the bodies of all the doctors, who sat in judgment upon him, put together! But, at last, Geology was freed so far as to be allowed to classify strata, and guess at the earth's age, and lo! a past eternity was revealed to the imagination of man!

But still, to this hour, Theology has tried to keep Physiology down, and Geology with it, so far as it requires Physiology to explain its discoveries. It is a little comic to remember that the Church, as Church, knows absolutely nothing about Physiology. The Church knows nothing about nerves, tissues, gray matter or white: blood-corpuscles: Haversian systems: fibres of Corti: or corpora Malpighiana. The Church built no museums: collected no fossils: compared no species: macerated no tissues: looked

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through no miscroscopes; it toiled not, neither did it spin; yet not Darwin, in all his glory, was ever arrayed in such a panoply of foregone physiological conclusions, as to what Physiology had got to find, or else be branded as atheistic. It is worth while to consider for a moment the theologic scheme of the origin of life. Fortunately for us, Milton has put it into fine poetic form.

> "The earth obeyed, and straight
> Opening her fertile womb, teemed at a birth
> Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms,
> Limbed and full grown. Out of the ground uprose,
> As from his lair, the wild beast. . . .
> Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walked.
> The grassy clods now calved; now half appeared
> The tawny lion, pawing to get free
> His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bounds,
> And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
> The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
> Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
> In hillocks; the swift stag from under ground
> Bore up his branching head. Scarce from his mould
> Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved
> His vastness; fleeced the flocks and bleating rose
> As plants."

Now, this noble poetry, not an unfit commentary on the yet nobler poetry of the first of Genesis, Theology translated into bare prose, and gave it as law to Physiology.

Well, Physiology trains men to form mental pictures of processes; and Physiology meekly attempted to form, from the standpoint of science, a mental picture of all this. Physiology, then, first formed a mental picture of a vacant space in a forest or in an open plain; so far she was successful. Then, of the sudden apparition, in the midst of said vacant space, say, of two Elephants proceeding from nowhere! Nothing — and then two full grown Elephants! Physiology, though much startled, approaches and examines; perceives that said Elephants have on them all the well-known marks of growth on tusk, on tooth, on trunk, and limb, but no growth to account for the marks! Is it surprising if Physiology staggers, and confesses herself too weak for the task: in a word, if she says, "It may be all true, but, alas! it is unthinkable"?

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But, above all, Theology has insisted that Physiology shall accept her account of the origin of Man. Turning once more the poetry of Genesis into bald prose, she has declared that, when Man had been created, an actual rib was taken out of his actual side, without any deleterious Physiological consequences, and out of this rib a Woman was formed! Well may poor Physiology stand aghast, and say, "Put me in prison, torture me, burn me, but do not ask me to believe that!"

What, then, is the word for the hour? Theology, for her own sake, as well as for the truth's sake, must cease to wield an usurped authority over Physiology. Responsibility is the measure of authority. Where there is no responsibility, there is no authority. Theology is in no way responsible, does not even pretend to be responsible, for the progress of Physiology; and therefore has no authority whatever over the conclusions of Physiology. Only those who know the facts, who are responsible for a true statement of the facts, and for adding to the number of the facts known, can have the slightest right to say a word as to what are, and what are not, legitimate deductions from the facts. The mistakes of physiologists must be corrected, not by theologians, but by physiologists. Think a moment. In fifteen hundred years the church did not collect two physiological facts. It is perfectly plain, then, that if the origin, progress, and development of Life on the planet is a theological question, it will remain unanswered to the end of time. But if it be a physiological question,— that is, if it belong to the science which deals with the origin, progress, and development of Life: then, since physiology is daily discovering new facts which bear upon the question, there is a reasonable hope that it will one day receive something approaching to a true answer.

Theological Cosmogony, then, is ruled out of court. No authoritative dictum about the way the things were made from men who know nothing about the things; who never even try to look at the things. Inextinguishable laughter for such, not undeserved, from atheistic scientists, who at least know something about the things. Deep pity and regret, mingled with amazement at such blindness, from religious scientists who know the things, and know also the sacred truth such men wound in defending. For, mark you, there

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is no surer way of driving the bright young intelligence of our time into blank Atheism, than to insist on such ignorant Theism as this. If the things were made by a single fiat, as such theology teaches, then it requires but little insight into the things to see that they were not made by a perfect Creator. For there is no part of the Universe that cannot be criticised and proved to be imperfect, on such a hypothesis. The saddest sentence in the autobiography of John Stuart Mill is the one in which he says that he admired in Mrs. Taylor her wonderful freedom from all superstitions, particularly that most subtle one which ascribes "a pretended perfection" to the Universe. Born in an age steeped with belief in a mechanical creation, he had insight enough to see a thousand imperfections in a world supposed to be so created, and manhood enough to say what he saw. It is tragic to think of the pangs that great heart must have suffered, when it found itself unable to believe that the good it longed for was willed by a Goodness akin to its own, but vaster, enthroned in the secret Heart of Things. Mill labored with a giant's strength to bring about the new age, but died without himself entering it. Doubtless now he sees, what in this life he could not see, that the perfection of the Universe is not mechanical, but vital: is Life forever adjusting itself more perfectly to perfect Law. When once this is seen, a thousand perplexing questions answer themselves. For, in a world that grows, at no single moment is there even an approach to mechanical perfection. For the moment that point is reached, all further growth is impossible.

It should then be a relief to the devout thinker that —

I. Astronomy is now wholly given over to evolution; for he no longer expects to find, in astronomical phenomena, any perfection which is impossible to a Universe that grows by law.

Take, for instance, a criticism very like one suggested by La-Place, and see how flat it falls, now that thoughtful people in general recognize that the solar system itself cannot be in all respects the best possible system put side by side with a mechanical system which could be produced by a single fiat, and then ordered to run on mechanically. As far as the moon's light is concerned, it would be a great improvement to have the moon always full. In a mechanical world it is an easy matter to contrive this. Any watch-

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maker could do it. All you have to do is to set your machinery so that one complete revolution of the moon round the earth shall exactly correspond with one revolution of the earth round the sun. Start your machinery with your moon opposite the sun, and it will run on forever and ever a full moon. But, in a world that has grown according to law, it cannot be done, simply because the earth has grown so large, — that is, its gravitation is so powerful, — that it makes the moon go more than twelve times too fast. In a Universe governed by law, you would have either to make your earth immensely smaller, to produce such a result, or put your moon so far off as to diminish its light to a mere fraction of what it is at present; and then, in a Universe governed by law, the mutual perturbation of the planets would soon upset the whole arrangement. But you say, "No one, in the nineteenth century, even dreams of such a mechanical world. Everybody allows the universality of the law of gravitation," and I add, "We have already advanced a long step toward our conclusion if we allow that no fiat can alter an eternal law."

But again: in a mechanical Universe, the moon might have been wholly composed of matter, say chalk, that would reflect three times as much light as her surface actually does. But in a world that grows, each thing, whether planet or plant, has a history of its own. The moon has had her history, quite independent of earth history; and, while it might be very nice for us to have the moon wholly composed of chalk, it would have been simply death to the moon's independent history. Chalk, in a world that grows, is composed of the skeletons of tiny lives. But if the whole were chalk, where were the lives? Such reasoning as this is, I think, perfectly satisfactory to all thoughtful believers in the true perfection of the Universe. Let us be thankful, then, that we have at last got completely free from that pseudo-pious view of creation which, as some one has said, "views donkeys in the light of convenient machines for the manufacture of asses' milk for invalid Christians," and are introduced to a world where donkeys as well as planets have an independent life of their own, which life is an end in itself. It is, then, idle to reproach a Universe that grows by law for not possessing that kind of perfection which is only possible to dead mech-

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anism. Surely it is no loss, but gain, to true Theology, that, owing to our deeper insight, the would-be critic of the starry heavens is reduced to the impossible task of showing how the law that "keeps the stars from wrong" could be improved.

II. Inorganic Geology is wholly given over to evolution. So completely is this the case, that we could not even listen with patience to a geological lecturer who advocated a special creation for each new series of strata. We expect him to show us that the Silurian sedimentary rocks are formed from the débris of the Azoic rocks preceding them: that the Devonian strata are the offspring of the Silurian and Azoic: that the Mesozoic are evolved from the Palæozoic and Azoic, &c., and moreover we expect him to take that great thought of Lyell's as his vade-mecum, — that is, that the forces acting on the strata to-day are the same forces that acted on the strata then, and are competent to produce all the phenomena those strata present.

We take all this so entirely for granted that we forget that it was a matter of bitter controversy thirty or forty years ago: and that our emancipation, so far, from the old theological cosmogony is true to the heroic laborers of that great generation, of which Agassiz was so fine a representative. His method of dealing with all inorganic phenomena differed in no way from that of Tyndall or Huxley. He, as they, took it for granted that all the phenomena of the glacier were to be explained by the constitution and environment of the glacier. When good Dr. Wayland seems to fear that Aristotle's argument concerning the basis of morals is getting a little too much for him, he quotes Corinthians, and so restores the balance. But Agassiz never quoted Scripture if he had any difficulty in accounting for a rock-basin. He felt sure that the cosmic forces acting on the rock-basin were perfectly competent to produce it, even if he could not quite explain the method of their action. It is only when you come to organic forms that you begin to have a faint suspicion that a text may, possibly, be lying "perdu" beneath the stratum of his argument.

It is, then, agreed by the whole geological world that the earth of any given period is evolved from the earth of the preceding period by the incessant action of the cosmic forces during that

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period. All so-called special creation is as utterly banished from this field of thought as it is from Astronomy.

But note, once more, what a gain is here to true Theology. Think how many pious hearts have been thrown into agonies of doubt by that part of the problem of Evil which is so palpably due to the established order of the world, that no amount of special pleading can shift it on to man's shoulders. It is impossible to persuade an inhabitant of a fever-and-ague district, especially when the chills are on him personally, that swamps and malarious exhalations are in any sense good things, as far as man's destiny is concerned. He knows by bitter enough experience that they take the power, life, hope, and almost the belief clean out of him.

Now, in a mechanical world all this could be very easily remedied. Any engineer could draw you a plan of just such a world. All you have got to do is to grade every water-shed in such a way that in no single inch can water cease to flow. But in a world that grows by law, this cannot be done, because, even if your world was so graded to-day, to-morrow denudation would begin to sculpture afresh the whole of the landscape from mountain top to sea-coast line. Torrents would inundate the valleys, and uptorn trees and loosened soil would dam up their exit, and all the conditions of malaria would be fulfilled once more. In order to avoid such a result, we should require a fresh miraculous creation after every rain storm. For two great laws produce your malarious district. First, the law of gravitation, which causes all water to run down hill, and to cease running when it has found its own level; and, secondly, that great law of Physiology which enacts that every tiny germ shall have eminent right to grow wherever it can grow. Stagnant water and miscroscopic germs that delight in such a habitat will, in a world that grows by law, eternally generate malaria; that is, a state of things quite delightful to the lowest vegetable organisms, but quite the reverse to the highest animal ones. The only conceivable remedy for malaria, in a world that grows, seems to be, in one word, drainage. But see to what pitiful straits a would-be critic of the Eternal Order, of which this forms a necessary part, is now reduced. If he declare that the very existence of malaria disproves the central thought of perfect

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goodness in the Supreme, he is now bound to construct a world that grows by law, such that microscopic germs will charitably refuse to germinate when conditions are favorable, and water will run up hill, all by itself, if it is only told to do so.

III. What, then, does Physiology demand? Simply the same right already accorded to Astronomy and to inorganic Geology, — namely, the right to accept or reject the doctrine of special creation, by fiat, as the evidence may decide.

Now she has already *proved* that Organisms were not made by a single fiat. The strata give incontrovertible evidence, that Species have come into existence at thousands of different epochs in the World's History. The single fiat would have to be multiplied a million times, and spread over ten millions of years, at the very least. But modern Physiology is becoming more and more certain that special creation is no more needed in her department than it is in Astronomy.

Let us glance for a moment at the evidence. I would gladly linger a while on the splendid theories which are now arousing the ardor of Botanists; but I can only stop to emphasize the fact that no Physiologist of the New School has the least idea that such a complex plant as a sun-flower was created just as it is. The Botanist thinks that such a flower has a history dating back millions of years: and is already begining to surmise that, in its leaves and bracts, and ray and disk flowers, it conceals the facts of that history; just as in the light of Arcturus are hidden the metals of which that mighty Sun is composed.

I cannot dwell on the mutual action and reaction of plants and animals; I can but mention that Botanists think that it must have taken thousands of years to bring about the perfect adaptation of Orchids to the insects that fertilize them. I have to tear myself away from this romantic history to the more porfectly verified field of the anatomy of extinct animals.

It is now generally admitted by scientific men that the succession of linking forms between the Palæotherium of the Eocene, and the modern Horse, is close enough to make Birth-succession in this case all but certain. But, day by day, the labors of our own and of European Palæontologists are bringing to light linking forms, that seem to ally such distinct genera as the Tapir, Hog, Elephant, Rhinoceros, and Horse, in such a way as to point

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to some common ancestor in the Early Tertiary or Cretaceous. If this be finally verified, the conclusion will be irresistible that the whole vast class of mammalia are to be traced back to a few forms or perhaps to a single form: the form itself being intermediate between the viviparous and oviparous animals. But this is not all. The discovery of Bird-like Reptiles, and Reptile-like Birds, with teeth in the jaws, and with vertebrae in the tail, already make it probable that there is no impassable gulf between Bird and Reptile; and that thus two great *classes* may be connected by Birth-succession. If this be established, it will be but a step to connect reptile and fish: and then to trace back the birth succession of Vertibrates to a few forms, or even to a single form. It is instructive, in this connection, to note that anatomists already construct their Archetypal Vertebrate on the model of a fish. When so able, cautious, and at the same time so truly religious a geologist as Dana declares, that "further research" will most probably sustain the conclusion, that "the Evolution of the system of life went forward through the derivation of species from species, according to natural methods not yet clearly understood," we may fairly conclude that, to a mind that has mastered all the evidence, that evidence is beginning to be irresistible.

IV. But the doctrine of Evolution does not stop with the mere formation of a new Species; it sees that Species itself elaborating more perfect instincts: developing nascent qualities: sloughing off useless organs: and steadily adapting itself more and more completely to the Universe. This it does by virtue of the Law of Hereditary Transmission.

The statement of this Law is as old as the second Commandment. Horace's —

> "Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis.
> Est in juvencis, est in equis patrum Virtus,"

shows that he knew what every breeder now takes for granted. But it has remained for the Science of To-day to show how far reaching it is: to explain by it the progress of the ages: the instinct of animals, and the intuitions of man. It will be well, then, to consider at some length its fundamental principle.*

* See Herbert Spencer's Psychology for a masterly statement of this doctrine.

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Whatever makes a deep and lasting impression upon Organism will be perpetuated by Organism. That is, the tissues, nerve-centres, and nerve-connections, and whatsoever yet subtler mechanism may be in the Organism, keep in their inmost fibres a memory, we may even say a photograph, of the impression. These impressions are passed on to the next generation; and if that and succeeding generations have like impressions made upon their organisms, such impressions tend to become permanent in the Race. But what impressions are most likely thus to become permanent? Plainly those which result from Something Permanent in the Environment. A powerful impression may, indeed, be made on any single organism, or any single generation of organisms, by a local or temporary phenomenon of a very striking character. We can easily see that a very powerful impression may be made by what may afterwards be proved to be a delusion or misapprehension of facts. But such impressions are sure to die out at last, because the *Real Fact* in the Environment does not truly correspond to the impression made. Each successive time, then, that the Real Fact comes into contact with the Organism, there is a strong probability that the first erroneous impression will be somewhat rectified, and by several repetitions may be altogether obliterated, and its place taken by impressions more in accordance with the Fact. Thus it becomes morally certain, that, at last, great, general, permanent, and all-important Facts in the Environment will produce on Organisms impressions so deep and lasting, that they will tend to become intuitive and instantaneous. No wonder, then, that Space and Time with human minds have become Forms of Thought in the sense that all Thought of necessity is cast in the mould of Space and Time. For Space and Time are universal, unalterable Facts in the Environment. Small wonder that your Thought and mine are moulded in the mould of Space and Time, when, since the morning of time, all Earth-Organisms have — say for 10,000,000 years — been immersed in Space and Time! So, too, of other great and world-wide Facts in the Environment. All Organisms instinctively adapt their movements to the law of Gravitation, because, from the beginning until now, all Organisms have lived under that law. It is worth while to remark here how completely this view reconciles

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the seeming opposition of the truths contained in the Idealistic and Utilitarian Schools of Philosophy. Experience is the origin of all ideas; but experience in me tends to become intuition in my child. The experience of a million years is competent to produce what are called innate ideas. In other words, the impression the Universe makes on Organisms is transmitted as an ever-increasing legacy to Organisms.

We have stated the doctrine with a special eye to Human Organisms; but the principle holds good with regard to the lower animals, just so far as they are capable of receiving impressions from the Universe: and holds true of their mental acts and their experiments on Life.

Mr. Spalding, of England, has made a series of observations on Chickens. He was looking, one day, at a little Chick that had just managed to get its head outside the shell. On the shell was a Fly. The Chick, actually not yet born, aimed instantly at the Fly, hit it with its beak the first time of trying, and devoured it. A scientific thinker is almost struck dumb with amazement at this absolute co-ordination of the Chicken's eye, beak, muscles, bones, and nerves, to Space and Light, before it was possible for it to have had the slightest experience of either. The only possible solution, scientifically speaking, was that the experience of a million Chickens was organized in the new-born Chick. But it is evident that, if this be the true solution, then the Argument from Design must be restated. No devout naturalist doubts for a moment that Life is *Intended;* but, if of the New School, he most certainly feels that there are still prevalent very erroneous notions as to the way in which that Intention was brought about.

As Theologians, we have already repudiated the Calvinistic notion that, in the Plan of Salvation, God's work is all, and Man's nothing; we have still to learn, as Naturalists, that it is a mistake to suppose that God's work in the plan of building a Beehive is all, and the Bees' work nothing. It would be an odd way of putting things, to say that Milan Cathedral was a wonderful mark of design in the Creator; for we feel that the designing mind of Man pointed every arch, reared every buttress, carved every statue, and laid every stone; and more, we feel that Milan Cathedral is the culmination of millions of human experiments in building.

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So it sounds odd to a naturalist of the New School to hear people say that the Beehive is a wonderful example of design on the part of the Creator; because he feels quite sure that the designing mind of the Bees builds the Beehive, and is also convinced that the modern Beehive is the culmination of innumerable Bee experiments in building: in other words, that the experience of a million years is registered in the organism of a Honey Bee.

Moreover, the devout Naturalist feels that this is a far grander display of Creative Power than it was once supposed to be. For, surely, it is a far grander work to create a Human Mind that shall, of itself, have power to build millions of Milan Cathedrals, than to create human animated machines that shall so build without knowing the rhyme or reason of what they are doing. Just so, it is a far grander work to create Bees who shall gradually think out a Beehive, and at last, after endless experiments, shall so improve their building capacity as to work after strict geometric law, than to create Bee-machines who shall mindlessly construct a Beehive, because they are wound up to do so, as it were, and so cannot help themselves.

V. But, if I am not mistaken, it is when Science uses her method to account for the formation of the Senses, Eye, Ear, &c., that a peculiar shock is given to the devout mind.

Now you say, "Tell us, without mincing matters, just exactly what the tendency of scientific thought in this direction is."

Well, Science is based upon two affirmations: first, that there is a real Universe surrounding Organisms; and, second, that there are real Organisms surrounded by that real Universe; and it views all the so-called senses of Organisms as produced by direct contact with that surrounding Universe. Each great force of the Universe tends, as it were, to reproduce itself; or, rather, to make a picture or impression of itself on Organisms.

Now, Science believes that the infinitely complex senses of the higher animals were not made instantaneously, but were gradually evolved from lower forms of sense in lower animals. That is, the surrounding Universe made, at first, a slight and dull impression of itself on the lowest Organisms; but that the impression gradu-

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ally became more and more exactly a picture of the impressing force, till, at last, man has senses and faculties that, with fair exactness, picture forth or receive true impressions from the various corresponding forces of the Universe surrounding him; that this process is going on still, and that therefore man's senses and faculties incessantly tend to reproduce more and more exactly the surrounding Universe.

Further, Science feels daily more certain that each force in the Universe transacts its own business, as it were, is competent to manage its own affairs, with regard to Organisms, without any external help or interference.

Science knows nothing, then, of an arbitrary Will that, ages ago, uttered the fiat, "Let gravitation be," and gravitation was: and then said, "Let man's body be fitted to gravitation," and instantly at the moment of his creation man was so fitted.

Science, on the contrary, sees gravitation surrounding Organisms since Organisms began to exist on the planet; sees Organisms incessantly compelled to new and ever new adjustment to gravitation; sees more and more complex adjustments gradually commenced, and gradually perfected, so that at last man's body with its million fibres, with its infinity of nerve-connections and muscular movements, adjusts itself to gravitation almost unawares. Science, then, sees that gravitation is itself the force that creates the adjustments in Organisms. No need, it thinks, of any creative force outside of gravitation and outside of Organisms to account for the adjustments. The force itself creates the channels of adjustment, just as running water tends to cut its own bed.

Just so, Science knows nothing of an arbitrary Will which said, "Light be! and light was," and then in an instant created perfect eyes to fit the light. Science sees light playing about Organisms since planet life began: first, perhaps, making a mere chemical impression of itself, as on nitrate of silver; but gradually reproducing itself more and more perfectly, by battle-of-life, natural-selection process, and so on, till at last the human eye has reached a fair state of perfection, though science prophesies with confidence of vastly better and more perfect eyes to come. In a word, Science thinks that it is light that makes eyes in Organisms: has been making, and still is making eyes. The fish in the

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Mammoth Cave have no eyes, and Science thinks the reason is because there is no light to make them.

Just so, Science knows nothing of an arbitrary Will that first said, "Let an atmosphere be," and an atmosphere was: and then, at a single fiat, made perfect ears to fit it. In the eye of science, the resounding air has been sound Organisms since earth time began: first producing a dull vibration in one celled Organisms, it may be, as the deaf man feels the piano vibrate when it is played: but gradually building up, by battle-of-life, natural-selection process, more and more complete response in Organisms to its own movements, till at last man's ear can fairly discriminate between quite delicate differences of sound: though the air, it thinks, has millions of lessons to teach ears yet: requires millions of human years to perfect man's ear in; just as many, in fact, as light requires to teach all it has to teach to human eyes.

In a word, in the eye of Science, the air and Organisms together are quite competent to the manufacture of ears.

In one word, Science is beginning to feel that the surrounding universe is competent to produce all the organs life uses; and its dogma of natural selection, survival of the fittest, hereditary transmission of qualities, &c., give, it thinks, a fairly adequate sketch of the law of progress toward higher life.

Here some of you may ask, in astonishment, "Do you mean to say, then, that Science inevitably leads to blank Atheism? for to us this is Atheism, pure and mere."

Well, friends, if this indeed be so, I demand your pity and sympathy for the Scientific Atheist. He, as well as you, came to consciousness in a world that believed this was blank Atheism; and since his paramount duty, as a scientist, was first to investigate the facts, and then to follow fearlessly whithersoever the facts should lead him, — the more completely he fulfilled his duty, the more completely atheistic he became; according to your conception of Atheism, which he himself shared. The indolent scientist might still believe; the industrious, earnest, progressive scientist *must* be atheistic.

But I do more than claim your pity; I turn round upon you, and say, "Thou art the man." How indignant David felt at the

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mean rich man, before he knew that it was himself in another guise! I say, then, that the scientific Atheist is you or I, carrying our usual, wretched, commonplace atheistic way of thinking about things in general, into higher and wider departments of thought. Let me illustrate a little. You have naturally weak lungs, and the wise doctor orders you to take a gentle row in a boat daily to strengthen them. You obey, and your lungs grow strong. That is, not only the air-cells you have do their work better, but also innumerable new air-cells are created, each new cell just as wonderful, just as complete, just as difficult to create as the old ones were. Now suppose you say, "Of course, it is natural and simple enough. Lungs, like everything else, grow by exercise." And suppose you feel not one throb of gratitude to the One who has created new lungs in you; suppose, rather, that you do not even believe that God has created new lungs in you by the self-same process wherewith he creates everything, — are you much better than these skeptical scientists who do not see God in the creation of lungs at all? You are atheistic about the million new cells; they are atheistic about the millions of old ones: that is all the difference between you.

One more illustration. You send your child to the singing school, and you expect her ear to be improved. If she has wise instructors her ear will be improved; that is, the thousand tuning-forks in her ear will have increased in power, in tremulous sensitiveness to musical vibration; aye! perhaps some hundreds of new fibres will be added. Now is not the creation of these new fibres just as wonderful as the creation of the old ones? And can you wonder if science declares, that the same power that made the hundred new ones was competent to make the thousand or two original ones? Aye! and if you catch yourself thinking that these hundred new fibres came all in a natural and commonplace way, ought you to be much surprised if Scientific people think that *all* the fibres came in a natural and commonplace way? You are atheistic with regard to the hundred new fibres; they are atheistic about the old ones. If you do not wonder, adore, kneel before the Mystery of Growth in your child's ear, why expect them to do so before the Mystery of Growth in the ears from which she inherited her capacity of hearing? If you say, "Of

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course, the child's ear is improved, that is, grows, because she is constantly exercising it: that is all," why should not they say, that all ears have come about by similar exercise, and that is all? In a word, if you think that your child's ear can grow without God's immediate Creative Force present in the vibrating Air, and in the sensitive Ear, wherein are you more religious than they?

"Therefore, thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest, for thou that judgest doest the self-same things!"

But, of course, dear friends, the mere fact of my standing here among men of Religion, proclaims that to me these thoughts of Science are not Atheistic.

On the contrary, I am here to affirm that the opposite idea is far more nearly Atheistic; and that the thought of Science is steadily pointing toward the only permanent, because only true Theism.

The scientific view of a Universe teeming with Force, in which each great department has power enough to produce all the efforts which we see it does produce upon organisms, without any external aid or interference, is Atheistic: if he only can be Theistic, who believes that the Universe is divided into two separate and opposite Entities, Matter and God. It is Atheistic, if it be Theistic to suppose that the vast spaces which are filled up with Matter are empty of God.

But suppose a man should claim, on the contrary, that that was the only true Theism which said that God was All, and in All: that in God we live: in God we move: in God we have our being; that Matter and Spirit, to the Infinite Eye, are not Two, but One Universe; and that he who divorces Matter from God is the Atheist, as far as Matter is concerned? Which fills Gravitation the most with Deity: the idea that God, ages ago, willed that Matter should attract Matter, and that since that moment the Law of Gravitation acts all by itself; or the thought that every circling planet, every ordered system, every movement of sun or stars, the binding of Galaxy to Galaxy, the safety and strength of the whole Starry Heavens is, at each instant, the direct manifestation of the Life, Power, and Majesty of God? Which fills Light the most with Deity: the idea that God created Light outside of himself, ages ago, and so it now shines all by it-

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self; or the idea that God is Light, and in Him is no darkness at all; that, while in other stages of being, other light of God may gladden angel eyes, this Light of Day we now see is divine; that every vibration of its million million waves is instinct with the Force of God? Which is the most Theistic: to say that six thousand years ago God created two pairs of human eyes to see the Light, and from that moment eyes have come in the due course of Nature; or to say that God in Light, the force of God manifested as Light, eternally creates eyes; that God has created directly, immediately, not two pairs, but all the million million pairs of human eyes that ever looked on the light of Day; and that God, as Perfect Light, is daily creating more perfect eyes? The only way to banish God from eyes is to declare that the Light which makes eyes is an Entity outside of and apart from God. The only way to banish God from ears or lungs is to declare that God's breath is not in the vibrating Air; the only way to banish God from Organisms is to invent a method, whether Theistic or Atheistic, it matters not, by which Organisms can exist or grow apart from him.

One thing more needs to be said here. I have said that the progressive scientists think that the theory of Progress by Natural Selection, Hereditary Transmission, &c., is a fairly adequate first approximation to the truth. I believe this to be so, with one very important qualification. It is quite conceivable that even a single one-celled monad may have been the tiny gate through which the Vast Procession of Life has marched into our Earth. But it is not conceivable that that one-celled monad was large enough to hold the immeasurable Life-Force which that Procession manifests. It is not conceivable that such monad had room to hold, even in potency, the Life-power of a single man: much less that of the billion billion plants, animals, and men that have inherited the Planet. It is evident then, that this Life-power must have come into Organisms, by degrees, from somewhere. Now, at present, the Evolution Theory gives a very uncertain sound concerning this somewhere. Only three hypotheses appear to be in any way conceivable.

I. If any given Orb, sun or planet, increases in weight, you instantly account for it by assuming that Matter has come in upon

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it from the surrounding Spaces. Just so, if Life-power on a given Orb increases, you can account for it by assuming that Life keeps flowing in upon it from a vast Reservoir of Life surrounding it. That is, you must supplement your Theory by the Doctrine of Influx. Any one who accepts this solution is not "far from the Kingdom of God." For this is but the first approximation to the thought of the Infinite Causal Life that fills the Universe. If this be the true solution, then the present statement of the doctrine of Evolution describes fairly the Channels through which the Life-Force has flowed, and still is flowing. The Channel of Life-Force is Life. Through the Life of each to-day flows the Life-stream of to-morrow; but a steady Rain from Heaven is the source of increase in the Volume of the Tide.

I once gave my little girl of three a money-box. It was one of those houses of painted iron, that have a slit down the chimney large enough for a cent to fall through; well, she was much astonished to find that the number of cents in the House kept on increasing and increasing. I suppose she thought at first, that they just grew, and that was all. But, at last, she evidently began to have a dim suspicion that it could not be so; and I noticed that she watched me very carefully, whenever I came near the Chimney-piece. Finally, it was plain, that my little tot had thought out the problem, and had come to the conclusion that her Father's own hands kept putting that money in.

Just like that money-box is this great House of the World. The Sum Total of Life keeps on increasing and increasing before our very eyes. We are but children, and dull ones, too. But at last, we begin to discover, like my little girl, that Some One keeps dropping more Life into the House all the time; and our Hearts whisper to us, in sacred hours, that that Some One is "Our Father."

Through a thousand Channels the Mystic Life descends; through Sun-Force: Earth-Force: through the Past and in the Present; but Our Father's Life it is that doeth all in all.

II. You are shut up to this, unless you assume that Life is simply one of the compounds of Hydrogen, Oxygen, Carbon, and Nitrogen, &c., with a peculiar capacity to absorb and utilize Solar Energy. Such a theory takes certain great truths, which

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must be part of any solution of Life in the planet. Material Life cannot get on without the Hydrogen and Oxygen; and Transmuted Solar Force, which is incessantly coming in to organisms from the Central Orb, is essential to Life on this Earth. But if you believe that Sun-Force is blind and dead, and still insist that this is all, you can make your Theory as Atheistic, and therefore as unthinkable at bottom, as you please.

III. But you can also believe that a monad of Spirit is united to each atom of Hydrogen and Oxygen, &c., and that Organization gives simply the opportunity to such Spirit-monads to coalesce into a single complex Life. Matter I define to be Substance Divisible; Spirit, Substance Indivisible. But on this theory, Matter would have to be defined as Substance that cannot come directly into contact with Substance: and Spirit as Substance that can so come into contact; and thus that innumerable monads of Spirit coalesce into one complex Life. I can imagine a consistent scheme of the Universe, one taking in all the facts of Matter and of Spirit, built up on just such a hypothesis. It is quite poetical: we must imagine these Soul-monads lying asleep, or imprisoned in uncounted myriads in the grains of sand, and the soil of the world, until awakened to life by their entrance into Organism. We can fancy a Flower to be a living Community of Soul-monads, and can indulge in a Midsummer Nights' Dream of Fay-men dancing not on, but in, its Petals, or flying through the air in the Pollen-dust, even as man sails the Ether in this Earth-Ship of his. We can imagine such Fay-people gradually progressing in their knowledge of Community-building; just as Darwin imagines the bees did; and may consider that we ourselves are Vast Empires of such, more or less wisely ruled. T. L. Harris, indeed, the great Spiritual Seer, has reported a conversation he had with one of these Fay-men, who live happily, in "conjugial pairs," on the shore of some Vast Artery that flows from the great Ocean of the Heart, or in the Limestone Regions of the Tibia or Fibula; or in the swelling Uplands of the convolutions of the Brain. In fact, it is Swedenborg's theory of the other world transformed to this. Heaven, with Swedenborg, is one grand Man: innumerable millions of Angels inhabiting the eye: innumerable others the hand or brain; while, in all reverence, he asserts that God is the Infinite Man.

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Such a theory, fantastic as we may deem it, may be a devoutly Theistic one; and if you asked such a Theorist if Death did not scatter forever this vast community of Spirit-monads that make up a man, he might answer, that only the Force of God himself can separate Spirits that have once coalesced; but that Infinite Love never could exercise such Force. If you then asked what became of the Hydrogen and Oxygen atoms thus bereft of their companion Spirit-monads, he might say, that such atoms are, indeed, dead; but that only a certain amount of Spirit-Life can be evolved out of Earth-Life; and when every molecule has given up its Spirit-monad the end of Earth-Life will have arrived. Still, I hazard little in saying that the first solution is the one toward which the deeper Thought of Mankind is slowly tending; and if this be indeed so, if the Direct Force of God makes the Senses of Organisms, and if it is the Life of God himself that flows into the Life of Organisms, do you not see that the Religious Scientist is beginning to catch the first faint notes of a song finer than mortal voices have yet hymned to Heaven?

We have looked for God's Creating Power in the wrong place. We have put it afar off beyond the Stars, when it was daily working all around us. We said Lo here! and Lo there: while all the while the Kingdom of God was not only within our souls, but within our bodies also. Not only so; that Kingdom of God was also within the rocks, the plants, the animals, within the Earth itself.

The end will be, that this World with all that is therein, its sea, its land, its dust, its gases, its atoms; with its trees and cattle, its men and women and children, is going to be lifted up into Heavenly Places. The end will be that the Tabernacle of God will be seen to be with men. Men shall know that he is our God forever and ever! For one, I feel, in every nerve, the happy consciousness that the weary Age of Doubt is fast wearing away, and that a new Age of Faith has already begun. This grim Spectre of Knowledge was to destroy Faith, was it? Yes! by turning Faith to Sight: Hope to Fruition; a belief in a blessed Hereafter to a Life in a blessed and Eternal Now!

I was writing this alone in my room at night. My little ones were asleep near by, and the whole house was still, when the

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thought of the wonder and glory of all this came upon me as never before, and I said in my heart, "Father, Father! in Thee our bodies live; by Thee our senses are daily fed; by Thee our brain and heart and hand grow to power. Not a movement of the limbs, not glance of the eye, not a vibration of the chambers of sound, but Thou art there! I look around my room to-night, and see that the very oaken doors are saturated with Thy still power. Walls and windows stand so fast, the whole house so safely shelters me and mine, because Thy strength is in the walls. Lime and mortar, wood and stone, have received from Thee a commandment to keep me safe from harm; or, rather, Thou in them doest so keep me! Thy arms of strength keep my little fields in their place in the midst of the stable Landscape; and Thy Life, Thy Power it is that gives to me the sweet uses of plant, flower, and fruit. My very dog looks into my eyes with eyes of loving obedience, because a tiny rill of Thy grace has flowed into his little life. Truly the Invisible Things of Thee are clearly seen by the Things that are made."

But, in the last place, I say that Science is going to give Religion a mighty equivalent for all, and more than all, the trouble she has given. She does not pretend to discover Religious Truth; that were to repeat the absurdity of Religion pretending to discover Scientific Truth. The Soul in man has revealed the things of the Soul. Science would cut a poor figure yet, if she attempted to supplant Religion in the teaching of the Christian graces, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, patience, brotherly kindness, charity.

But Science can and will give to Religion her *Method*. In a world that grows, Religion must also grow, and grow in accordance with the Laws of Growth. And more, — Science, with her central doctrine of Real Organisms surrounded by a Real Universe, is beginning to lay the granite foundations of certainty, on which the Temple of the Future is to be builded.

Do not despise the lowly ground of common sense whereon those foundations are based, — namely, the ground that man has trustworthy senses, and that to their verdict, rightly interpreted, the material Universe trustworthily corresponds; that each sense is directly connected, as effect with cause, with its corresponding Force in the Universe.

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Light photographs on the inside of eyes the self-same picture that it reveals outside of eyes. Air makes the musical fibres and the watery fluid and otolithes inside of ears vibrate in exact symphony with its own vibrations outside of ears. Now see what doubts and perplexities this frees us from. The Greek Skeptics asked, without any answer forthcoming, "How do you know that the senses give any true verdict on things? Here is the Thunder, and there is your ear. How do you know that that sound is in any sense a copy of the Thunder; that it reveals in any way the nature of the Thunder?" Science answers the question by saying that the Thunder is caused by the swift passage of the Electric Force through the air, which produces in it tremendous vibrations, which are propagated in waves in all directions; and that these waves, striking on the shore of the ear, give rise to precisely corresponding vibrations inside; and that thus the sound is an exact copy of the Thunder. You doubt whether you really hear the Piano? sprinkle sand on the sounding-board. It runs at once into ridges, betraying the fact that even sand has ears of a certain sort, and, in its dumb way, knows as well as you do that there was a real vibration of a real string.

You need no longer perplex your brain, my metaphysical friend, on the question, "Do I see a real world, or is it only sensation in me, that makes me imagine I see?" now that Science has shown you that Nitrate of Silver sees all and more than all that your eye sees. Strange, that even Picton is not quite out of the fog, when he talks about seeing a Clock. All, or nearly all, the phenomena he seems to think subjective, are repeated on the sensitive plate. Nitrate of Silver, my friend, knows that that Clock-Face is White, just as well as you do; yet I do not believe that Nitrate of Silver has much subjectivity about it. A real Universe, then, surrounding a man, and a real man surrounded, that is the key to the Physics, Metaphysics, and Religion of the Future: a real man, every organized Faculty a more or less perfect Copy of the real Universe surrounding the Faculty.

Democritus hit upon a great world-wide Truth, when he said that the senses are but a modification of Touch. It is the touch of the stone on your hand that you feel; it is the touch of the fruit on your tongue that you taste; it is the touch of aromatic

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particles on the sensitive nostril that you smell; it is the touch of the air-wave on your tympanum that you hear; it is the touch of the ether-wave on your eye that you see. You feel, taste, smell, hear, and see that part of the Universe that touches you. And in the view of Science each Sense is actually produced by the Touch of the Surrounding Universe on the Organism, and the response of Organism to that Touch.

Now Science is straining every nerve to include the Phenomena of Mind in the great generalizations she is making. Well, what will be the result, if she succeeds? Let us see. She has already proved that the Touch of the Universe on Rock and Glacier accounts for all the phenomena of Rock and Glacier: she is fast proving that the Touch of the Universe on the Body accounts for the Senses; she *will* prove that the Touch of the Universe on the Soul of man accounts for the Truth, and Right, and Love that are in man. What then? It is Light, not Darkness, that accounts for eyes. It is the Light without that accounts for the Light within. So also it is Right, not Wrong, that accounts for the sense of Right. Only a Universe of Right, and the touch of that upon man's Soul, can account for the Right in man's Soul.

And now, my scientific friend, Religion is going to use your method a little. Religion finds that there is more or less organized in man, a *Conscience*. That is, there is inside a man a copy, more or less accurate, of something outside of and surrounding a man. Is it not so? Sense of Justice inside a man: a Just Universe outside. Now Religion thanks Science for her doctrine of Growth, for it clears up a thousand puzzles about the imperfections, the contradictions of conscience. It accounts for the fact that the Absolute Justice has not been distinctly perceived. A dim semi-consciousness of Right first, dim as the chemical reaction of monad organisms under the action of Light. But the Infinite Righteousness shines on and on, producing more and more perfect copies of itself; until at last there is something like an organized Sense of Right in Mankind, while some eminent souls have seen the vision of an Infinite Righteousness flooding their souls with Light.

To sum up, then, my scientific friend, we prove by your own method that, as there is sense of Justice in a man, there is, therefore, a Just Universe outside of a man: as there is a sense of

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Truth in a man, there is a True Universe outside of a man: as there is a sense of Love in a man, there is a Loving Universe outside of a man. Now, when you rejoice to acknowledge that all Souls are surrounded by Infinite Justice, Truth, and Love, you may call that Justice, Truth, and Love, by what name you please. You may say, "Universe;" we say, "The Infinite Father;" but it matters little, if we bow in adoration together!

And Religion, too, is going to use the favorite scientific doctrine of Origin of Species by Natural Selection, Battle of Life, Survival of the Fittest, and so on. Religion is going to investigate the Universal Law of Progress, and see how it will fit her particular Facts. And here I would say that Science, so radical in many of her conclusions, will turn out to be most unexpectedly conservative in others.

There is a vague notion, very prevalent just now, that People in general march in solid Phalanx toward Progress. True, People in general do not take much trouble about it; but, somehow, Progress runs itself. Mankind are such a superior class of persons, that they have only to be alive, and the Spirit of the Age does the rest. Now Science, I think, will prove conclusively that this vague notion is, to the last degree, unscientific.

I have lately been studying the way Tomatoes are improved. Do you smile, and ask what that has to do with Religion? Ah, Friend, sooner or later you will learn that you live in the same Universe with the Tomatoes, and that their improvement obeys the same laws as your own!

People in general do not cause Tomatoes to progress very much. No! Year by year a few scientific gardeners — whose numbers might be counted almost on your fingers — keep watching the nature of Tomatoes. They try every variety, obtain the best possible seed, cross the breeds, give every advantage of soil and culture. Then, at last, they select the best variety: and then choose the best plant of that variety: and then select the best tomatoes on the best plant, and save the seed of these, and so on, till at last they secure a truly improved Tomato. Then, as a second step, there are a few hundred market-gardeners, scattered throughout the country, who have sense enough to know that it "pays" to get the best seed, and knowledge enough to know the best people to

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get the seed from. Then these market-gardeners raise plants to sell; and then there are five thousand smart farmers who know that it "pays" to buy of these market-gardeners; and so, at last, the Stupid Public is forced into getting a better variety of Tomato. Why, we have driven winter back at least two weeks already, thus practically lengthening our summer, as far as Tomatoes are concerned. Now, my intuitional radical friend, I want just to ask you one question: If you cut off your ten or a dozen scientific heads, that originally start the improvement, where will your Tomato progress be? So it is with every sort of progress, — Literary, Scientific, Social, Religious. The initial impulse is always given by some one eminent mind, or, at most, a few eminent minds. Then they pass the impulse on to those most prepared to receive it; and they to others, and so on, till the whole world receives it at last.

It is eminently so with Religious progress. The mass of Mankind, said Mencius, need the advent of a sage or true ruler, and then they will receive a rousing impulse.

He knew no Science, that unknown Poet, who wrote the Te Deum for all Time. Yet no Science could have taught him better the Eternal Law of Progress, when he sang: —

"We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
All the Earth doth worship Thee, the Father Everlasting.
To Thee all Angels cry aloud; the Heavens and all the Powers therein;
The glorious Company of the Apostles praise Thee!
The goodly Fellowship of the Prophets praise Thee!
The noble army of Martyrs praise Thee!
The Holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee,
The Father of an Infinite Majesty!"

Yes! Down a ladder of Souls the Heavenly message speeds. First the Light of God shines on Angels' Eyes, and all Heaven rejoices with joy unspeakable. The rapt Soul of Jesus sees the Heavenly Vision. In his eyes Apostles and Prophets see the shining of the Eternal Light. They make that Light shine among men; and lo! common men and women are nerved to heroism, to martyrdom, to brave life and glorious death. To ever-widening circles the Light is carried on and on, until, at last, the Holy Church throughout all the world feels the Father's Presence with that world for evermore!

S. R. Calthrop.

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THE DUTY OF UNITARIANS IN REGARD TO SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT.*

At the close of the last century, Joseph Priestley stood before the world eminent for his zeal as a discoverer in science, as an opponent of the current theological dogmas in Christendom, and as a defender of the reality and truth of Christian Revelation. The attitude thus taken by the greatest of the English Unitarians has been substantially maintained by the Unitarian body until this day. It has shown its devotion to science and to truth, its hostility to theological error, its loyalty to Christ, by proofs of every kind. The best and strongest, the most scholarly and carefully considered arguments in defense of the genuineness of the Gospels, in support of the credibility and truthfulness of their biography of Jesus, have come from those who gave also the strongest statement of reasons for not believing the doctrines of Trinitarians. The blessed volume, on which the hopes of the here and the hereafter, in this world and in the world to come, are centered, will receive, we believe, more attention and faith, and be a still greater blessing and salvation to the nations, when it is shown that it does not teach doctrines at which "Reason stands aghast and Faith herself is half confounded." It is because our Unitarian faith thus keeps the great central truths of the gospel free from the contaminations and additions of human philosophy that we hold it so dear. It sings, like Beethoven's wondrous Oratorio, the dread tale of Gethsemane and Calvary, in those simple, solemn strains, of penitence, gratitude, and adoring love, in which world after world shall join, until the whole universe rings with the exalted theme. It agrees with that great preacher of the first century, whom the apostles surnamed The Son of Consolation, in believing that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, — the Everlasting Rock on which the church is built; and it would obey his exhortation to hold fast the beginning of our confidence steadfast to the end, in hope of being made partakers of Christ,

* Remarks at a meeting in Saratoga, N.Y., Thursday evening, Sept. 17, 1874.

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and realizing the fulfillment of his most precious promises. At the same time it knows that the forms of error are various, shifting, and mutable as the clouds, and that those forms of error are, like the clouds, often bathed in resplendent light, and imitate the forms of heavenly truth so closely that they would, if possible, deceive the very elect. Unitarians endeavor therefore to obey the injunction of the greater companion of Barnabas, and avoid profane and vain babblings and the oppositions of science falsely so called. The false science to which St. Paul alludes was a pretended science of spiritual and heavenly things, but the apostle's words may warn us against false science of every kind. St. Paul describes the gospel as a life-giving doctrine, never to be superseded by the advancement of science; for this is the etymological suggestion of his word *akatagnoston*. True science is as immutable as the gospel: what it has once found, remains, as Plato in the seventh Book of the Republic says of geometry, an everlasting possession; because it is a knowledge of that which is. But as there are hypocrites, and ignorant fanatical misinterpreters of the gospel of Christ, so there are pretenders, charlatans, and dreamers in science, who are all the more multiplied, and gain all the more power for mischief in proportion to the true growth of science, and the manifestation of its beneficent power. Between science herself and the gospel there is no conflict; between the vagaries of these scientific theorists and the gospel, or between science herself and popular misinterpretations of the gospel, the conflict may amount to absolute incompatibility. Unitarians, recognizing these facts and relations between science and revealed religion, are called upon for special activity, zeal, and interest both in promoting the true spirit of scientific investigation, lest false scientific views hinder the reception of the saving truth of the Gospel, and in presenting clearly and forcibly a correct interpretation of the New Testament, lest by presenting erroneous views of Christianity to men of true scientific spirit we lead them to reject the Word of Life.

The forms of unbelief, shifting and mutable as the clouds, may in our day and in our country be referred to two great classes, the epidemic hallucinations of spirit-rapping, and exotheism, in its multiplied varieties, by which it attempts to ignore, rather than to deny, the existence and the presence of God. I pass by Mor-

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monism, altogether, as having no tendency to mislead men in our community; I pass by spirit-rapping without further notice, because it does not professedly build on a scientific basis; I will only refer to those forms of unbelief in the gospel which assume to stand on modern scientific thought. Prominent among these is that presented most fully by Mr. Herbert Spencer. He assumes that there has always been a contest between religion and science, science seeking natural and intelligible causes for events, religion declaring the causes to be supernatural and inscrutable. Mr. Spencer conceives himself to be the great mediator, who reconciles religion and science: by declaring, in behalf of science, that all causes are intelligible and discoverable, except the cause of the origin of the universe; and by declaring, in behalf of religion, that the ultimate or First Cause is absolutely inscrutable, and that we can predicate of it no attributes whatever. This position he declares to be the most emphatically religious of all positions, and the only truly scientific position. Science must, he says, result in reducing all the phenomena of the universe to successive phases of an eternal cycle of evolution, and religion must resolve itself into awe of the impenetrable mystery of the cause of that evolution. In substantial concord with this, Darwin and his school undertake to show the steps of the evolution in organic life; and Tyndall confesses his faith that the steps may possibly hereafter be traced backward into inorganic matter.

The evolution doctrine as maintained by Spencer, by Darwin, by Tyndall, assumes to be modern scientific thought, and in the mouths of some of its advocates assumes to dispose effectually of all the claims of Christian revelation. The first assumption is wholly unfounded. The evolution hypothesis, in general terms, has an apriori probability in its favor. Maupertuis' grand theological dogma, that the Divine Wisdom would waste no power in superfluous exertion, this dogma, so fruitful in physics as the principle of the least action, would lead us, in botany and zoölogy, to expect a development by evolution, were such development possible. But we have no proof of the possibility of such development; we have, on the contrary, very strong presumptive evidence against the possibility of an evolution passing over certain gaps, —

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such, for example, as from inorganic to organic, from vegetable to animal, from brute to man. Much less have we any proof of the historic fact of such development; indeed, to my mind the inductions of physical science absolutely forbid the possibility of such development having taken place according to Darwin's scheme of the survival of the fittest. My opinion however, as I am not a scientific man, is of no consequence; that of the veterans in science is, and there are more than seven thousand in the Israel of science that have never yet bowed the knee before the grandson's gorgeous rehabilitation of the dreams of Erasmus. The multitudinous facts and arguments brought forward by the school of Darwin to show the real occurrence of an evolution in organic nature of species out of other species, and even of much higher categories, genera, families, orders, &c., out of inferior ones, seem to many zoölogists and botanists, as they did to Agassiz, of no bearing on the question: except that some of these facts are of very great weight against the views which they are brought forward to support. Theories on which there is such a marked division of opinion, among the leaders of science, cannot by any stretch of courtesy be deemed established. The modern development theories have no more claim to be called science than the theology of Spinoza, or the commentaries of Newton on the Apocalypse, or Goethe's Farbenlehre, or Mr. Crooke's toyings with the ghost of Katie King. If, therefore, any Christian draws from his Bible doctrines inconsistent with the possibility of evolution, let him not think himself obliged to choose between giving up his Bible and denying the accuracy of the results of modern science.

Let me, however, frankly concede, that, as coming events cast their shadows before, so these dreams of evolution in which our young men, intoxicated as it were by the opium smoke of Buddhistic speculation, so rapturously indulge, may possibly prove in some measure true. Science has but one aim, to unfold the harmonies of the universe, to show the mutual interdependence and normal succession of its parts. Now, it certainly is possible, although I can, by no effort of my imagination, make it seem even possible, that, in the future researches of science, she may show that the old dreams of Democritus and Lucretius, set forth so plausibly by Tyndall, are true, and that all life did evolve from

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matter. That would not make the first chapter of Genesis a Hebrew myth, but only show that men of the New Jerusalem church are right in supposing that chapter, in the words, "Let the earth bring forth," to teach the doctrine of spontaneous generation. It would do nothing towards establishing Herbert Spencer's idea of an evolution and revolution in cycles of eternal length, but would leave the beginning and end of the present cycle undetermined as they are to-day. It would do nothing towards invalidating the everlasting strength of the induction by which we prove that mind is before matter, that "thought is the cause of all that is;" that, as has been argued by the immortal Agassiz, the creation is the embodiment of God's ideas, and science but a reverent reading of a part of that divine thought. It would still require but a moderate degree of logical acumen to show the preposterous absurdity of every attempt made by Mr. Spencer, and that school, to prove that we are absolutely shut out from acquiring any conceptions of God, or from receiving any revelations through his Son and his Spirit. And this is one of the special functions of Unitarianism, — to show that the faith into which we baptize men, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, contains nothing incredible, nothing repugnant to reason, nothing against which science, either now or hereafter, can possibly bring any objection, but in favor of which, on the contrary, there is the strongest possible antecedent probability. It is acknowledged that the human mind naturally and inevitably infers the existence of God from the phenomena of consciousness and of observation. It is manifest that all parts of the universe are fitted together precisely *as if* in fulfillment of one grand plan, one artistic conception. Every discovery in science is a new proof that the world was built upon the pattern of ideas, which include our apriori ideas; every step in science shows not only that man is intelligent, but that the world is intelligible, — that we were made in the image of our Creator that we are the sons of God. There is then an antecedent probability of the soundness of the induction which Jesus authorizes us to make, from our best ideas of the parental and filial relation, to our relation with God. We should reasonably expect him to communicate with us, and send us messengers independent of the routine of nature. The sacrifice on Calvary was

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thus as distinctly promised in our highest intuitions of holiness and love, as man was prefigured in the lower vertebrates which preceded him. The inviolability and invariability of law no more precludes the forgiveness of sin, and the reconciliation of man through a mediator, than it shuts off the possibility of a man's receiving his returning and penitent son. Our Unitarian interpretation of the Scripture does not fix the age of the world, nor the methods of creation, nor the deterioration of the race from an original state in Eden; it makes the Scriptures, both of the Old and the New Testament, deal directly with the relations of God and of Christ to the soul; and brings out of the Bible a body of doctrines, which, as you may find them in the standard writers of our denomination forty years ago, I believe to be unassailable by any sound metaphysic and by any conceivable results of true science. And they are precious, whether presented in their simplicity, or cumbered by the traditions of men, they are the light and the life of the world, the source of wisdom and righteousness and strength; the comfort of the sorrowing, the aid of the tempted, the hope of the sinful, the fountain of love and kindness, of justice and purity and temperance; the stay alike of old and young, of rich and poor, of the wise and learned, of the ignorant and foolish; the hope of the dying; the life of the immortal church of living men.

Would that our young men, turning their eyes from the dazzling pyrotechnics of modern speculation, might see in the bright and morning star which rose over the hills of Galilee the hope, the light and salvation of the nations. Would that each church represented in this conference, and each minister of our faith, might arouse some young man to prepare himself for the ministry of this faith, — that we might see them coming into our pulpits, not to utter any such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this Christianity worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Truth afterwards;" but those higher words of the Divine Master, "The Truth shall make you free; I am the Truth; if the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

THOMAS HILL.

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THINGS OLD AND NEW.

THE royal line of time, like the throne of England, never fails of a succession. The wine of progressive life is sweet to the lips and exhilarating; for the draught is ever of the new, though the flavor of the old lees cling somewhat to the taste. There are most lively bees and fresh honey in the decaying carcass of the old lion. God makes every age a beautiful flower seated on the stalk of all the by-gone world; and petals and pollen are each fragrant and good in its own floral season. As ride the roses and the strawberries on the advancing crest of summer all along from week to week on their way north, from the warm topic and perennial equator; so God from his perennial eternity moves forward with the sweetness and glow of life, and keeps even with the foremost life and verge of time.

In the act of going forward there is the necessity of leaving something behind, — the shells and shards that have had their day, and given up their vivifying power to us and our present. Ah, the camping grounds, long ago left, of the human forces divine! It must needs be that the world should not always remain young, and that things in it, once new, should not stay such. So there is much that is old, — old forms and practices; old usages in church and market-place, kitchen and court; old funeral ceremonies, old devices upon tomb-stones; old wives' fables; old superstitions, signs, and sayings of Norman descent or Anglo-Saxon; old Christmas gatherings and May-day festivals; old psalms, sermons, books, and old civilizations.

These ancient furnishings and cunning traps, though now somewhat laid aside, as in dark and dusty garrets, humanity delights to look upon, at times, as being once its all, — once, and perhaps now, very dear; as a man would look upon his boyish kite, wondering when did the owner fly that machine; or upon the little coat, thinking pleasantly of the little man that could have worn such a covering; or upon his youthful masterpiece of mind and hand that will have to wait long for a better. Much, then, that is old has a charm about it. It has seen so many years, looks so

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venerable and gray; and yet all this, so ancient, time-worn, and dear, once throbbed with the quick pulsations of life, and was the measure of the life that then was. We like to pass through old and roomy houses, and stand beneath the old trees that shade them, and ponder how long time the swelling tide of being flowed there, — childhood sported and manhood toiled; how many a scene of joy had been enacted there, how many of sorrow, and how many have forever passed from thence to other mansions. It is no small thing when the plow upturns the utensils and ornaments of savage men; for we are shown where life once wrought, and though a poor one, yet the beginning of what shall be immensely great. Christians and patriots of other times, martyred and unmartyred, their last resting places are mile-stones along the road thus far traveled by religion and freedom. There is a pleasure, sad and subdued, in looking upon the spots their bones have made sacred; since they have labored and we have entered into their labors.

Looked at for a day, all things seem sturdy and strong against anything they may encounter; but ere long the flood of time has gone over all, bearing down and away what it will, and leaving what it will. It leaves the traveler to wonder and muse over the remains of former greatness, — some Volney to write his Ruins, — civilization to seek other channels and new-opening areas. Historians retrace the ground, taking note of rich and lasting life and deeds. Poets, from some commanding mount and vantage of inspiration, sing the ancient worth and renown. Walter Scott and other romancers reconstruct daring and heroic times. Over-conservative men search among the *débris* for precedents in religion, governments, and other things that were. As time and its newness advance, — the stains gathering on the old and the past, — then the living grope mournfully among the memorials of the dead. It is then that love and sentiment indite reflective and pathetic lines to the fallen, — to fallen cities and empires, to departed good men, to the vigor of age cut down, to the faded flower of infancy.

When men little knew just how to act and live, the past shows us their first attempts, hitting now the right method, and missing how oft! In the things that are old is seen the spirit of humanity

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first coming into contact with matter and moulding it into artistic forms, — how rudely at the start, witness the hut of the early inhabitant, and his navy all comprised in a raft. Traveling back, we come upon a great force turning this way and that, traversing plains, river-valleys, and seas. It is the human mind coming into consciousness of itself. There the first housekeeping, — with what economy, we have all read. Hearth and home have long gathered endearments and sacredness. Like an apple swaying on its branches through all the summer, and gathering sweetness month by month, so the world has long been ripening under the warm breath of God. The present is the past improved. The men of other times have done more than can be reckoned up to make the men of this time what they are.

Lowell and Manchester belong to the very aristocracy of talent and skill; yet their grand-ancestors were the humble hand wheel and the plebeian loom. Society is not all above the surface, as stem, branches, and foliage. It has roots running down through the strata of centuries. From the first, as one would open earnest lips, the boiling kettle was wont to lift its cover, breathing out ardent breath, as much as to say, "See here a giant power, his shining tools and appliances imprisoned, out of his reach, in the stolid bars of iron, that will one day grasp his weapons, — off to the field, — plant and rear a new civilization." A vote of thanks to early humanity for bearing with negations and poor contrivances, while primary conditions have their time, the sensitive lack comes to its senses, and reaction gathers head-way to bring the needed invention and supply. In the nest of weakness strength gets its eyes and its plumage, and flies forth.

If other men had not been the semi-savages, that stage of being would have devolved upon us. Then Milton had been a "mute inglorious Milton," — some thriving, piping shepherd, not dull-brained indeed, but thoughtful amid herds and hills, stars and seasons, sights and sounds; and Channing some gentle chief, liking best, between peace and war, the plumes and privacy of peace. There is just so much barbarism to live through; and it was very kind of the old barbarians to take so much of the burden from our shoulders. So they relieved those coming after from holding, as divine, stone idols, crocodiles, cruel and inhuman sovereignties;

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leaving them and us the sweet worship of the loving Father in heaven. Others have been the believers in witchery and spirits, giving time, ere our day, for the air to clear itself of its ghostly heaviness; so now the meditative or belated can take their way, by night, across the lonely heath or through the silent burying-ground, with brave heart and untrembling step. For purposes of communication and record we are not "by nature" writers; but picture-makers. The Egyptians and Mexicans have been the picture-makers, and pushed us forward into the alphabet. It is as if a decree had gone forth that the whole world, up to this present period of thought and work, should be taxed for us.

The past does not stay past, but becomes fluid, and flows down to us through many channels. Thebes, Venice, London, Boston; Christ, Paul, Columbus, priesthoods, religions, governments, arts, literature, customs, first ages, middle ages, and modern, — all help swell the tide of life, which life we now are. Long the river of human existence on the earth, — many the tributaries, deep and wide now the current. For all that has been of human steps, advancing into the real, retreating from the unreal, we are farther out into shoreless being. Humanity is one great man, and now, in this his increase of years, he will not care to repeat the follies and errors of his youth. He is better for the experience, and has a clearer way ahead, now that he (the race) is well over with the worst fears of war, with his Tower of Babel, his pyramids, his astrology, his superstitions, judicial tests, medical and religious farces, his gladiatorial fights, his crusades and feudal systems, his four elements in physics, and two, Deity and Devil, in all besides.

All things go to the making up of man, then also the past. By virtue of being a man the whole creation is his. Every beast, bird, insect, tree, come to him for names and to impart to him lessons of beauty and of providence. Of the whole realm of ancient mind, he is a freeholder. For him Socrates reasoned, Seneca moralized, poets and prophets were inspired and uttered divine words. What should the curious and acquisitive visit Europe for, but to look after their possessions in that ancient land of our fathers, in its old churches, cathedrals, galleries of art, its monuments of former greatness? These are old entails of grandeur, religiousness, poetry, sentiment, to all of us, from the bygone

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age of Charlemagne, Cæsar, Pericles. Happy for all if they cross the waters with certificates of character and intelligence that will bring away some part of these legacies of beauty, taste, piety. Happy, if they are more earnest and religious for having seen the Last Supper, any more stately and beautiful for having visited St. Peters, any better factors of our social compact for having laid hand on these heirlooms of ancestral bravery, virtue, patriotism, and martyr firmness.

All things belong to all men, — the magnificence of soul that made the Parthenon and Temple of Jupiter Olympus as much to us and all as to the Greek. All will one day get their own, be it traced in the handsome architectural lines of Athens, or on the pages of some Cambridge library. The common wisdom and virtue and truth, the treasures of life and experience, go from their one owner to their other owners through the small arc of a circle, — as from master to pupil; from Christ to John and Peter; from neighbor to neighbor: other common stock through larger arcs, from one age to another, from the earlier centuries to the later centuries. Very grateful may we be to the wise and good and tender for showing us how much wisdom grows upon our estate; for taking all that will follow to that part of the domain where religion so beautifully buds and blooms; and for opening to us the cells of love within our limits. For we two are men and heirs in full.

Thus is it with the old: but this is not all. Our homestead is greater than the past. I know that many, come forth from the Infinite, by native ties and longings have, through human ways, entered again far into the Infinite, carrying the measuring rod upon our estate a long way in one direction and another; but it has not been heard that either of them, John, Shakespeare, Newton, got warned off as trespassers; or reached a boundary, with nothing beyond, of religion, poetry, science. Thus runs not the deed. By that, in virtue of the human soul divine, all is in reserve for man, and he must have all of the bond, in the fullness of futurity. Much will a man work out for himself, — much the greater minds for him, — all inheriting, in a degree, creative powers. The whole race has labored in our field. It will always be the same, in the universal co-partnership of rights, truths, privileges. What the

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old lacks the new shall make up. It hath ever been, and shall ever be, that one man sows and himself and all the world gathers; the grains of the harvest fall equally, be the consumers many or few, into every man's hand.

Genius, like the universe, lies in the arms of God, and to it there is no east, no west, no high, no low, no rich, no poor. It is poised in the love of the Eternal, beyond the gravitation of self-interest. It is as pure as rain and grace. In the joy of its inspiration it has to do with heavenly forms, and like the supreme never works for pay. So our hope of the new is grand and sure. Copyright soon frees itself from bread-baskets and hucksters and is, to all, right to copy. Piety, excellence, and truth are for-evermore gifts to the just and the unjust. The signs of the times and from heaven are, Advance, take freely, no dangerous passage while following the signs. "By them you shall conquer." Under this free economy your neighbor of the last age or this, of America or Europe, may have somewhat of the better life not yet much disseminated, still yours as much as his. If he, by person or book, and you are two that can meet, when in each others' presence, then the hidden way stands a chance of opening. If angular points prick you asunder, there may be the need of waiting, some prophetic days or weeks, till some small thing happens, or some greater change of position on the field brings you side by side, facing a common obstruction or a common entrance. Our small circles, however distant their centres, are all easily enclosed within the great circle: with God all things are possible. The divine is an unceasing pledge to all of the human for all of the new. Above our private gleanings along future hedge and byway, the great and good will always receive from the Father, not for themselves alone, but in trust for all the family. Many books, as it *now* appears, only printed us in an octavo, at their own expense. The best of the new ones will exhibit our status a little in advance. Once in a long while, — half a life or a whole one, — comes to a man a most rare book, rare friend, rare occasion which is a New Testament to him, longing for Messianic revelations and new life. Such an advent, though exceptional and precarious, humanly speaking, is, according to the Higher Counsels, the common course of nature. Ardor and enthusiasm are, not to

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be the same thing over again, but another; and the future has provisions for them. Many of our former ideas and ways we would not have to continue, any more than the Sultan of Turkey would have his relatives live, after he has come into power.

If a man will leave his own hearth-stone to grow cold, and will go out in search of authority, shall he turn his steps back, or walk about the well-wrought grounds of the great present, in order to find the best? Such an one should remember that we are the past and something added thereto, and, as a general statement, the ancients, if alive, would have to come to us to learn, and not we to them. Their webs, of very early date, must come to our new looms and be rewoven upon a broader gauge, and in styles never before brought out. What has once got embodiment, of one kind or another, is not finality. It is something to work from. It is suggestive. It is a stand-point from which to rise to a better stand. It is an imperfect pattern to show where to put *in* what will serve humanity better, — where to take *out* what does not serve well. The first rude instruments were interrogations in wood or iron inquiring for improvements. All after ages are busy in answering the questions, and the answers are in all shops and dwellings and fields, by running streams and on navigable waters. So the new of the future comes very much out of the old of the past. The church is a lay-figure from which to build better than the original. It has always been so. Catholicism of the Romish kind and orthodoxy are enabled to maintain, age after age, their old fronts, because the representative and heretical day and hour find openings through which to introduce the new heresies.

The old holds the new on its bosom, and gives it what warmth it has. How shall this relation between the two utter itself? It is like a heated furnace, taking in old, rusty, and worn-out forms of metal, and giving out beautiful and new ones. It is like the landscape, at night, dark and dead, become the scene of life, light, and the risen day. It is like the accountant's ledger, where the amount is brought forward in the last footing, leaving behind extinct figures and useless columns. With our two hands we work at the living present, — with one gathering up from the remains time has left, with the other taking from the Lord things never seen by "light" that "shines on land or sea." That which has

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gone by is always an element of that which is to come. The tail of the fish in pre-adamite seas carried the principle of the sculling oar and the modern propeller. The round tree-trunk and the circling horizon prefigured, long ages, the wheel of present and future manifold use. Bunker Hill, with old Marathon in mind, tugged at its new idea. Genius kindles its fires from mouldering materials. What a blaze, at Shakespeare's hands, leaping up from the history, — the slumbering legends and stories of ancient Mediæval Europe. Genius is what was and something more. The New Testament — new out of heaven — came to fulfill the old. Minds that have been much in the walks pursued by other minds gather confidence, equipment, learn the lay of the situation, and so get out from between the marked points of the compass and from between other men's bearings into unexplored and shining regions. Is not Romeo and Juliet or the Merchant of Venice clear out upon other seas and shores away from some Gesta Romanorum, or ancient novel where the author got his hint of the play? Is not Christ far out, on the ocean of spiritual being, away from Moses and Confucius whose life and philosophy eddied around his cradle and his first moorings?

It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. A mother in olden time, when she concealed her infant in the flags by the river brink, thought she was merely securing his life from the bloody decree of a tyrant. She was raising up a deliverer to a nation of bondsmen; out of which, in after time, the Christ should come. In the latter part of the fifteenth century, in Magdeburg, a poor boy went round singing from door to door in order that he might get something to eat. Many repulsed the little beggar. One good Ursula gave him bread and shelter. She was feeding and housing the great Reformer, Luther. A lad was set to open the valve of the first steam-engine. He wanted to play, so devised a plan by which the young giant should do his own work, — a much needed invention for a velocity of thirty miles per hour along the rails, and for lifting society, second by second, all around the globe, to its present mechanical height. In a thousand unpremeditated ways does the *more* than now is find its place in the world. Oppression, through the law of creation, sets up the republic. To what a wealth of horizon will the widening circles

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of liberty extend? A word or act raises a fallen man, or one who has never risen. What may there be in him? In the world's economy one new truth admitted keeps open doors for its relatives that will follow, not to be shut out of the great companionship and unity.

Foregleams may preeede the full light. But before the foregleams what is absolutely unheard of and unseen is entirely among the secrets of the Great Unknown. What it will be when it comes no one can tell, any more than photography could be predicted, or the spectroscope, or the arrangement of the planets round the sun in the same way leaves encircle their stalk. No one knows where or when the extraordinary child will be born, — what he will think and say and do when he is born. Still we do not live as if there were no future, no changes that impend, no coming man or men. Where away but ahead lie our great and chief possessions which this dull eye hath not seen, the clear realizations of infinite longings. The Jews looked forward; the eye of faith still looks in that direction, — they to the first approaches of the Messiah, we to the increasing fulfillments of his word and life. We cannot throw a grain of mind and influence back. These with all the world ever swing round and forward on the pivot of an infinitesimal present.

Though we could not once if alive have said the time draweth near when one will arise whose name shall be Parker, or whose name shall be Channing or Lincoln, still there is some degree of readiness to be made, a squaring of one's self, as much as may be, with the future. The day of refreshing and of the new will come sometime. But how mankind do not put off their duds and get ready for company! How Boston would not fix up, put on new habits and get ready for her distinguished visitor who urged so hard in the Melodeon and in the Music Hall, that she might wash and be clean. Every great man finds, come he at early cock-crowing or far into the garish day, the race napping. It is wisdom then to live with the mind open to truth, the heart open to inspirations, and with the soul marching on, not knowing what sure good we may meet, how or at what hour may be the meeting. Christ's word and life bide the time of further fulfillments. Science, social, physical, spiritual, is seeking rest and not finding rest.

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These forms of science that float unsteadily in the human mind predict and wait the stable equilibrium, — such an adjustment as time and truth will give.

The new is the old just appearing above our horizon to our vision. It has therefore in it the prestige of pre-existence, and the respectability of age. There is nothing new under the sun. The new is the old stirring itself, plodding along to advanced posts. The new is the old breaking out and coming to the surface. The business of life then is to take and occupy what was before the foundation of the world. The eternal roots indeed in the garden of the Lord go deep, where it is impossible for us to look, but our great concern is with them where they lie in accessible places, ready with applied assiduity and care to put forth their inherent foliage and pent-up fruits. The only change that can take place with everlasting wisdom, truth, and love is that they possess other fruits and reach vantage-grounds before vacant. Christianity is religion, old, absolute, and universal as the grace of God and the care of heaven for its own, manifested by the higher methods of revelation. The appearance was new, not the thing itself.

If things were but of yesterday, they might last only till tomorrow. Has not the lamp of our life, in some mysterious sense, been forever burning in God? As far as the rays of immortality shine onward, so far reach the other way the back fires that never knew a time of kindling. That which is called newness of life in Christ is the working in man of the Holy Spirit which always was. Relations may be recent; realities are no modern affair. It is evil and its long-established usage that makes the *new* man; and such an one is not an entity, but a nothing, a nobody, a negative to divine truth and being. The man born of the spirit is positive and the man of ages. It is society with its modern improvements and ideas that has in it the elements of oldness and respectability. As shadows, flit eternal ideas about us waiting substantiation at our hands. So it is plain what all true reforms are. Their movers see men and things out of line, departed from the landmarks.

The old store-house then is to be looked into and more and more the treasures brought out. What a world of life remains to come forth from darkness into light, — old slumbering faculties to be awakened to high, divine exercise. Dig away then the rubbish,

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that the antediluvian, perennial streams of truth may run and sparkle. In other words, the roots so long planted by the hand of nature wait to lengthen up into branches of noble enterprise, into the foliage of beauty, into the fruits of good works.

W. M. BICKNELL.

CHANCE AND AVERAGE.

WHEN two phenomena arise from entirely independent causes, the relation of one to the other is said to result from chance. The disposition to consider chance an actually existing cause is so great, that men have, in all ages, personified, and in some nations even deified it.

In the highest contemplation of the universe, as the realization of one grand conception of the Divine Mind, it might be thought that the idea of chance would be excluded, because all phenomena would then be regarded as springing from a single cause; all the minutest events would be considered not only as foreseen, but as intended; as the necessary results of the original thought made actual in the universe.

But the idea of chance, of relations in events springing from independent causes, is so positive in its character, that we are unwilling to concede it to be a mere result of the weakness of the human mind, of our inability to rise to a habitual contemplation of one First Cause. It seems more like a direct gift of power; a power to apprehend some really occurring phenomenon in nature. As such, it forms the basis of a distinct and valuable calculus, applicable to important economic questions of assurance and annuities, and to weighty scientific problems, as a test of hypotheses, and a criterion for rejecting doubtful observations. The successful application of this calculus of probabilities to so many actual problems in the universe is a demonstration that, however difficult it may be to reconcile the conception with our ideas of "foreknowledge absolute" in the single Creative Will, we must, nevertheless, admit into our theory of the world the conception of independent causes, leading to what may be justly called accidental results.

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The reconciliation of this contradiction, so far as reconciliation is possible in our finite minds, is probably to be found in the consideration of averages. In our human work we frequently act upon a multitude of individual objects, without special designs in regard to each, but with a general regard to the average action and to the total result. The sower does not consciously choose the position in which a single grain of his wheat shall fall, yet designs and accomplishes an even cast of a given quantity of seed to the acre. The causes which determine the position of each grain are so numerous, and their connection so remote, that they may be considered, for one grain, independent of those for another. In throwing a die repeatedly, in like manner, the causes which determine its position after one throw are so numerous, and so remotely connected with those that determine its next position, that they may be considered independent. Yet the throws are so governed by our will that we may decide, beforehand, how many to make in each minute, — and the positions are so determined by the shape and material of the die, that if it be a homogeneous cube the tendency will be, as the throws are multiplied, to have each side uppermost one-sixth of the time.

This is the law of chance, as applied to averages. And as chance has been personified, and even deified, so average has, by some writers, had divine powers ascribed to it. It has been gravely asserted that the saving of a man from criminal courses only drives another man into crime to keep up the average; as though the present average had an inherent power to perpetuate itself; as though dice could not be loaded without producing a counter-loading in the other player's dice; as though the sower could not vary the size or cast of one handful without immediately varying another handful to keep his field from having more or less seed upon its surface.

The average is a result, not a cause. It is the result of relations that exist between the various causes producing the effects, and may be changed at any time by interfering between those relations; by the dice being loaded, or the sower walking at a different pace; by Jenner's introduction of vaccination, or the discovery of America putting quinine into the physician's hand; or John Howard visiting the prisons, or the Apostle Paul receiving

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his commission. Great changes thus take place in natural averages; and small changes may be made at any moment by the action of the human will.

It seems not unworthy our highest conceptions of the divine plan to suppose that certain groups of phenomena in nature may, like the sowing of seed by man, be directed and intended for average results, without special design for each individual case. The impassable gulf between the finite and the Infinite Mind would still remain, in the ability of the Divine Providence to select at will any one of the innumerable cases, and employ it as a means to higher and further ends. The winds from the Mediterranean, for example, bring a fixed average of vapor to the summits of the Alps, where it is showered down in countless crystals of snow. These, under slight changes of temperature, contract into minute globes; and these particles of ice, piled up in the mountain basins, press themselves into an almost solid mass, and push themselves, or their earlier companions, down the valleys, grinding off the rocks into powder, which is washed by the melting ice into the rivers and into the sea. The magnitude of these glaciers is limited by the quantity of snow; and, in its turn, limits the quantity of gravel and sand, and the size of the boulders formed by them. To these results, a thousand causes which I have not mentioned conspire. A theist, believing that the glacial system of the modern Alps is part of a divine plan, is not obliged to suppose that this plan includes the position of every individual grain of silt, in the ocean bed, brought from the Alps; is not obliged to make this supposition, even if to his theism he adds faith in a special Providence, and thinks that a grain of sand may be a providential instrument in effecting some great result.

But whatever our explanation of the occurrence of so-called chance among the averages of nature, these chances and averages are frequently adapted to each other with a harmony that seems to admit of no other solution than a reference to the Divine plan which fits each to all and all to each. Enthusiastic students of the calculus of probabilities sometimes represent all human judgments as the result of a calculation of chances; and our certainties are said by them to be merely propositions, the truth of which is infinitely probable. Many of the arguments of natural theology, so

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called, can be very conveniently put into this form. In the formation of planets around the sun, according to the nebular hypothesis, the chances were small against an order which should tend to preserve the stability of the system; and the present harmony of distances must be referred, directly or indirectly, to presiding thought. In the formation of the solar system, the chances were small that this particular planet should have its elements mingled in precisely that proportion which has resulted in so full a development of life and of human activity; and the arguments of Prof. Cooke's "Religion and Chemistry" derive from this consideration a demonstrative force.

In the course of this successive development of vegetable and animal life upon the earth, there has been, with frequent mutation, a general permanence. Scientific speculation at the present time busies itself with the question whether the permanence has been real, and the changes sudden; or whether the stability is seeming, and the mutations have always been going on with stealthy step. Whichever of these theories proves to be true, that of Plato, or that of Democritus, there is a seeming stability in the present species, which have lasted without sensible change, except the extinction of some kinds, for thousands of years. According to the theory of Democritus, as revived in our days, this arises from the fact that the species at present existing are the fittest for the existing epoch, and thus survive. According to the rival theory this fitness arose from no blind struggle for life, but in accordance with a Divine plan, fulfilled by divine power. In ordinary cases the judgment may possibly remain suspended, whether to suppose the Divine Will acted in reference to the perpetuation of a species by some general law, covering many species, or by special adaptations to one. These cases may therefore be dismissed from the argument. If we grant that a blind evolution by natural variation and survival of the fittest will explain them, it must also be conceded that an intelligent adaptation of the organism to its medium will also explain them. But there are other cases, in which the imagination runs riot in vain for any "sufficient reason" outside of the will and purpose of the Creator, fulfilling an original plan. These cases are like "experimenta crucis," — the theory that fails to hint at a possible explanation fails to explain the universe.

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Such, it appears to me, are the cases in which the fecundity of a creature is in inverse proportion to its chances of life. I would by no means say that these are the only points in the animal and vegetable economy which the evolution theories appear to me to be utterly incapable of explaining; but they are the cases which fall under the head of average and chances, and demonstrate that the Eternal Thought which planned this present world comprehended all and more than all which is included in our modern calculus of probabilities.

If the ovaries of the Dodo contained one thousand ova, and if, on an average, less than one of these grew into an adult female Dodo, with equal chances of propagating her kind, it is evident that the Dodo must become extinct. If, on the other hand, two of these ova were impregnated, and came to maturity, it would take but a few generations of the bird to cover the earth, and exclude all other beings. This is prevented, it may be said, by the struggle for life. But the fecundity of each species must be exactly proportioned to the chances of failure in that struggle.

The horse-hair eel is said to lay several millions of eggs; let us say five million. Why this enormous fecundity? Because the chances of the eggs coming to maturity, as eels, is so small. In order to keep the species in existence, two in five millions (if the sexes are of equal numbers) must succeed in escaping all the dangers which beset the eggs and the young in the brook, and then succeed in finding, near the brook, crickets or grasshoppers into which they may penetrate. These grasshoppers must escape their enemies, and survive the depredations of the hair eels, until the latter reach maturity, when they must escape near enough to a brook to find their way there, and meet hair eels of the opposite sex. The chances are two in five millions, let us say, and the creature lays five millions of eggs. Did she average but four millions, the race would in a few years become extinct; did she average six, the creatures would multiply in a few years beyond all bounds. The permanence of the species for so many years demonstrates the accuracy with which its fecundity is proportioned to the slimness of its chance in the falsely-called struggle for life.

THOMAS HILL.

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TWO DAYS IN TRANSYLVANIA.

It was my good fortune to be able, in the months of August and September of last year, to make a journey of about six weeks through Transylvania. During nearly the whole time I was traveling in company with Mr. John Kovács, professor of history in the Unitarian college at Klausenburg, — a circumstance which added very much to the profit and pleasure of the journey. I was for the greater part of the time among the Unitarians. It is to give a faint picture of their condition, and still more to show their interest in us American Unitarians, as manifested by the kindness with which they received one of our number, that I would give a simple narrative of two days (September 6th and 7th) which I spent among them.

One Friday evening we had left the little city of Maros Vásárhely, by train at half-past ten, having taken our tickets for Gyeres, which is the nearest station to the town of Thorda, where we wished to visit one of the three Unitarian academies. But this latter part of our plan was destined not to be realized till a week later. At about a quarter before one in the morning we stopped to change cars at the station of Kocsárd, with no thought of seeing any one interested in us. But we found there waiting for us a Mr. Fodor, the Unitarian schoolmaster of the village of Bágyon, who told us that the Unitarians of that place, hearing that we were to go over the road about this time, being sure of the train (as there was but one), though not of the day, had sent him here, nearly twenty miles, with four horses, a vehicle and driver, to invite us to go back with him to Bágyon. After they had done all this for us there seemed, of course, but one thing to say, and at about two o'clock we started on our long drive. We were both of us tired enough, but sleep in that open, springless vehicle was out of the question. At first it was a beautiful clear moonlight night and pretty cool. Then it got darker, and then the moon, which under any circumstances ought to have set soon, hastened her work by getting behind a heavy cloud. There had been for some time beautiful, almost incessant distant lightning. This now be-

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came nearer, and was no longer without thunder. There seemed to be preparations for a violent storm, but it was not so severe as we had expected, and our umbrellas kept us tolerably dry. After the rain ceased, it was still very dark as we went up a long hill. Then followed what must always remain in my mind as a vivid picture of the expression "break of day." Just as we reached the top of this hill the clouds broke away in an instant; the light broke out in the east; and, from a darkness which hardly allowed us to see the horses, the whole valley in which Bágyon lay broke out into full view before us. It was now a down hill road, and we reached the house of Mr. Fodor at a little after five, having made so good time that when some people from the village went out to meet us we were already there and asleep. It had not been so lonely a drive as its time might seem to imply; for the people travel a great deal by night to avoid the heat and dust, and during the last hour we met them already going out to the fields to work.

After we had got a little sleep, we went to the house of the minister, Mr. Csegezy; and we here found about fifteen gentlemen, who had come together to receive us, and with whom we now spent an hour and a half at breakfast. Breakfast was generally a very simple meal of coffee and toast, but sometimes, as on that day, it was made more like an elaborate dinner, and accompanied by the drinking of healths, and speeches. From breakfast we went to see the church and the school-house. Throughout the country there seemed to be much more enterprise in improving the school-houses than the churches; and certainly with reason, for the school-houses were usually but very poorly adapted to their purposes. Bágyon had a new and good school-house; but in spite of a nominally compulsory education, of the one hundred and forty children which should attend it, it had really but about sixty; and these were not all Unitarians. Although the attendance seemed generally to fall short of what it should be, still in this village it was much worse than usual. The church was a little larger than common, being about seventy feet by twenty-five, and it would seat about five hundred; for the seats are very close together. In the first half of the last century, when the Unitarians lost so many of their churches, and when the planting of

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a cross upon a Unitarian church by the Catholics was enough to give them possession of it, a body of Catholics from a neighboring village came to take this church, while most of the men were at work in the fields; but the women, who were at home, came out and successfully defended the church with hot water. A similar account had been told me of the church at Szent Gerlitze, which I had visited the day before. And this was not the only warlike part the Bágyon church had played. There was a wooden belfry in the church-yard, — for the church tower was no longer strong enough to bear the weight, — with places for three bells. There were, however, but two there, for the third had been given to be cast into cannon in the revolution of 1848.

From Bágyon we were driven on, a mile or two, to the village of Kövend. Here the Unitarian minister, Mr. Gál, met me, as Mr. Csegczi had also done, with a formal address of welcome. And here let me say a word of the way in which a Hungarian receives a person into his house. It happened to me many times that day, as well as through my whole journey in Transylvania. He generally meets him outside the house, and gives him what we should call a very hearty welcome. But as soon as they cross the threshold of the house he grasps his hand again, and welcomes him with an address which may last five minutes. In the same way on leaving he bids him a hearty good-bye, with another address, when he leaves the house; then he shakes hands and bids him good-bye again on going out of the yard, and perhaps he may go further with him, and the leave-taking comes a third time. But it is always very hearty, and never stiff.

After Mr. Gál had received us at his house, he took us to see the church and school-house. The former was one of those striking features of some Transylvanian villages, a fortified church. These churches themselves are much like any others, but they have generally a more conspicuous position, and are surrounded by a wall about fifteen or twenty feet high. This was built as a defence against the Tartars and Turks. This church at Kövend was even more primitive than usual; for it had not even a floor: there was merely flooring in the aisles, and in front of each seat a strip of board, that the feet might not rest on the bare ground. The Transylvanian winter must be very nearly as severe as our own, and yet no church is ever heated.

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The school-house we went to see here was much too small for the number attending it, so that the children were divided into two sets, which took turns in going to school. They are soon, however, to have a new school-house. This is to come from the government. Almost all the schools in the country belong to the different churches, each single parish having its own school. Within the last two or three years the Hungarian government, which has been making great progress in educational matters, has taken upon itself the schools of some villages which have been too poor to support them themselves. It seems to be the policy of the government to involve itself in the expense of these common schools no faster than is necessary, and as yet it has but few. The practical working of the arrangement seems to be the opposite of what one might at first suppose. In the villages in which there are several denominations, and which therefore have several schools to support, religion being a matter of instruction in every school, each denomination tries to keep its school in its own hands. In a village, however, which is of only one confession, they are sure that the teacher will be one of their own belief, and are very glad to have the government take the expense and trouble of the school off their hands. This was the case with Kövend. Its population was almost without exception Unitarian. The Unitarian Church numbered here, not only the thousand Szeklers of the village, but also about a hundred Gypsies. This latter race is no great honor to the cause. They generally declare themselves as belonging to the denomination which is in the majority in the village in which they live, and may change their faith as often as their residence, or indeed oftener; for they are said to change it frequently in the same village, so as not to belong to that church which is at the moment asking from them aid.

From the church and school-house we returned to the parsonage, and just two hours after we had got up from breakfast we sat down to a still more extensive dinner. There were at it quite a number of gentlemen, and it was, as usual, accompanied by a good many speeches. The schoolmaster here brought me several Roman coins of silver, copper, and gold, found in Transylvania, and asked me if the American Unitarians had no collection in which they would be preserved, as he wished to give them to

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them. He seemed surprised to hear that we had no such collection, but said he would be glad to have me keep them myself, or give them to any collection in America. A fortnight later I received two others to be added to those he gave me then.*

While we were at dinner at Kövend, several gentlemen came from the adjoining village of Aranyos Rákos, to invite us to visit them there. How every one knew so much about our movements that day was a mystery I never solved. There is something I will mention about the carriage which they sent to take us in, which to one who has not traveled in the country may seem an insignificant thing to speak of. It is, that it had springs, — at least wooden ones, over which straps went, on which the body of the wagon was hung. In driving several hundred miles in the country, this was the only time, except in some of the larger towns, that I was in a vehicle having anything of the kind. Still the ordinary vehicles were not so uncomfortable as one might suppose, and there was generally enough hay in them for one to make himself a tolerably easy seat.

At Rákos we were received by the Unitarian minister, Mr. Létai, and several others, and went to see the church and school-house. To partake of even the lunch offered us here was for me at least impossible; and soon we were driven on a mile or two farther to the village of Várfalva. Here they did not even wait for us to get inside the village, but just outside of it we were met by a number of gentlemen, and one of them, Mr. Orbok, the Unitarian minister, welcomed me with an address in Latin.† To answer extempore in

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* These coins I have deposited in the collection of Harvard College.

† Mr. Orbok began by extending to me an earnest welcome, in which he carried over into the Latin the formality with which his own language abounds. He then spoke of their own condition. A portion of what he said of this I give in his own words: "Nos propter miseritiam nostram et vicissitudines stringentes nostras similes sumus puero, in cunabulo destricto, qui tunc sentit libertatem quando manus ejus obsolvuntur. Valde angustus est campus noster ad motum, now procul prolongitur meta horizontalis coram oculis nostris, hinc et illinc montes excelsi et nubibus amplexi circa nos. Nobis tantum cœlum et terram datum est videre. Nos, de regnis terris et gentibus magnis procul a nobis distantibus, eorumque consuetudinibus et culturis, quantum scimus, solum modo e literis et scripturis scimus; namque non literae, now scripturae, ast

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the same language was something I could not do, and so, as usual where there was no one who spoke German, I spoke in English, and Prof. Kovács translated what I said. But Latin seemed in place here; for the church which we then went to see, and the walls around it, were built from the ruins of a Roman fortress, and many of the stones showed the remains of Roman sculpture and inscriptions. The main part of the church is said to date from the eleventh century. Since then it has been lengthened, and is now of strange proportions. The school-room here was the poorest that I saw anywhere. It measured but fifteen feet by ten; and yet should serve for the accomodation of one hundred and twelve children. The number of scholars actually on their record was between seventy and eighty. Várfalva is a finely situated village, near the edge of, and just above, a broad plain, over which it has a beautiful view, taking in the line of villages on the farther side, and behind them the line of mountains, with the strange break of the Thordai Hasadék.

Our drive now had that day taken us all the way across the smallest and most westerly of the five districts of the Szekler land, — the isolated Aranyosszék. Kocsárd, where we left the railroad, lay just outside its eastern border, and Várfalva just within its western limit.

On leaving Várfalva we entered a gap in the mountains to the west, and then had one of the most beautiful drives I ever took. We struck the beautiful Aranyos, that is, Golden, River, and followed this stream up into its narrow gorge, where the road seemed to forget the right the water had, through a much earlier occupancy, and encroached much on its domain; for it was easier to build up in the river than cut out in the solid perpen-

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experimentatio et praxis est schola scientiarum: hancque scholam, Dominationes vestrae, fratres nostri — in Domino Christo — proregunt."

He then continued: "Nos, postquam evivimus vidisse Dominationem vestram in patria nostra, et in ecclesia nostra, provocati sumus salutem dicere. Et in dilecta persona Dominationis vestrae salutare omnes Unitarios transmaritunos, procut fratres nostros in nomine Domini Jesu Christi."

After expressing his wishes and prayers for my safe return, he closed with the words: "Hae sunt meae — qua pastoris Unitariorum Varfalviensium — optationes. Deus exaudiat."

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dicular rocks. But it was not always rocks, — sometimes steep wooded hills, — yet always the narrow gorge with high, grand, bold sides. At a point where another valley came into this, a little Wallack village, named Borév, had found enough room in the angle to get a lodging. I had seen many beautifully situated Transylvanian villages, but in its picturesque, quiet seclusion, Borév surpassed them all. But it was Wallack, and so our friends could see only its dirt. It was poor enough. But the log huts with their high thatched roofs, and the unpainted spire of the little rude Greek chapel, just fitted the wild nature of the valley and the steep hills that shut them in. The prejudice of the Magyars against the Wallacks is remarkable. The Wallacks constitute the majority of the population of Translvania, and are the one race that is scattered over the whole of it. The other races will have nothing to do with them, and rarely know anything of their language. A well educated Szekler who saw these people and heard them speak almost every day of his life, in answer to a question whether the Roumanian used the Latin letters told me he did not know. The Wallacks certainly stand far behind the other races, and are very ignorant, but I could hardly believe them to be quite so bad as the Hungarians would represent them. One of the finest buildings I saw in Transylvania was a Wallack school in Kronstadt. In the revolution of 1848 the Wallacks sided with Austria, and the ruins caused by their violence are still often to be seen. The patriotic Hungarian hatred of these people seemed now to shut their eyes to the charming picturesqueness of this village. Still they could use one of their buildings, and we now stopped at one of the best looking and largest houses in the village, a log hut, whose whole capacity consisted of two very small rooms, but which served as the hotel of the place. It was right on the river, and just at the entrance of the village. Here we met a Mr. Zsako, who, as I got out of the carriage, greeted me with another hearty speech, the practical part of which was, that the Unitarians of Toroczko, which was then our destination, had sent him on here to meet us and take us there. So the rest of our way we went with him. But before starting he asked us into the house, and produced some glasses and a wooden bottle of wine. A number of gentlemen who had accompanied us so far now returned. Mr.

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Orbok, however, first asked me if he might use my name as that of godfather to his daughter, whom he was to christen the next day.

We now left the Aranyos, and entering another beautiful valley, had an hour's drive farther to Toroczko. Considering the character of the road we went over, it was perhaps well that we were no longer in a vehicle with springs. The mountains we went between contain a large amount of iron ore, and several times we stopped, and went a few steps off from the road, to see some very small and dilapidated smelting huts, getting from the wild little stream power for their bellows and trip-hammers. And often we met picturesque lines of little horses, tied five together, well laden with charcoal, which they brought down the paths from the mountains. Having reached Toroczko, we went directly to the house of Mr. Koronka, who is not only the minister of that village, but is also archdeacon ("*esperes*") for one of the eight divisions into which the one hundred and six Unitarian churches of Transylvania are divided. He is one of the more important of the ministers, being well known as the author of two devotional works, and also as one of their best preachers. He was, however, unfortunately one of the few of the leading men of the denomination with whom I could converse but very little without an interpreter. The ministers of the smaller village parishes speak rarely any language but their native Magyar. Those, however, of the towns, as well as all those holding the more important positions, I was usually able to speak with in German. The feeling of the Hungarians towards the German language seems strange. The very few I met who had any knowledge of English or French seemed proud of their acquirements. But German is the language of Austria, and Hungarian patriotism seems to require an apology from any Magyar who has any knowledge of it.

While I was in Toroczko, and whenever I think of it since then it is with the same feeling, I felt that this village belonged to some other planet. Shut in among the mountains, it seemed untouched by the affairs of the rest of the world. It was a little independent world of itself, with its own people, its own customs, its own dress. What a different idea it brings to the notion of our religion as we see it among us, to find this village constituting the

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most prosperous Unitarian society of the country! With the singular individuality of Toroczko, it would seem strange in a land where the different races have to such a remarkable extent kept distinct, that its people should be a complete union of two. To be sure, they are now thoroughly Hungarian, and are as far as any of these from knowing any other language. But the names of many of them point back to Saxon origin,* and the peculiar dress resembles the Saxon more than the Hungarian. Indeed the village, seven or eight centuries ago, appears to have been pretty thoroughly Saxon; but through intermarriage, and in other ways, it became gradually Magyarized. The general appearance of the village itself was very different from that of any other I saw. The houses were larger and better, the streets were cleaner, and everything about it seemed to show a general thrift and absence of poverty. But if Toroczko is unique in its population, it is not less so in its situation. It is in the midst of grand mountains, some wooded, and some of bare stone. The most striking of these is the Székelykö (Szekler Stone), a single rock rising to the east of the village, it seemed almost perpendicularly, for perhaps a thousand feet. At least this was my own conjecture of its height; but as the statement of persons living there would seem to be of greater authority, I would add that one of them told me it was fifteen hundred feet above the sea, and another eighteen hundred feet above the valley. Its outline is so bold that the sun may go behind it after it rises, while ascending, so that they say they have two sunrises.

The evening that we reached Toroczko we were called upon by seven or eight gentlemen who were the members of the "*presbyterium*," a word which I should perhaps best translate by "parish committee;" though certainly they, if any, deserved to be called elders. They were all old; and I may safely say they

* The settling of Germans in Transylvania is a singular case of eastward emigration. The character of the country had become known through the crusaders who had crossed it, so that the invitation given by King Geisa II., in the twelfth century, for strangers to come to till and defend the land, and uphold the crown, was readily accepted. They came chiefly from Flanders and the Rhine. The colonists of Toroczko came however from Styria.

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were the strangest and most patriarchal body of men I ever saw. No one of them looked at all like either of the others, except in so far as all had their long hair parted in the middle, and hanging over the shoulders, and as all wore mustaches. Still less indeed did they look like any one else in the world. They were, however, all dressed alike in the regular peasants' dress of the village. This dress is in many ways peculiar to Toroczko, and the smaller adjoining village of Toroczkò Szent György. One of the more striking characteristics of it is that the sheep-skin vest, which is very common throughout all Transylvania, taking the place of a coat, worn with the wool remaining on the inside of the garment, was here ornamented with a bright fox-skin collar, reaching up over the ears. The boots were pointed like Chinese shoes, and the top ornamented with a tassel of blue silk. And in many small matters, especially in giving brighter colors, the dress differed from that of the rest of the country.

The next day was Sunday. Just before going to church the same presbyters called again. I had some conversation with them through Prof. Kovács. But with my eyes I could see without an interpreter, and I must let this be my apology if I describe more what I saw than what I heard. These persons to-day wore, in addition to their usual dress of the day before, each of them a garment cut like an overcoat, but worn as a cloak. It is their Sunday dress, which they only wear when they go to the Sunday service. The yard at Mr. Koronka's house was this morning ornamented with fresh beech branches, and to these were fastened dahlias and other fresh flowers. And over the path leading to the church several flags were hung.

In all Transylvanian churches the two sexes sit in different parts of the church. It is also often the custom that the unmarried girls do not sit with the married women. In Toroczko this kind of arrangement is carried much farther. The people coming to church do not go directly into the building, but wait outside. No one enters the church till first of all the old men go in. Then the old women enter. And so it goes on, first the married ones according to age, and then the unmarried, — last of all coming the little children. The men enter the church by one door and the women by another, as is usual in all the churches.

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They not only enter the church according to seniority, but sit so, and go out so. The women, as in all the churches, are the first to go out. This they do in perfect order, in single file with the hands folded. There is something very impressive in the reverence and complete order shown in these churches. The attention of this congregation was perfect, and it was a real pleasure for me to comply with the request of Mr. Koronka, after his sermon, and address them, though I knew they did not understand a word I spoke, till after I finished, and Mr. Kovács translated what I had said. This church is one of the best and largest Unitarian churches in the country, and I was told would seat between seven and eight hundred; though it was hard for me to believe that the numbers should be quite so large. Still, whatever number the church will hold was there that day; and indeed every Sunday the church is crowded.

It is a common custom among the churches in Transylvania for the men to wait with their heads uncovered after leaving the church till the minister has come out. Then one of the oldest steps forward, and speaking for all thanks the minister for the sermon, and expresses the wish that God may bless it in its effects upon them. The minister answers briefly, and not till then does the service seem concluded.

I mentioned the dress of the Toroczko men. The women here also have their peculiar dress. The most striking part of the week-day dress is perhaps their bright red boots. But they too have their special Sunday dress, and almost every woman in the church wore a sheep-skin jacket, with the pretty fox-skin collar. There were, however, a few young women whose dress was entirely different from that of the others. The most characteristic part of it was a gold crown, perhaps three inches high, from which hung over the back of the head bright colored ribbons interwoven with gold and silver. Such a crown is called in Hungarian "párta," from *parthenos*, virgin. This dress I was told is now worn but rarely. Still it is regularly worn at weddings and on the four communion Sundays. The communion service is celebrated in all the Unitarian churches on the same days, these being Easter, Whitsunday, and the Sundays preceding Michaelmas and Christmas. These celebrations call forth the largest

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congregations, and the ministers of several villages told me that their churches were not large enough to seat all who then came. In the rich communion service of Toroczko I was shown a silver cup which was said to be a thousand years old. Another bore the date 1586.

At dinner we met the members of the "presbyterium," and several other gentlemen, among them Mr. Létai, the minister of the society in the next village of Toroczko Szent György, with whom we now drove about two miles to his house, and then went to the short afternoon service in the church, where I again spoke to a crowded congregation. This village, much smaller than Toroczko, has a grand situation similar to the latter's; and the natural beauty is enhanced by the ruins of a Roman fortress on the hills opposite it. In the afternoon the villagers met together, in the broad street which goes through the centre of every Transylvanian village, for the regular Sunday afternoon recreation of dancing. A large number assembled, either to take part or to look on. The music was from a strangely formed old gypsy, who rested his fiddle on his right shoulder, and so had room for his pipe, which he smoked through it all. Every Hungarian town has its gypsy musicians; and indeed professional music is entirely in the hands of this race. We partook of a bountiful supper at Mr. Létai's with many others, and in the evening were driven back to Toroczko.

Before I close this account, I wish to join one name to those of Mr. Koronka and Mr. Zsako, as of a person to whom I, as well as the Unitarians of Toroczko, are greatly indebted: it is that of Mr. Bosla. Though eighty-six years old he was still the most important man of the village and the parish. He was one of the presbyters of the society, and seemed everywhere to stand as the patriarch of the village. He presided at every public meeting, and whenever he entered a room where others were, every one rose. A part of the rich communion service I mentioned was his gift. It was in his wagon that we were driven on, for nearly fifty miles, the next day, when, leaving these grand representatives of our faith in Toroczko, we continued our way up the beautiful Golden River.

ROBERT S. MORISON.

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THE HIGHER SCIENCE.*

George Henry Lewes is right in the introduction of his remarkable book entitled "Problems of Life and Mind, First Series, Foundation of a Creed," when he says, that "this is an age clamorous for faith, and only dissatisfied with skepticism when skepticism is a resting place instead of a starting point, a result instead of a preliminary caution." And again, "The great desire of the age is for a doctrine which may serve to condense our knowledge, guide our researches, and shape our lives, so that conduct may really be the consequence of belief." Whether he can help us much towards this end, and lead us to the foundation that we need for our light and motive and peace, it remains to be seen. The first volume rather describes the vehicles and instruments of his thought, and the way in which he means to go to work, than gives us positive results. He promises indeed to present something more than a dry theory of man and nature, and another addition to the systems that have puzzled or pleased the understanding and left the heart unmoved and unedified. He believes in religion, and says, "In a word, this transformed religion must cease to accept for its tests and sanctions such tests as would be foolishness in science and such sanctions as would be selfishness in life. Instead of proclaiming the nothingness of this life, the worthlessness of human love, and the imbecility of the human mind, it will proclaim the supreme importance of this life, the supreme value of human love, and the grandeur of human intellect."

There is no doubt that thorough-going materialism has been making headway in the world of late, and winning some converts from a class of men whose instincts and culture have not before been in that direction. Dr. Tyndall's recent discourse does not indeed affirm materialism, but it tends strongly that way, and he claims for matter what he cannot claim for mind or spirit or God.

* Problems of Life and Mind. By George Henry Lewes. First Series. The Foundations of a Creed. Vol. I. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

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He discerns "in matter the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." He declares, indeed, that "the whole process of evolution is the manifestation of a power absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man," yet he favors the belief that the mystery is in matter and nowhere else as a subject of the knowing faculties, and that the great mystery belongs to the emotional nature and to the creative as distinct from the knowing faculties. So in this way the positivist, like the transcendentalist Kant, saves himself from the rigor of his thinking, and Tyndall brings in the emotions and the creative faculties to give the faith and the comfort which Kant found in the dictates of the practical reason.

Certainly the drift towards materialism is far stronger in Tyndall and his school than towards idealism or theism, and the mind of our age yields more to that drift than did the leading intellects who met so bravely the materialism of the eighteenth century and gave the nineteenth century its ideal aspiration and thought at starting. The instructive and able book of F. A. Lange, the history of Materialism, which Tyndall quotes with such power, presents with great clearness and force the protest of Goethe and his associates against the rising skepticism; and the first volume, which is all that has come to hand of the second edition, seems to close with utter contempt of the new tendency of science, according to the method of Helvetius and Holbach, as alike an offense to the reason and an outrage to decent taste, — as much so as if a new critic were to arise who should undertake to interpret Homer by spelling out the letters of his Iliad instead of giving the music of the verse, and the sweep and climax of his story. These materialists were dropped as dunces and bores rather than denounced as upstarts. We have inherited a great deal of this feeling from those intellectual leaders as well as from our fathers in faith. We have been taught by Goethe, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, as well as by Schleiermacher, Channing, and Maurice, to look at nature and life in their harmony and completeness, their beauty and their aspiration; and this new method of dissecting everything and ignoring the All; this seeking out law without the Law Giver; this accepting the Almighty force and rejecting the Supreme Will; this exalting of the struggle for life as the secret of history, and denying the Providence of God; this subjection of the individual to the

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sway of impersonal elements and setting aside the rule of personal love, — all this is a sore offense to our culture as well as to our creed: and the consequence is likely to be either that we set our faces against all science, and prefer any solid creed or edifiying worship to this despairing science, or that we accept the science and try to outgrow our faith and devotion in the hunt for new discoveries or the practice of new arts whether pleasing or profitable.

The saddest thought of our time is probably connected with the new science; and the school of Pessimists, who are powerful in thought and not feeble in number, arises from the reaction of the ideality and humanity and faith in which we were educated against the new and terrific fatalism by which we find ourselves surrounded according to our new teachers. We are *Les Miserables*, — not of the novelist, but the philosopher. Miserables indeed, not because we are the victims of bad society, but because we live under inexorable, reckless law, that is always sacrificing the individual to the universal. In a tyranny compared with which the Hapsburgs were saints and the Napoleons were angels. Nor is the lower materialism much helped by its alliance with a certain Pantheism that finds unity without conscious soul in nature; and Lichtenberg, who said nearly a century ago, not undevoutly, that "if the world survives an infinite number of years, the universal religion will be a purified Spinozism," would not have been much comforted had he known of the new Spinozism of Schopenhauer and Hartmann, which adds Almighty Will to Spinoza's Thought and Extension, without adding personality, consciousness, or love.

Yet, little as we like the apparent results of the new method, we cannot but accept its guidance to a certain extent, and all of our best thinking shares the influence of the scientific spirit. We are moved to trace out the workings of universal law in history, and even in theology, and assertions and threats no longer carry the day in the pulpit or the schools. The preachers who are heard and read with the most fervor are generally they who treat of religion and ethics in the light of universal principles, and try to carry the order of science into the domain of faith and duty. The facts and the law taught by the facts, or facts and the ideas which they present, that is the principle that is everywhere recognized; not the laws or ideas without the facts, nor the facts without the

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laws or ideas. Here, of course, the great practical question arises, What are the facts, how far are they found in matter, how far in mind, how far in man, how far in God or from him; what are the laws or ideas taught by those facts; how far do they come from observation, how far from intuition, when from tradition, when from revelation?

Here Mr. Lewes comes in at his own accepted time to help us to the foundation of a creed. He believes in physics, and so also in metaphysics, but he carefully distinguishes metaphysics, or what comes after physics, and deals with the logic of causes as presented by the facts of experience, from metempirics, or what comes after or claims to transcend experience. His creed is evidently to rest upon what he calls reasoned realism, and we have no quarrel with this phrase, if his reasoning is good, and his reality covers all the facts of religion. Here, however, we must probably differ from him widely, alike in his estimate of facts and his interpretation of reason. We hold to facts that transcend what he calls experience, and which exist in God, and are made known by his word and spirit and kingdom. We hold also to faculties that are rational indeed, yet transcendental, and open the soul to the highest verities of nature and of God. Mr. Lewes has, indeed, a good opportunity for using his knowledge, his acuteness, and his eloquence. He has been at work upon his book for nearly forty years, and he meets a want which that period has brought with it. With the death of Hegel, the Transcendental School declined in power, and with the new study of nature, and the practical turn of society and enterprise, there came an earnest desire to study things as they are, and not merely as they ought to be, or as they must be, in speculative ideas. Mr. Lewes professes to be wiser than any of this school, whether Kant or Hegel, without running into the opposite errors of Comte, who condemned all metaphysics, and Herbert Spencer, who discourages its higher stages as dealing with the Unknown. He believes in taking the facts of experience, and in being able to know enough of their causes to give him the foundations of an inspiring and elevating creed. This twofold purpose of steering clear of what has not the evidence of experience, and following the testimony of facts up to the causes, pervades this work, appearing alike in the introduction with its two parts, — first, the

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method of science and its application to the metaphysics; and, secondly, the rules of philosophizing; in his sixty pages on Psychological Principles, and in the body of the volume, Problem I., the limitations of Knowledge.

We cannot follow him into the particulars of his argument, and must be content with treating of his most conspicuous position, or his use of the word "experience" or "experiential." There can be no objection to the statement that we can have no knowledge without experience, but the point is what is experience, and how far it depends upon matter and the senses, and how far it rests upon God and the soul. Thus, for example, we have a living class of theologians and philosophers, who boast of empirical evidence of divine things and who set up Jacob Böhme as the head of their school. They say that certain gifted men see spiritual verities, and have direct visions of God. Not only in the great Christian revelation, but in all of the higher theosophic seers, something of the new opening has been granted, and the race has been carried forward and upward by such spiritual leaders. To believe this is to believe a good deal, but it does not call for as much credulity as it does to believe that the prophet who claims this insight has sprung by development and selection from atoms, insects, fishes, through the whole scale of being up to the monkey, and then at last to man. Tyndall and his school do not quote much the class of devotees and theosophists who have done so much to improve and exalt the human race. He speaks of Shakespeare, Raphael, Beethoven, and Carlyle with favor, but disparages Socrates, Plato, and even Aristotle, and does not name Paul, Augustine, Luther, Böhme, Swedenborg, Wesley, and their peers, as having anything to do with human progress. Yet these men have led the race forward more than the materialists, and there is more to teach and exalt a thoughtful man now in Augustine's "Civitas Dei," credulous as in some respects it is, than in the "Natura Rerum" of Lucretius. What serious thinker will dare to deny to Augustine all hold upon spiritual results or ascribe to Lucretius the only or the supreme Reasoned Realism?

Mr. Lewes does not reject what we regard as the more spiritual and intense functions of our life, but he expressly refuses to recognize any supra-sensible or divine origin, and is fixed in his adhe-

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sion to the sensible and the extra-sensible as the only sure experience. The mysterious intuition, and instincts which we usually ascribe to a divine origin, he regards as "organized experience, groups of neural processes, which originally were isolated." They are to the mind what automatic actions are to the body. Their mechanism is concealed because their action is so easy and so rapid. Among the automatic actions, there are tricks of habit peculiar to the individual, tricks peculiar to his family, and tricks peculiar to his race; these are all perfectly irresistible, although often serving no purpose, and representing no vital necessity. Among our intuitions there are likewise tricks of thought and feeling, — that is, some personal prejudices or tradition of the family, sect, nation, — and these are irresistible even when reason sees them to be absurd." He accounts for much of the unconscious work of mind in man and beast by hereditary transmission, — a theory which may explain in a degree the transmission of intellect, but wholly fails to explain its beginning; for no step has yet been taken towards explaining the origin of life and mind by matter and mechanism. Go back as far as we choose in the scale of being, and we still are in presence of the unseen spiritual power that gives to matter the functions that are never known to come of itself.

Deny this power, and we have a blank atheism that makes the universe impossible. Grant the being of this power, then all evolution is its progressive manifestation, and a philosophical thinker like Baring Gould, and other able men, may trace the progress of evolution in Christianity, and regard Christian evolution as the development of the orignal plan, the crown of nature and the incarnation of God.

Probably we shall see remarkable philosophical and religious influences in thought and action coming from the new tendencies of science that we have been considering, and it is not well to forget that Christianity has always turned every great movement of mankind to its own benefit, and reconciled the antagonisms of history by its own mediating light and power. Oriental mysticism and the Greek humanity were reconciled by the Incarnate Word, the Witnessing Spirit and the Universal Church, and there are signs of a somewhat similar tendency in mediating between the

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Transcendental mysticism and the social and natural science of our age. It is the duty of Christian scholars and devotees to stand fast in the essential faith, and upon that eternal rock watch the changing signs of the times and build broader and higher the temple of the living God. Already they have good proof that their faith has the truth which science must accept as the supreme verity, and the last studies of nature show forth the working of One Mysterious Being in all the differentiations and integrations of life, and lead us to adore with more intelligent devotion Him whom we accepted in our baptism as the Being above All, differenced in His Son, and integrated in the Holy Spirit, and to ascribe anew with the sages and saints of all ages Glory to the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost.

That we may do our part towards the higher science that is coming, we are to allow fair play to all students of nature in the observation and manifestation of facts, and to claim the same right for the students of the facts and laws that belong to the ethical and spiritual life. We are also to favor the proper verification of the views that we take by putting them to the practical test, and insisting that ethics and religion have their practical tests as well as physical science, and that it is foolish to dismiss the question of faith and virtue without regard to the practical conditions under which they have arisen and must live. To proper observation and verification we are to add continuity and association, that we may hold fast the good and true and lovely that we inherit or acquire, and to combine together for the true use of our privileges and the results of our opportunities. To us, the children of the New England Puritans, so peculiarly favored by our heritage and peculiarly tempted by our liberty, a call comes for fidelity in the present coming crisis of opinion. Mr. Lewes and men of his school would probably make us content with a religion of humanity that seems to us the organized experience of our race without positive faith in divine knowledge and grace; and there are others who are for taking away from us even that solace, and for calling the organized experience of the race but darkness and delusion so far as it claims to present absolute truth and virtue and happiness. We are to be scholars, and believers, too, standing fast alike to our culture and our Christianity, and generously gathering all of our friends and forces to the study and the work before us.

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We certainly have grounds of satisfaction in the spirit of our leading naturalists, and our Cambridge school of itself has been doing a good work to carry science forward upon its own ground and in its true relations, without timidity and without presumption. Faith has suffered nothing and science has gained much from Agassiz, Pierce, Gray, Lovering, and their associates, and more account should be made of them in our reading and studying. We have men of power too in ethics and religious science, who belong to our own school, such as James Walker, F. H. Hedge, C. C. Everett, A. P. Peabody, William D. Wilson, who affirm positive Christianity; and other men whom we cannot afford to disown or lose, and whom we hope to find re-affirming the faith that they once so strongly affirmed, chief among them R. W. Emerson, and prominent among them Samuel Johnson, John Weiss, William J. Potter, O. B. Frothingham, to say nothing of our true and gifted brother, C. A. Bartol, who can be classed only by himself. We cannot afford to lose elements so precious; and, whilst we are not to patch up a sham compromise, we may hope for an ultimate reconciliation in the church that accepts all that is truly human and divine, and from the Holy Spirit that subdues all honest antagonisms to the Supreme Soul.

The article in your July number, "The Christian Progress of a Generation," gave me great satisfaction in what it said of the influence of Emerson in bringing on a more spiritual philosophy and a more Catholic faith and fellowship. Rufus Ellis sent forth a warm and timely word from the old First Church of Boston, when he wrote that the "transcendentalists made it plain that Christianity must be more than a miraculously confirmed Deism; and that it never lives long merely as ancient history; that, indeed, the Divine Providence has provided no place here on earth for the unspeakable gift save in the hearts and minds of living and growing men."

I believe that Emerson resigned his charge of the Second Church in 1832, the year in which Goethe died, and, so far as a spotless Puritan scholar could do, he wore the mantle of Greek culture which fell from that German Apollo's shoulders. When shall we see plainly what has been becoming, many of us believe, more and more true, that our brother, so peerless in his insight and

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utterance, has again, and from his sunset hill-top, caught again the light of his early days, and made culture, that has been forty years wandering apart, once more one with Christianity by his precious gifts?

SAMUEL OSGOOD.

DR. CHANNING AND MISS AIKEN.*

TO ONE who can recall the pre-eminence and dignity which Dr. Channing's living presence gave to the city of Boston, it is no common privilege to look over his shoulder while he writes familiar letters, or peep curiously into those which come to him from afar, laden with the affectionate gratitude of those whose chains he had broken.

All the more is this the case, that his nephew's "Memoir," in three volumes, has never satisfied the heart-cravings of the public in regard to him, and that we had small reason to think that this particular correspondence would ever be given to the world.

The Memoir is too heavy, and has too many reserves. Those of us, who have lived through the anti-slavery struggle, and know what it cost this great master of thought to keep steadily on in the way of a freeman's duty, while those whom he best loved walked "backward with averted eyes," — who remember how often his tender heart was wounded, and his life-laurels draggled in the dust of that conflict, — know very well that we have never yet had, and perhaps never shall have, the true life of that shrinking and sensitive, yet nevertheless undaunted, soul. Nay, if the very letters we have read — written to him in those bitter days by very eminent men — were at this moment laid before their authors, we feel sure that they would deny their identity until some expert forced the truth upon their reluctant minds!

It is divinely decreed that men should forget. Walking the other day, through the deserted grounds at Oakland, the full

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* Correspondence of William Ellery Channing, D.D., and Lucy Aiken, from 1826 to 1842. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

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power of his remembered presence made itself felt. The old house stood above the circular lawn, girt about with shady evergreens, whose twisted boughs betrayed their age. Its shuttered windows sprang open to our fancy, and revealed the pleasant breakfast-table, where snowy linen, bright silver, and happy faces made it, to the younger guests at least, the most charming encounter of the day. Then, following a long pasture where superb Alderneys and Jerseys fed at their pleasure, down a long shaded avenue, we climbed a stile, and broke into the wild where three diverging paths — cut for his pleasure — led through the woods, for half a mile towards an open field, the highest point on the estate, where, under a spreading oak, he used to sit and look at the blue sea on every side. Many a time has one of Miss Aiken's letters been carried all that way in his thoughtful hand, while blue and yellow Gerardias nodded on either side, fragrant berries offered themselves to his absent eyes, and the brown hare or shy partridge scudded away from his slow approach.

In those days, whatever else he was, we knew that he was "chief of all the world" to those who had "seen his star and worshipped it in the East."

At the time that his memoirs were written, Dr. Channing's executors applied to Miss Aiken for the letters which belonged to the survivor by their common agreement. She replied in strong language that "to publish these letters would be such a breach of trust as no one bearing his name should be guilty of," but held out some hopes that "extracts," might be furnished.

It was very well known to Dr. Channing's family that he wrote with great freedom to this special correspondent, so at a later period his son wrote again for the "extracts" and was again most decidedly refused.

When we read the letters over, it seems quite natural that so long as Miss Aiken lived she should shrink from publishing her own free comments on the people of her day; but at the same time there was manifest need of the scrutiny and endorsement of at least *one* of Dr. Channing's executors when the publication was announced by her heirs. We have the correspondence complete as the dates show; the letters rarely cross each other. That the letters are perfect in themselves, or nearly so, we may

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judge from the continuity of thought, and from the happy survival of some of the original draughts among Dr. Channing's own papers. A draught of the letter dated November 30th, 1831, was found by his executors, endorsed as unfinished, because bearing too severely upon the Calvinists in this country. When the printed page is compared with the manuscript he withheld, the slight change indicates a very rare conscientiousness. Most men would have drawn a line through the objectionable passage, but William Ellery Channing preferred to copy a letter, the very writing of which his frail body dreaded, to the possibility of suggesting an unjust thought.

Very strangely have these letters been criticised, — so strangely, that it is impossible to avoid thinking that they have not been read. They seem to us of very great value, giving us some exquisite bits of autobiography on both sides, and interesting pen pictures by the best artists of literary and political "beginnings" which are to-day "accomplished facts."

The friends had met first at the house of Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Aiken's aunt, and young people who have not forgotten her "Hymns in Prose" will find pleasure in learning here, that they were first written for her pupil, the celebrated Chief-Justice Denman, and in tracing the cordial admiration of two great men for the writings of a lady, whom it is far too fashionable to consider "dull." In view of the recent celebration at Northumberland it is interesting to quote a few words concerning Priestley, which Miss Aiken has preserved. "My aunt said of him, with as much truth as brilliancy, that he followed truth as a man who hawks follows his sport, — at full speed, straight-forward, looking only upward, and regardless into what difficulties the chase may lead him."

It is not too much to say that the correspondents are worthy of each other. Miss Aiken's opinion of Isabella of Castile is seldom matched in literature for candor and individuality; and while Miss Agnes Strickland might have arched her white throat, and tossed her raven curls indignantly at Miss Aiken's suggestion that she labored under the "usual female misfortune," "a want of sound and solid literature," the allies of Coleridge might have started at the same time to hear from Dr. Channing. "I find

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much to interest me in his criticisms on great authors, and in his distinctions and discriminations in psychology, but the peculiarities of his mind, and still more the infelicities of his character and life, unfitted him for the study of religion." It is curious to find both investigating the characters of the Puritans from their different stand-points. Miss Aiken finds that few religious parties have ever mingled so much of personal ambition with their motives as the Puritans in England, and Dr. Channing traces to the original brotherly watch and scrutiny of our early churches the compelling public opinion, and impertinent interference with private lives, which makes the city of Boston a somewhat undesirable place to live in at times.

We find among the private papers of Dr. Channing certain "Sonnets" by Jane Roscoe. These pages tell us something of her and the connection of her father with the anti-slavery struggle, the end of which he did not live to see. We find here the story of Montgomery, whose hymns are so dear to all the churches, and find that the secret of his power to express all our pain and longing lay in a morbid melancholy like Cowper's.

Nowhere in literature shall we find exhibited a sweeter and more catholic spirit than in the letters where Dr. Channing enquires about Priestley, and gets Miss Aiken's masterly estimate of the man in reply; or Miss Aiken writes of Godwin, with tenderness, insight, and appreciation, and Dr. Channing answers, "He gives one much to think about."

Our dear friend and teacher lived long enough to see prophetic seams upon the surface of the body he had done so much to consolidate. Often, in looking at lives near and dear to him, he must have remembered Miss Aiken's words, "The reasoning powers seemed to be developed before the sensitive part of Godwin's nature. So his system of thought was originally constructed with a total disregard of the passions, the affections, almost the instincts of mankind. But it was beautiful to observe him, in his own experience of the tenderest ties of life, gradually expanding his groundwork to give admission to private and partial affections, and at length doing, as it were, public penance for the slanders which he had uttered against them in his days of ignorance."

Of how many American thinkers might these words have been

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spoken! — and some of them will find in this volume a worthy contribution to the discussion of the labor question. All through the volume are scattered pleasant little notices of Joanna Baillie, then in the very last years of her long life; and greatly to our amusement we find Hannah More credited with having started in her "Cœlebs in search of a wife" all that philanthropic activity which gives to the women of England their proud pre-eminence. It was, and is, often overdone, but Dr. Channing and his correspondent discuss it widely and wisely; and then there crosses the page, with gentle step, the sweet, strong figure of Joseph Tuckerman, certainly the first, — God grant he may not prove the *last* man in this country — to fully comprehend the "Gospel to the Poor." He was the only man of his time who did not offend the neighbor whom he held by the button! "He certainly preached a short sermon," said one so seized, "but I did not wish it ended," and nobody smiled when, seeing a letter of Dr. Channing's addressed to some one else, he pressed the superscription warmly to his loving lips.

The admirers of Philip Van Artevelde will see here how the fortunes of the author hung on the kind memory of Sir Henry Holland, a man bright and keen, almost as well known in Boston as London.

Some terse criticisms are well worth preserving. Memorable as many oft-quoted words of Macaulay, are the few Channing spoke of Horace Walpole, "He shows what his power is by amusing me, for he offends my moral sense perpetually;" and the one comical thing on Miss Aiken's side is this remark about Charles Lamb: "He gained," she says, "a pure and very racy English by study of our old writers, especially the dramatists, but he acquired at the same time a quaintness which only the *best society* could have taught him to discard!"

Let us thank heaven that the "best society" found other work for its accomplished hands, and left our gentle Elia to gladden with his quaintnesses untold generations!

For the "low Irishman," applied to Goldsmith, if a recent critic had observed the Italics, he might have saved himself the mortification of imputing to Miss Aiken words that really belonged to Samuel Johnson, in one of his outbursts of ill-will. It may still

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be supposed, we hope, that there are a few people who know who Samuel Johnson was!

The cynical remarks are usually on Miss Aiken's side, for Dr. Channing's ill health shut him into a more kindly circle.

It is she who says, — what most of us can echo, — "Dare to make conversation in the most accomplished society something of an exercise of the mind, and not a mere dissipation, and you instantly become that thing of horror, — a *Bore*."

It is Miss Aiken too who finds a pedigree of Queen Elizabeth, kept at Hatfield House, and drawn up under Burleigh's very eye, in which the Queen is traced up to the second wife of Jupiter, and collaterally to *Cerberus!* a very good way of accounting — her fair critic thinks — for her "occasional doggedness"!

The readers of Mrs. Somerville's Autobiography, and of the Recollections of Dora Wordsworth and Sara Coleridge, will find many gaps nicely filled by these letters. Miss Martineau does not fill so large a space here as in the lives of the writers. She makes her first appearance, in the words of Lord Brougham, "as a deaf girl at Norwich, doing more good than any man in the country."

The few Unitarians interested in the Calcutta Mission, will read with interest all that relates to Ramohun Roy, and to Dr. Channing's suggestion that Englishwomen should combine to educate the women of Hindustan. Of all strangers, Ramohun Roy was the one Dr. Channing most wished to see, and it was as the foremost champion of womanhood that Miss Aiken cherished his memory. Now that the son of Henry Ware fills Dr. Channing's pulpit, it is doubly pleasant to read the words of generous content which introduce him and his wife to the English Unitarians. In several of these letters Dr. Channing expresses himself warmly in regard to Sir James Mackintosh. Especially did he desire an "Essay on the History of Moral Philosophy in Britain," but as it was only a part of the "Encyclopedia Brittanica," Miss Aiken sought for it in a separate form in vain.

At last Sir James Mackintosh heard of the desire, and a large paper copy, beautifully bound, was at once forwarded to Oaklands. In the letter in which Dr. Channing asked for the essay, he had criticised pretty freely the involved style of Sir James. In the light of these remarks, the inscription in the presentation copy of the essay is also worth preserving: —

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Few occurrences could have been more agreeable than that an English writer second to none in his age, should have expressed a wish for a copy of this volume. The substance of it had been long the subject of my meditation, but it has been executed amid the hurry of business and under the pressure of frequent indisposition. I am sensible that it is not unfolded nor illustrated nor arranged nor expressed as it ought to have been. I commit it with deep humility to one who, as he is a great master of Composition, is likely to be an indulgent judge of it. A place on the shelves of Dr. Channing is one of the highest honors to which this volume could aspire. J. MACKINTOSH.

London, 22nd of Feburary, 1832.*

But having considered this book as a correspondence, and a contribution to the library of entertaining knowledge, we must also inquire whether it adds anything to our knowledge of Channing himself. Very precious indeed do we hold its contributions in this wise. Whole letters may be found that are simple reflections of himself. He offers to others the same remedy in suffering that he has found for himself, — namely, absorption in a "Great Idea." The discussion upon the education of English men and women, upon the position of the English Church, upon the English and American women, have by no means the narrow character some critics have ascribed to them. Here we find the beginning of the demand for the "Higher Education of Girls" fully stated, and women who "have all the rights they want" will do well to see how these conservative and thoughtful people wrote on this subject fifty years ago.

In literature Dr. Channing was an aristocrat, and it was well for society that he was so. His exquisite taste, personal refinement and rare culture carried his wise, kind thought much farther than it could have traveled in any meaner way. Besides valuable discussion concerning the labor question, and the condition of the English aristocracy, these volumes show in what direction the leader in liberal thought looked for its motive to progress. He who was grateful for the "moral trust" felt in Washington knew also how to estimate the character of Jesus, and to receive both as the gifts of a loving Father. Were he here at this moment, he would show us how to accept the latest results of science without the loss of a "molecule" of faith. In view of what he might think and say, we long for the last work of his life, — a fragment

* Copied from the volume in question by the author of this paper.

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on the spiritual nature of man, which his executors have so far refused to the public, but which we shall not forgive them for much longer withholding.

Whoso knows anything of the life which Dr. Channing actually led from 1831 to 1842, will wonder at the reticence of these pages in regard to slavery. It is true that it is freely discussed, but never in a way to show the personal suffering and heart-wringing loneliness the writer was enduring for its victims. Strange freak of fate that Channing's coat of arms should be a shield bearing "three negroe heads!" Some far-off ancestor of his, it may be, came to honor fighting with the Moor. His nobler descendant perilled all he had to restore to that dark race the rights of man!

In England, at that time, Miss Aiken tells him that Bishop Hobart was not asked a second time to the house where he had defended the creation of new slave states, and that a man who spoke of planters as his friends shocked the society he entered,— "they are not to be mentioned with us," she adds, "unless it is necessary!" But Dr. Channing tells her nothing in return of the friendships sundered, the intimacies laid down, the kind faces averted, as the inevitable result of his first word in behalf of the colored man's rights!

Let no one be deterred from reading this book because of its dull look.

The English publishers are responsible for two grave defects: the want of an Index, without which a book like this is no more finished than a house would be without a door; and the heavy unbroken pages, such as Dr. Channing never wrote. Well leaded, and broken into convenient paragraphs, it would have attracted many readers, who will be very likely now to pass it by.

We must not leave it without saying that it is the best witness we have to Dr. Channing's profound respect for women. There is not a line to show that Dr. Channing is not writing to a man, his equal in reasoning power and social knowledge. The man whom Mrs. Somerville, Miss Aiken, and Mrs. Marcet appreciated knew very well how to value a human soul, and if prejudices that were narrow surrounded him, his writing shows no trace of them.

CAROLINE H. DALL.

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CHRISTENDOM AND HEATHENDOM.

A SERMON.* BY REV. E. E. HALE.

"Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?" — PSA. ii. 1.

THIS is the beginning of a strain of contempt and of triumph, with which King David sings of all the world but his own little Israel.

Just now crowned himself, after a fashion, — crowned almost by his own hands, — as King of a handful of people who are every now and then overrun by Philistines, and in the respite from the Philistines have to fight for life against the Arabs, — a King who knows that Egypt on the south of him, and Assyria on the east of him, would count his kingdom as only one of the pettiest provinces in their domains, — such a King as this, knowing that his God, his Jehovah, his Lord, is worshiped only in Israel, and is scorned by Philistine, Arab, Egyptian, and Assyrian alike, if, indeed, they have ever heard of him, — such a King, whose God has no temple but an old chest, which can be put on an ox-cart and trundled from hamlet to hamlet, as the enemies of the country invade it, — sings with a majestic triumph, which has long since entered into the songs and praises of the world: —

"Ask of me," saith the Lord,
"And for thine inheritance
I will give thee the heathen, —
And the uttermost parts of the earth
For thy possession!"
"Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings;
Be warned in time, ye judges of the earth.
Serve the Lord with fear,
And, in your joys, rejoice with trembling."

It is worth remark, as we pass, that, in a fashion, the heathen and the uttermost parts of the earth have seen this praise fulfilled,

* Preached at the South Congregational Church, Boston, on occasion of the National Conference at Saratoga.

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in a fashion, as far as that physical triumph of arms, which I suppose David had in mind: "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron. Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel."

The peoples who sing that song in their liturgies, and who worship, or pretend to worship, that God of Zion, have for centuries now been the political masters of the world. India, Africa, the Islands of the Sea, our own America, China, and, at last, Japan, have seen their war-ships and peace-ships, negotiators and soldiers, enter their ports and forts, their deserts, their market places; and have seen the symbols of the worship of this Jehovah,— nay, have heard the echoes of this very psalm, as tokens of the ideas of the governing races of this world. If that were all that David had in mind, his scornful prophecy of the weakness of heathendom and atheism, though it were throned in the palaces of Nineveh or of Memphis, has been completely fulfilled.

But it is not of that victory of arms, or policy, or merchandise, that we have to speak here to-day. It is of the larger triumph — the triumph of Ideas — of which these victories are a type, indeed; but a part only, and an inferior part. I believe it becomes us and is necessary for us to consider that victory with care, and to sort out and set in order the requisite preparation for it.

I. The atheists and heathen of to-day are not the Princes of Philistia or Edom or Assyria or Egypt; or if those princes were atheists or heathen, it would be of little consequence, in comparison, to anybody but themselves and their people. To them it is of very great consequence. But the atheists and heathen, who are of much more consequence than they, do not rule with sceptres, nor are their heads uneasy under crowns. They are atheists and heathen who live all around us,— who live in all Christian as in all unchristian lands,— and hold much wider sway in the laws and government of the world than did the men who worshiped Dagon, or Baal, or Ammon, as Princes of Philistia and Assyria and Egypt.

And, on the other hand, the believers in an Unseen God, to-day, have a religion simpler, purer, and of which their conception is more home-like and natural than was the religion of the people of David, for whom he sang this song of triumph.

So that it is fair to say that the scale of the eternal conflict

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between the heathen who rage, and God's children who adore, is a grander scale than it ever was. Far grander is it than even the fancy of David painted it; as the results involved, in a world so much larger than his world, are more noble and comprehensive.

The heathen, of whom you and I see most, — the men and women who do not worship our Father in Heaven, — are those prosperous and well-satisfied heathen who worship themselves, or the works of their own hands; or, in cases especially *exalté* or transcendental, they worship an ideal of something they are going to have, — as the office to which they mean to be elected, or the palace they mean to build, or the fortune they mean to create in the future. I know such men, who pay respect and reverence even to their own books, — nay, even to their own articles in the newspapers. You know such men, who, in the same way, set up a certain office which they mean to be chosen to, and worship the idea of that, — bend to the attainment of it the whole of life, its aspiration, and its energy. I could name a man, again, who, in his determination to accumulate wealth, denied himself a home, — or what you and I would call a home, — would not marry, would not build a house, would hardly wear decent clothes, or eat a decent meal. The particular men whom I have in mind, who set up such little fetiches for worship, have nothing left to give to the homage of God, or the love of him. I sometimes think that such men are the worse off for the existence of churches, of a clergy, and of other institutions of religion; for I observe that such men say and generally believe that we who do pray to God, and try to persuade other people to honor him, are simply a set of selfish impostors. They measure us by themselves, and so they come to believe that we are seeking our purposes as they seek theirs, and that the whole fabric of Religion and its institutions is got up by priests for their own behoof. You will find that very definitely stated in Volney's Ruins, and all that class of books, and I could take you to half a dozen public meetings in Boston, I think, where the same thing will be said to-day. But, generally speaking, this class of the heathen do not trouble themselves about meetings or statements. They carry their gods round in their pockets. Their worship is solitary worship, and

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they have no wish to extend it farther. This class of the heathen is not to be spoken of as small, or powerless. If anybody could make them act together, they would be very powerful; for there are a great many of them. But, then, no one of them will act with anybody else if he can help it. They are living every man for himself, and by that law the strength of union and harmony becomes impossible.

So far as such people have any faith, it may be said to be faith in themselves. "My right arm is my God," as Turnus said, when he refused to offer any other prayer.

II. I have classed them as heathen, because they have some object of worship; but there exist, also, all around us, those who are without God in the world, because they are logically dissatisfied. They cannot demonstrate God, and they are really affected by the atheistical argument which would demonstrate him out of his universe.

I know that theologians are apt to say that there never was an atheist; sentimental theologians say it a good deal. And I know what they mean, and what they mean is true. They mean that there never was a man of any sort of sense who did not see order in the world. Every man must see that it moves by law of some sort, or system of some sort; that it is possible always to reduce *forces* to one force, or *laws* to simpler law. In that sense everybody believes in a unity in nature, and in that sense everybody believes in a God. But for all that, I do not see the good sense of saying there are no atheists in the world. When David Hume went from England to Paris, he was very well received as an English free-thinker by the free-thinkers there. Baron D'Holbach asked him to dinner, and he met, as the story says, sixteen of the more celebrated of the Cyclopædists. Hume called himself a deist, a believer in God, who did not believe that Jesus Christ had any mission from God. Hume, in the decorous way of the English free-thinkers of his time, said to Baron D'Holbach, as the conversation turned on philosophy, that he supposed there was never an atheist in the world. "Pardon me," said the polite Frenchman, "but here are sixteen at the table with you."

That seems to me to have been the frank answer. And I think it is a great pity if the men of faith in our time, — the men

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who stand on "hard pan," or on the Eternal Rock, — should deceive themselves, by any sentimental use of language, into thinking that everybody else stands where they stand. I suppose the truth to be that a large number of thinking men are willing to say that they have no belief in a God who has such consciousness of their existence, such love or hate, such justice or mercy, or who has such care of his children as men have assigned to God. Theology has been so badly taught, and religion has been so badly preached, that there is a very large number of such men. They are without God in the world, not because they want to be, but because they are wholly dissatisfied with the arguments they have heard in the matter, and they do not suppose that there are any better. And, which is much more important, they have not tried that vital experiment themselves from which real knowledge in this matter comes. They have not sought for him, and therefore they have not found him. That is, "Ye have not sought for me with all your hearts."

These are those heathen who rage, and those people who imagine vain things against God and against his anointed, with whom we have most to do. And what seems to me most extraordinary in the religious aspects of our time, is that so large a proportion of the men of faith, and especially of those consecrated and ordained to the extension of faith, seem to be ignorant of the existence of such people. To speak in round numbers, I suppose that half the men in America have not any working faith in God. I mean that they go and come without any reference that they could themselves trace to his present will. By far the larger part of these are those people who have determined to live by and for themselves. The smaller part, and much the more interesting part, are those who — for whatever cause — have thought God out of their minds and hearts, have by intellectual process dismissed him from their lives. For instance, what seems to me extraordinary is, that when I read the religious newspapers I find so little thought given to these two classes of men. I have an opportunity, if I choose, to read a hundred such newspapers every week. I find them all, without an exception, engaged in the arrangements of their own organizations, and, in less degree, in attacks upon other organizations. But with regard to the great mass of irreligious poverty, of con-

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crete crime in cities, with regard to the great dead mass of selfishness which leavens the whole land so largely, and with regard to this intellectual atheism, not of great bulk, but of infinite interest to thoughtful people, I find scarcely a word. Well, you may say they print what interests their readers; and that the heathen and atheists of to-day do not take their newspapers. That is true. But try another test. When the "Evangelical Alliance" met last year, — a very distinguished body, embracing many very noble men, — nine-tenths of its proceedings were given to the discussion of the details of the relations of one Christian communion to another; most of them to aggression on the Pope of Rome. And a careful student here might pass through the gigantic report of their session, — now that it is published, — and hardly suspect that all around them, even where they sat, was atheistic and heathen sin, selfishness, and crime, wholly equal to anything which disgraced Rome in the days of Tiberius.

Now, I certainly believe, with King David, that God holds all such atheism and heathendom in derision. I believe it is going where the worship of Dagon and Baal and Astarte and Ammon Ra have gone. For all that, I believe that God's children ought to work with him in enlightening it and displacing it. They are indeed his agents for such enlightenment and reform. And in thinking of the position of the several Christian churches, against so large forces, whether of inertia or of active infidelity, I am always reminded of a story told of the Declaration of Independence. As they were signing that great charter in Congress, one of the delegates asked another if he felt as if he were putting a halter round his neck. I think it is Charles Carroll to whom the reply is attributed. He signed his name to the covenant, and said, "Yes, if we don't hang together, we shall hang separately."

I think that remark is to be studied very carefully by Christian men and Christian women, especially by Christian teachers and the leaders of religious opinion in our time. There are temptations which make a Universalist attack a Unitarian, and a Unitarian attack an Episcopalian, and an Episcopalian sneer at a Methodist, and a Methodest flaunt at a Free Religionist. But it seems to me that any broad man, who will look at the whole scene as an angel coming from another world might do, would see that

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the presence of a host, active or torpid, of men who live without any God in the world is too important to be forgotten. The active assaults on all faith in ideas, the demonstration daily attempted that right and wrong are only habits, that laws are only conveniences, that God is only a relic of old-time superstition, are so heavy as to deserve some union among those who stand by these great realities, and mean to maintain them. It is for them to consider whether they will not hang separately, unless they hang together.

I should have taken an early opportunity to say this here, as this winter begins, as the key to our Christian relationship and fellowship with all sorts of believers. To-day I speak of it with the admirable illustration which the National Conference at Saratoga gives me, from which I have just returned. I ought not to complain that the indifferent public does not comprehend what I think the most remarkable feature of that very remarkable gathering. The plan of it is wholly new, and it cannot be expected that people shall understand a new plan at once. It is called a Unitarian Conference, and so it is. But it is a Conference of Unitarian and "other Christian churches," and in fact it assembled the representatives not only of churches distinctively Unitarian, but of churches which call themselves independent; as of sixty churches in Iowa, which take the New Testament for their test of doctrine, and of a body of German churches in Missouri, not distinctively Unitarian, while it co-operates, with mutual good will, with the great African Methodist body of the South. Its range, therefore, is as wide in theory as is that of the noble Evangelical Alliance of which I speak. It is the omen and precursor, as I believe, of the great "Free Catholic Church of America," which so many men sigh for. But this, you may say, is only the theory of its formation. In practice, it was an assembly of great interest, in the view which I take of the relations of Heathendom and Christendom, because it spent no time in hauling over the coals of its own grievances, but occupied itself entirely with the aggressive work of the Church of Christ in the extension of Religion and the conquest of sin. It is in this regard that it differs entirely from any other ecclesiastical assembly known to me. Its pre-arranged discussions were on these themes: 1. How shall we extend the

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preaching of God's kingdom in points where it is now proclaimed ?* 2. How shall we increase the purity and diminish the intemperance of this land ?† 3. How shall we encourage and strengthen our missions in Europe, on the Pacific, in the Mississippi Valley, and in thinly-settled regions of our own coast ?‡ 4. How shall we adapt our existing congregations to the new forms of social order and life ?§ 5. How shall the Church meet the problems of crime, as they appear in prisons, and in the needs of discharged convicts ?‖ 6. And squarely, and without winking, "What has Religion to do with Physical Science, and what has Physical Science to do with Religion ?"¶

These are not small themes. There is none of the petty introspection of monks or scholars in the consideration of them. They are themes which statesmen and self-styled philosophers must respect, and in the consideration of them the Church shows that she understands her duty. In the abandonment, for such considerations, of anything which savors of internal discipline, this Conference took its own place as an agency wholly different from the synods, councils, and conventions, to which we have been accustomed in our Protestant Church History. If it is willing to keep on in such work ; if it will look out, and not in ; if it will avoid all the temptations, seductive though they are, to praise one or to chide another of those who work in its councils, it will in time assert for itself a proud and peculiar place in our social order, as a central agency in the work of those who would wisely attack the heathenism of the world by the powers ordained of God, and with the organization inspired by Jesus Christ.

It seems to me a great honor to the Unitarian Church of the

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* In the Conference and other reports, and in Wednesday's discussions.

† In Mr. Heywood's and Mr. Weeden's papers, and in the discussions which followed.

‡ In the meeting called by the Fellowship Committee, and in the meeting on missions.

§ In Mr. Ames' very suggestive paper, unfortunately not followed by any discussion.

‖ In Mr. Woodbury's paper, and Mr. Moors', and the broken discussion which followed.

¶ In Mr. Calthrop's paper, and Dr. Hill's.

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United States that it has even set in operation an agency of which the possibilities are so grand — the possible union of the children of God, in their combined attack on their common enemy. Whether in this agency that union will be achieved, I do not know. It is much to conceive the idea of it, and to offer the way toward it. To show the churches that we can forget our differences, in our determination to bring in God's kingdom, we can do this whether they choose to follow an example or refuse.

The truth is, as I see it, that we stand in that central position in the Church which enables us, of all men, to be generous in our fellowship, and even indifferent to the attacks of the sensitive communions. I believe all ecclesiastical writers admit the primitive antiquity of our church government. The leading Catholic writers admit that our interpretation of the Gospels is the correct one, if the Gospels are to be taken as authority;* and I know of no church, Protestant or Catholic, which does not profess our doctrine of the present light and help of God in his Holy Spirit. These three are the great things. As to the lesser things, of course churches differ.

But we have been trained, even in our martyrdoms, to toleration, so that we borrow on the right hand and on the left from the best of them. We sing Ambrose's "Te Deum" in our service, and then we fall back upon the silent prayer of the Quakers. We put into the same hymn-book the songs of the rationalist, William J. Fox, and of the canonized St. Bernard, and the rationalist's hymn is more fervent than the saint's. We can be as formal as the extreme Ritualists, while we are as free as the Come-Outer. We have, therefore, an opportunity which can hardly be overstated, and a balance (shall I say a self-reliance?) which the extreme sects might well envy. It is in our power, therefore, with the ease of those who are to the manner bred, to extend the expression of our sympathies to Papist or to Mussulman, to Come-Outer or to Jew; and, at heart, I think the Unitarian Church feels this balance of a central position, and freely offers such sympathy.

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* See, for instance, Newman on the Development of Christian Doctrine.

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I do not pretend that the great Conference at Saratoga has, in itself, achieved anything remarkable. It has exhibited to the churches assembled their own strength and determination of purpose, in a festival so brilliant and large, that it has surprised them all. That is a great thing to do; but that is not achievement. Achievement comes, as the fervent prayer of separate men and different churches is answered, — as their patient work and little or great plans succeed: as you and I save one beggar from the profession of beggary, one prisoner from returning to prison, one drunkard from the temptations of the cup. As this church and our sister churches so proclaim God, and so work with God, that the godless try the great experiment, and find that they, also, are his children, so do we succeed in the work we have in hand.

It is in such success that the heathendom of the world is confounded, and that its atheism comes to naught: "Ask of *me*, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

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EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE SARATOGA CONFERENCE.

We believe it was the general opinion of all present, that in the Conference at Saratoga was the best representation that we have yet had of our religious denomination. The members of the Conference came together in greater numbers than ever before, from places near and remote, from city and country, and from all classes of society. And not only in numbers, but in weight of mind and character, in the position which they hold as social agencies in their different communities, in culture and intelligence, in moral force and steadfastness of religious purpose, as men and women distinguished for clear and broad and generous views of Christian truth and duty, they were a remarkable body. And in coming together, each one felt himself warmed and lifted up by the common sentiment, in a manner very different from what is experienced in many public gatherings, where the standard of personal honor and integrity is lowered by the general feeling. When the Conference first met, no one was in a state of mind quite lofty enough to give the proper tone to the meeting. The hymns and prayers alone touched and satisfied the common feeling. Day by day, as the deliberations went on, the uplifting influence of the general spirit was felt more and more. And we could not but think that the influence was a salutary one upon us all. Our little egotisms, which make us feel that we are very important in our little spheres at home, were here of no account, in a body of Christian believers who had come together to deliberate on topics and measures which involved the most vital questions relating to Christian truth and duty. Day by day, the interest increased. The speaking touched a deeper chord of feeling. The religious earnestness of the body had its salutary effect on those who addressed it. The most brilliant rhetoric was at a discount, but he who had a wise and pertinent suggestion to make was always welcomed.

There are two phases of Christian thought and activity which

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were brought forward with especial emphasis, as they usually are in our religious body.

The greatest emphasis was laid on the necessity of perfect freedom in the investigation of truth. Here we were only following out our primary instincts and our traditional maxims and habits as a religious body. We believe that all truth and all being come from the same source, and, therefore, that all revelations of truth and being must in their fullness harmonize with one another. In the beginning was the Word, the Divine Intelligence, which was with God, and which was God, by which all created things were made, which came into the world as the true light to enlighten every man, giving to those who would receive it power to become children of God, and which, incarnated in Jesus, dwelt among us, revealing itself through him, full of grace and truth. There is, therefore, one divine intelligence, God revealing himself to us through his works in the outward universe, directly to the souls of all who will receive him, and especially through Jesus the Christ who so received him and so lived in sympathy with him, that the life he lived and the words he spoke were revelations of the mind and the will of God.

In nature, in the soul of man, and in Jesus Christ, it is the same divine intelligence that is revealing itself. All truth, therefore, is divine truth. The scientific investigator is seeking to learn the thought of God. The highest utterances of genius sanctified and inspired by the divine intelligence or holy spirit are partial revelations from the same source. What the greatest prophets have taught us are still only partial revelations of the divine mind. And in Jesus, to whom the spirit was given without measure, we have revelations from the same divine mind full of mercy and truth, but still, so far as our knowledge of them is concerned, subject to the limitations of the human body in which he lived and of the human language in which his words and life are made known to us.

All truth, proceeding thus from the same source, must be in harmony with itself. It needs only to be known in order to reveal to us the harmonious relations among all its parts. But in order to be known there must be perfect freedom in searching it out. And this freedom must not be confined to one department.

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There must be perfect freedom in interpreting what God is saying to us in his works around us, in our own souls, through the most gifted and godlike of his children, and most of all in the life and teachings of Jesus. We emphasize this word "freedom" in the investigation of all truth. And we have no fears of the result. We believe that the Gospel of Christ is a revelation of divine truth, and, believing this, we know that it must be in harmony with all other truth. We desire, therefore, the fullest search after truth everywhere. If there are apparent discrepancies between the revelations of science and the teachings of Jesus, as they are now understood, we believe that the remedy must come, not from the suppression of inquiry, but from carrying it on farther. Nature, perfectly understood, makes no mistakes and tells no lies. But the science of to-day comes from a partial insight, and is therefore an imperfect, and so far a mistaken, interpretation of nature. For a season, scientific investigators are working in dark mines. They see only a small distance. The revelations of to-morrow will remove some of the mistakes of to-day, and show harmony where now there seems to be a discord. And where the great prophetic souls engaged in reading the thought of God as written in his works have read the whole book through, and understood it in all its parts, we believe that their teachings will be in perfect harmony with the teachings of Jesus, and that they will unite with saints and martyrs in hymns of praise and honor to him.

But there is another department in which there is room for progress, and where there must be the same freedom of investigation. Christ made no mistakes. But we may be mistaken in our interpretation of what he said or did or was. As in the interpretation of nature, so in the interpretation of the scriptures, there is room for progress. Men of the profoundest spiritual insight and of the broadest comprehensiveness in spiritual thought must study the Gospels anew, and bring out deeper and broader and higher interpretations of the mind of Jesus. Here is room for the sublimest genius. What St. Augustine and Thomas Aquinas, what Dante and Milton did, in the light of their several ages, to embody in higher forms of thought and speech their grandest conceptions of Christian truth, that the greatest minds of this and of future ages

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must do, penetrated by the spirit of Christ as no men have ever been yet, and endowed, as no man has ever been yet, with the ever-increasing knowledge and the ever-advancing moral and spiritual culture of their day.

With every new step forward in this twofold progress into higher views of science and of Christian truth, new light will dawn upon the souls of men. Science will become more Christian. Christianity will become more scientific. The laws of nature, in their fullest development, will find their expression in the mind of Jesus, and our Christian religion, with its divine accompaniment of word and deed, will show itself to be in perfect harmony with nature, the miracles themselves being only anticipations, by the greatest among the sons of men, of a dominion which man, in the full development of his whole being, may exercise over the forces of nature.

Having this assurance, we emphasize the office of reason in religion and demand perfect freedom in the use of it. We fear no permanent hostility between the two. This thought was illustrated with great force at Saratoga by papers which we publish in the present number of this Review, on the harmony between Science and Religion. Dr. Hill's paper was read at a Missionary meeting, and was intended to show the Mission of our Denomination to scientific men. The two papers will be regarded with the more interest by intelligent readers because of the different stand-points from which the two very able and accomplished writers look at their theme.

The other class of subjects which we are in the habit of emphasizing are those of a humane or philanthropical character. Four able papers were read, — two on the causes and cure of intemperance, and two on the causes and cure of crime. We should be glad to call attention to each of these papers, as they will by and by appear in the printed Report of the Conference. Mr. Heywood's paper on Intemperance was a candid, carefully prepared, thorough presentation of the subject to thoughtful, Christian men. We know that it produced a decided influence on several persons who were present. Men of very temperate habits before were so impressed by his statement of the case that they determined hereafter not to offer any intox-

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icating liquors to their family or guests, and not to drink them when in health or for any other than medicinal purposes. When we think of the terrible evils which are caused by the use of these articles, and the small good they can do to persons in health, it becomes us to consider whether they ought not, like gunpowder and deadly poisons, to be guarded in their sale and use by severe restrictions, and whether in our private relations and personal habits a heavy responsibility does not rest upon us. If we do not care for them, the sacrifice in giving them up is nothing. If we do care for them so that it would be a considerable personal sacrifice to give them up, then the continued use of them is not without serious peril to us.

The most exciting meeting of the week at Saratoga was the missionary meeting. Dr. Hill's paper laid a solid foundation at the beginning. It was a great pleasure to hear our young missionary, Mr. Eliot, from Portland, in Oregon, looking at us and speaking to us, with a zeal and strength and sweetness such as won our love and confidence for his father many years ago. Mr. Douthit, from Illinois, made the speech of the evening, and excited in us all new convictions in regard to duties which lie beyond our own parishes and towns.

One thing was made plain at this Saratoga Conference in every attempt that was made directly or indirectly to compromise our position as a *Christian* denomination. The proposition, with the speeches in its support, was listened to with respect and the most exemplary good nature, and then, invariably, it was voted down by very large majorities.

On the whole, we take new courage from this new demonstration. We are mainly individuals; each man — having life in himself — must seek after the truth, and serve God in his individual capacity. Then we are independent Congregationalists, each society having in itself all the functions of a Christian church. But there are more extended duties to man and to society, which can be performed only through more extended organizations. The constitution of such organizations must be of the simplest kind, so as not to interfere with the freedom of each separate congregation and each individual soul. But even so, something of a general interest may be excited, and works for the elevation of society,

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and for the advancement of God's kingdom, may be done on a larger scale. And as members one of another, we may be warmed and stimulated to new and more successful efforts for Christian improvement in our more personal and private spheres.

The plan of this article has obliged us to omit all notice of some of the most noticeable matters, and some of the most valuable papers presented to the Conference, especially a paper by Rev. C. G. Ames, of Georgetown, Penn., which was, perhaps, with a single exception, the most brilliant essay of the occasion.

We cannot close this article without expressing our sense of the great obligations we were all under to Judge Hoar for the admirable manner in which he presided over us in our deliberations.

A POET'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

A memorable event in the history of American letters is the completion of his fourscore years by the patriarch of our literature, Mr. Bryant. It is a fitting reward for a life spent, to a rare degree, in the pursuit of high ends, and to which it has been given to cheer and elevate the minds of men by the poet's vision, while laboring for truth and justice in the burden and heat of the day, that it should be crowned by a long and serene sunset, with —

> "Honor, reverence, troops of friends,
> And all that should accompany old age."

Born on the 3rd of November, 1794, William Cullen Bryant was still a mere lad when the star of his poetic genius rose in the morning of our nation's culture, among the earliest harbingers of the full day; and his active life covers the whole period during which American authors have produced anything worthy to be remembered. Irving and Cooper, Sparks, Everett, and Halleck were his contemporaries; and when his "wood-notes wild" first broke on the delighted ear of our fathers, Emerson and Whittier were babies, and Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell were yet unborn. Since his fame was established, he has seen two generations of authors rise to fill the ranks where he was the pioneer; and still his eye is undimmed, and his latest are as sweet as his earliest lays. But the —

> "Poet, whose voice is of the winds and woods,
> Whose calm verse flows as does the mountain rill,"

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has not only been the tranquil interpreter of nature: he has spent a full life-time in the political strife of a most eventful period, giving and taking blows not without scars; and as editor of one of the great newspapers of New York, he has wielded a potent influence for freedom and right, and for all high and generous causes, using one of the most influential positions in the land with unsullied loyalty to a pure, clear conscience. Now that journalism is fairly recognized as one of the educated professions, the example of such a Nestor is of incalculable value to its dignity; and the honor that his faithful service has earned should teach an always needed lesson to young men who are entering on the same career. Countless souls whom his verse has braced and comforted, besides all who know the worth of a life consecrated to true and righteous things, rejoice in the Indian Summer of our poet's days.

OF THINGS AT HOME.

"The Christian Union" is certainly a very valuable auxiliary to our denomination, without its readers perhaps suspecting it, in sowing the seeds of wise and liberal thought. We do not altogether like the expression which its distinguished editor used, when he spoke of its leadership as being the "proudest editorial chair in the country," because, although he may have had in his mind the quality and scope of the paper, there is too much tendency in this country on the part of readers to judge of the success of a journal or book by the number of its subscribers. A large circulation of a book indicates a certain kind of success. It is brought before the eyes of a great many people, but if its contents are poor, and it has only been pushed by the determination of enterprising publishers, it is likely to be no more heard of after a short time. Where a paper is really so valuable as the one we mentioned, it cannot go too far or wide; but there is always danger that when so much energy is laid out to make a journal or magazine a great business investment, the quality of the periodical will not keep up to the mark from which it started. Far be it from us to prognosticate evil of any such good enterprise as the work of "The Christian Union." We were perhaps unconsciously thinking of the modest list of subscribers which our own Review pos-

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sesses, and hoping that, if our progress was slow, it might at least be secure in the heart and mind of our denomination.

We started with the intention of making a few extracts from the above mentioned paper, whose columns always contain something valuable and liberal. Here is a little cutting from the editorial staff: —

"We confess that we seldom get through our weekly pile of religious exchanges without rubbing our eyes and wondering what time of the world we really are living in. It is simply astonishing to see what things men spend their time over who are honestly trying to build up the kingdom of heaven. When we look at men as they are, and at the evils they need to be saved from, — the covetousness, the lusts, the cruelty, the falsehood, the selfishness in its thousand forms, out of which men need to be lifted into pure and Christ-like lives; and when then we see the kind of appliances which many good people in the church are carefully tinkering, and relying on to do this great work, — we feel tempted to exclaim, 'Either these men are fools or we are!' Here, in the warm-hearted, earnest, practical Methodist Church, we find men debating whether one writer shall be tried for heresy, for making 'regeneration' identical with 'sanctification;' how far another brother must be put down for taking a Sabellian view of the Trinity; whether an old minister shall be allowed to go on preaching who has denied the literal resurrection of the material body! In the name of common sense and of the Scriptures, what vital relation have these heresy-huntings to the actual fitting men to live and to die? Seeing men toiling and fighting over these 'beggarly elements,' these husks of speculation, with human beings going to destruction all about them, we long for the Apostle Paul to come back to earth and speak such ringing words as he once spoke against the wisdom of the Greeks and the narrowness of the Jews. Yet if, having not only 'Moses and the prophets,' but Christ and the apostles, and the records of eighteen Christian centuries, men will still so misinterpret the gospel, perhaps they might not be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

It is very pleasant, too, to find that some of the most interesting articles come from our own ranks. A paper on the future life, by W. R. S. Mellen, has impressed us very much, especially as being directed to Orthodox thinkers and readers. It is refreshing to us also in these times, when, as "The Unitarian Herald" says of Comte, the Creator is politely bowed out of the universe, by the Founder of Positivism, who says, "Science conducts God with honor to its frontiers, thanking him for his provisional services." "The Herald" goes on to say, —

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"These are startling ideas, but they do not affright us, for they are but speculative opinions Their pretensions to the accuracy of scientific conclusions are beggarly in the extreme. Not being the acquisitions of experiment and demonstration, their scientific value is absolutely *nil.* They are simply confessions of personal faith; and, as such, are worth no more than the utterances of the Pope. And, even as such, they are, to a really scientific mind, made worthless by being pervaded with as real and dogmatic assumptions of infallibility as are the oracular deliverances of Pius the Ninth."

But we will now quote Mr. Mellen, whose words come upon the scientific, and also the sensual, materialism of to-day like a strong inspiring breath from heaven, to arouse us from our false conceptions of this life, from our apathy, and from our sorrows, and bring us into the daily presence of the beautiful and the eternal: —

"For heaven is not place; and therefore is not specially above, or beneath, or around,—entrance upon which can be effected only after a certain period. It is peculiarly *godlike condition*, and is ever at our heart's door waiting for admission to us. So all the divine souls assure. For did not Jesus, dwelling in the bosom of the Father, while yet in the flesh, abide in heaven? In regard to the future, Samuel J. May said, 'I may have clearer vision, but not more confiding faith.' Dr. Tuckerman declared that his 'idea of eternal bliss was fully answered by his ministrations to the poor.' Another saint, reminded of Christ's agony for human deliverance, exclaimed, 'It is my privilege to think Jesus the happiest man that ever lived;' while still another avers, 'The world is so fair, I reserve my opinion if heaven be better. There are moments when life is unmixed blessing.' These, and such as these, have found what it is one great purpose of religion to teach; what almost every one has sometimes suspected; what all need to make one of the most vital truths of life: that heaven lies partly on this side of the dark valley as well as partly on the other, and that whoso will may sing its songs and do its work here as well as there; as beyond question some are doing more acceptably and effectively on this side than many others have learned to do on that.

"Though involved in what has been already said, yet as needing stronger emphasis, let it be affirmed that *Immortality* likewise *is*. Like heaven, this is usually conceived as pertaining exclusively to the region beyond the vale. This, therefore—so runs the general speech—is the mortal realm; that the immortal. Here, abide mortal, dying men; there, immortal, deathless spirits. To go hence is to quit the mortal and enter upon the immortal. Immortality, accordingly, is somewhat—is a transcendent reality—to be *anticipated.* To be in actual possession of it, living it, enjoying it, is thought of only by the few, is inconceivable by

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the many. Yet immortality, if not a conceit or an illusion, inheres in being. We cannot say *spirit* without supposing or implying it. Not that it is merely or mainly continuous existence. If it were, to how many minds would its value be seriously questionable? It is chiefly a consciousness of deepening, rising, enlarging life, informing more completely with trust, purity, love, and drawing into more intimate union with the Divine. Whoso has this consciousness has no need of, will not willingly be pestered by, any arguments for the immortal life. It is already his, or he is its; and the possibility of it ever being otherwise is inconceivable. It little matters in what form, the coarser or the finer; in what realm—the one this side or the other that side of the death-line--he is at any moment dwelling. Each in the great plan of Providence is equally good. So long as it is wise to stay in one, he is glad to stay. When it is wiser to pass on, he as cheerfully departs. But, staying or going, his is, and is evermore becoming, the immortal life of God.

"Spiritual realities—God, the Divine Law, Heaven, Immortality—then, *are*. They depend on, they relate specially to, neither time nor place. They are absolute. They confront us, lay their obligations upon us, embosom us, offer themselves to us at every moment of existence; though no more at one moment than at another. They summon us, not as soulless clods, nor as sentient brutes, but as living spirits, not merely to anticipate their blessedness in some remote epoch and place, but to open our hearts to them at once, and just where we are, living in delightful consciousness of, and in inspiring communion with, them. They affirm, moreover, that all this is possible—that the life divine belongs here just as much as elsewhere, and is just as sweet and glorious now as it can be countless ages hence.

"And how greatly is a conviction of this grand truth of the absoluteness of spiritual realities—to my thinking the central truth of all religion—now needed in the world! I know of nothing, certainly, that is so much needed; that lies so close to the roots, or that does so powerfully influence the development of human character. How would a clear perception and adequate realization of it indefinitely widen the mental horizon, and elevate the spiritual plane! For, according to it, religion is not designed to ticket men safely through this world, and through the valley of death to an idle or rapturous elysium beyond, but to *make men* —to make them after the heavenly pattern, and to fill them with the Divine Spirit. According to it, also, religion is not an appendage, or an addition to human character, like a portico to a house, or a spire to a church. It is attitude and essential quality of the soul, of no more worth in one world than another, but of priceless worth everywhere.

"Finally, how would an adequate appreciation of it sanctify our present life; cooling our fevered blood, calming our raging passions, drawing forth our best affections, exalting our divinest powers. Down into the deeps of our being, then, is to be sunk, in our most inward experi-

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ence is to be cherished, the conviction that every moment we stand in the Sacred Presence, are under the Divine Law, and, if we will, may make that moment heavenly and immortal."

We must not give one paper, however, all the credit for liberality, as our Episcopal friends and many others, in their self-criticisms, show that they are not satisfied with what they have already attained. Here is a letter to "The Churchman," upon the reading of the Psalms, which shows that its readers are by no means satisfied to "let things rest as they are:" —

"The reading of the Psalms has always been a most important part of the public worship of the Church, in this as in all former ages, and in our land as in all lands, and will ever continue to be so. And it is an important question, whether we read the Psalms in our Church Service in such order as is most edifying? Certainly our custom differs from that of all other Churches of Christendom. Nor do we know of any Church of any former age which reads the Psalms in their numerical order as they are fixed in the Bible. Each Psalm is a distinct composition, and has no necessary connection with the preceding or the succeeding Psalm. Psalms written at the distance of centuries, under most diverse circumstances, and by different authors, are placed side by side in the Bible; and they there bear no inherent relation to each other. For private reading a person can select whichever he pleases; but in the public worship of the Church to read them in their numerical order is a most incongruous method. It is a purely mechanical and unmeaning use of those inspired songs. How can people enter into the spirit of those sacred poems when with one breath they rush from a Psalm of the most pathetic penitence to one of the severest imprecation; from one of the most tender sorrow to one of the most exultant joy; from one of calm meditation to an ecstatic outburst of praise, and then into the depths of grief and humiliation? Can people in one instant throw themselves into such different states of mind and feeling that they can utter these Psalms as the *real expressions* of their religious sentiments? Can they utter Psalm after Psalm as the real language of their hearts' desire? Does the reading of the Psalms under our present method become a *mechanical performance?* How can we thus render it an act of lively and devout worship? The Psalms in numerical order are required to be read through; those, and none others; we *must* read them, whether they are the ones which express our devout feelings and desires or not. When we are in a certain state of mind, we cannot force ourselves into another state expressed in the Psalm appointed to be read. Why then does the Church compel us to read that and no other? Why may not the Church permit her people to use those Psalms which are suitable, and which are in fitting connection with each other? No other

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Church of Christendom has so bound her children; why should we be thus bound? The Psalms should all be arranged according to their proper topics, under the heads of selections; and it should be left to the discretion of the minister to determine which selection of Psalms shall be read on every occasion of public worship. This arrangement of the Psalms has been made in a Book of Offices, which was published by Hurd & Houghton, in September, entitled 'The Daily Service.'"

Another extract we make from a Convention Sermon, which it would be well if the mothers in our denomination took heed of:

"There are few Hannahs among the mothers of the Church—few who feel themselves under obligation to train up their sons for God, and the work of his Church. There are few who can so rise superior to the pride and pomp of station as to make the needful sacrifice, by the gift of their sons to a life of hardship and toil, in the overworked and underpaid priesthood. There is lack of faith, lack of prayer, lack of holy effort at the fireside, the Sunday school, the confirmation class, and the holy altar; when we think that the line of succession must be eventually replenished, as death thins our ranks, and that new recruits are needed all the while; when we cast our eye over the harvest field, that is more than ripe for the reapers, and see how much need there is for more laborers,—we must be less than men if we do not feel there is no time to be lost. Let us pray, as we have never prayed before, that the Lord would send forth more laborers into his vineyard.

"Brethren, beloved clergy, and laity, let us recast this subject in our minds, resolve it over, look our responsibilities in the face; and from this day forward be more abundant and unctuous in the prayer, that God would send forth more laborers into the vineyard. Let us take our Samuels and Timothys to the temple of the Lord of Hosts, and beseech him to take them, and make them willing and ready, in the day of his power, to carry the banner of the cross to those who are about to perish."

When we consider the great need of ministers in our denomination, and the zeal and self-sacrifice of the women among us, it is a matter for surprise that their enthusiasm does not stimulate more of their sons to enter upon the sacred work. We cannot call it a life of hardship now; for, although the compensation is not great, it is enough to save the mind from anxiety; and what a cause of congratulation it should be to a high-minded mother that her son is saved from the belittling influences of mercantile life, the uncertainties of gain, and that her childrens's children are reared in the atmosphere of noble thought, and carrying the truth down to future generations!

M. P. L.

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OF THINGS ABROAD.

FOREIGN CONFERENCES.

At this season of conferences among us, it is interesting to look at foreign gatherings of this sort, and see what new stimulus can be gained for ourselves. The English Methodists have, this autumn, held a conference far away in the heart of Cornwall, where the rough miners stammer their broken speech, and here and there waken from their brutal earthiness at the voice of the Spirit, with wild convulsions that shake them to the depths of their souls. The place, Carnborne, was several miles from any railroad-station, and many of the brethren were obliged to go seven hundred miles to reach it. The leaders certainly showed a confidence in the zeal of the denomination, and, perhaps, a wisdom in selecting an out-of-the-way spot from whence their influence could radiate around among thousands who never go to the great cities. It is said that wherever the conference is held there is new life poured in, so that the various strong or weak holds of Methodism cry out for meetings in their parts to revive their failing strength. New chapels it brings with it, and money from the treasures of the rich. The ministers, of course, must be appointed for the various parishes; and, although there may be some pangs at separation from beloved pastors, the system of rotation in office works well for the muscle and bone and sinew of a class of men who do not make it their boast that they have great intellectual attainments, and who can persuasively win souls to Christ with the spontaneous utterance of old sermons, which, from long familiarity, are upon the lips without notes, and come with the freshness of new appeals, while the body and mind are free from the enervating influences of student life. The denial of the title of "Reverend" to the Methodist clergy by Dr. Wilberforce does not seem to have crushed their energies. We believe they are founding a scholarship at Oxford at the present time.

THE BRAHMO SOMAJ.

A new representative of this society has lately appeared in England in the person of Mr. Mozoomdar. He made an address before the English Unitarians, which shows him to be a man of a

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large and comprehensive mind; and although, in common with the rest of his society, he does not appear willing to acknowledge Jesus as their chief leader, we believe his whole atmosphere of thought has received strong impressions from the gospel of Christ, engrafted on to a race, which in its higher types evinces, and has done so in the past, a delicate sense of spiritual things, and a powerful conception of the unseen realities of the human soul. His speech is long, and our limit will not allow us to quote much of it. The most practical part is where he speaks of the missionaries of the Brahmo Somaj devoting so much of their energy to the work, without receiving "a farthing in remuneration." Many of them were young men belonging to high families. At their anniversary time, "five thousand young men might be seen walking through the streets of Calcutta, going for worship into the temple of the one true God. These men came from all parts of the country in India."

M. GUIZOT.

France has suffered a great loss in the death of M. Guizot, as philosopher and historian. His "History of Civilization" seems to us to combine the profundity of the German mind with the clearness and sagacity of the French, and such a nature cannot soon be found again in France. As regards his connection with Protestantism, we cannot say that his position did honor to his intellect or to his heart. He was the determined foe of liberal Christianity, and we have often heard, during a winter in Paris, of the subterfuges which he tolerated, if not allowed, on the part of his co-religionists towards the liberal party. "The Spectator" calls him a "Protestant of the oldest and most biblical orthodoxy." His enemies styled him "Pope Guizot." He was at the head of a party in the Consistory, who, in an agitating debate, two years ago, defeated those who wished to retain the Unitarians within the Protestant Church of France. The death of a beloved daughter, not long ago, seems to have drawn his mind, of late, to more spiritual things, and who can tell what changing thoughts may have passed through his profound mind, and touched him with a higher gospel of love. His declining days were certainly noble and serene, and he passed away amid a circle of devoted friends.

M. P. L.

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REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Recent Theological Publications in Germany.

1. A small but very interesting book, by Dr. E. Zeller, bears the title of "David Friedrich Strauss in seinem Leben und seinem Schriften geschildert." The singular changes in the life and opinions of Strauss are well described, and their reason shown. Zeller was an intimate friend of the arch heretic, but he has judged impartially. He does not call Strauss an original thinker, but rather a skillful manipulator of the thoughts and conclusions of other scholars. The private character of the man is shown as very attractive. He was true in all the relations of life, and he was not afraid of death.

2. J. U. Oschwald, "Decan" at Marthalen, in Switzerland, publishes his prize essay on Social Questions and the Church. ("Eine von der Haager Geselschaft preisgekroente zur Vortheidigung der Christlichen Religion.") He brings Christianity and the Christian precepts in as arbiter in disputed social questions. He is orthodox, of course, and views all the trades unions, class relations, and labor difficulties from the orthodox standpoint. This solution of difficulties will not be accepted as final.

3. Rabbi Adolf Jellinck, of Vienna, in his "Reden bei verschiedenen, Gelegenheiten," a volume of twenty-seven discourses, longer and shorter, treats a great variety of topics of personal and general interest. Some of the discourses are for funerals and weddings, some for anniversary occasions, some are for philanthropic causes, and some are political and national. All are eloquent.

4. Another singular book is that of Prof. Leo Reinisch ("Der Einheitliche Ursprung der Sprachen der Alten Welt"), in which he undertakes to trace all dialects to an African original, and finds the earliest home of the human race in the heart of Africa. He pronounces the Qeda, a dialect of the Libyan Oasis, to be the primitive tongue of man, and derives the Semitic from the Hamitic languages. Winwood Reade will rejoice in this confirmation of his theory, but it will not satisfy the Jewish Rabbins or the philological scholars.

5. In the Luderitz collection of Controversial Pamphlets, ("Sammlung gemeinverstaendlicher wissenschaftliche Vortraege") there is a remarkable essay by Dr. F. Adler, giving the result of a careful per-

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sonal examination of the Mosque of Omar, and conclusively refuting the fanciful theory of Mr. Ferguson that this Mosque stands on the site of the Holy Sepulchre.

The Life of Christ. By Frederic W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. In two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1874.

Dr. Farrar, the master of Marlborough College, in England, is well known as a writer of considerable power and of great scholarly culture. His book entitled "Seekers after God," his Hulsean Lectures in 1870, and other writings, have shown him to be a liberal-minded man, who, while an Orthodox English churchman, could broadly enter into sympathetic relations with other modes of thought. The present work is one to tax to the utmost all these powers, being no less than an attempt to tell the Divine Story of the Gospels for English readers, in a manner which shall have the honey without the subtle sting of Renan's *Vie de Jesus*. And here we come at once on the evident defect of the work, which is a blemish in its whole texture, — that in this conscious or unconscious rivalry with the French idyllist there is a strained quality in the style and manner which often jars, not only on the taste, but on that very religious sensibility which it seeks to copy. The contrast is very marked between the subdued quiet of the Evangelical narrative and the nineteenth century tone of its paraphrase, in some of the most solemn moments of the Life which it seeks to picture. At the very times when we crave perfect simplicity most, we miss it most. The chapters, for instance, which treat of the crucifixion and the resurrection of the Saviour, suffer by comparison with those remarkable chapters on the same theme in Dr. Sears' "Heart of Christ." And yet, notwithstanding this grave fault, we believe that the work will be found very edifying and instructive by multitudes of readers. The detailed vividness of its narrative will help many imaginations, and the evident fairness of temper and spirit, the lack of controversial heat in maintaining his most cherished convictions, are gracious additions to the abundant scholarship which fills the notes and excursuses with valuable material. In the text, the author is tempted to use matters of doubtful value, without sufficient caution, as, *e.g.*, from the apocryphal gospels, but the notes display a quiet and ample scholarship. The general underlying theory of the work is stated by the writer to be that of Orthodox Christendom, but so moderate is he in its statement that there is not a page in the two volumes which might not have been written by a Liberal Christian of the conservative school. Dr.

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Farrar holds the genuineness and authenticity of the Gospel according to St. John, after study of the critical discussions of the question, yet with a candid mind toward its opposers; he interprets the Temptation of Christ with a single eye to its spiritual meaning; he believes in miracles, yet is inclined to make the finding of the stater in the fish's mouth fall under another category.

He brings to his task, besides a large general culture, the special advantage of careful studies on the ground in Palestine, which render his richly-wrought pictorial descriptions more finished in detail. A devout supernaturalist, yet fully conversant with all modern objections to the gospel history, he wisely declines to proceed on the controversial plan, seeking rather to edify believers. It is unquestionably a valuable addition to the religious reading of the time, and will popularize a great deal of information on the great theme with which it has to do, while presenting to many persons the "Life of Christ" in fresh and picturesque lights.

Two illustrations, from the pencil of Mr. Holman Hunt, represent, one the interior of a carpenter's shop at Nazareth, and the other Nablous, the ancient Shechem.

The Brooklyn Council of 1874. Pp. 250. New York: Woolworth & Graham. 1874.

The "Brooklyn Council" was convened, as will be remembered, by the churches of Dr. Storrs and Dr. Budington, in consequence of the action of the Plymouth Church in simply dropping from its roll the name of Mr. Theodore Tilton, upon his statement that for four years he had ceased to be a member of that church. The council, remarkable both for the numbers and the high character of those who participated in it, was asked to advise the churches inviting it, as to whether the action of Plymouth Church was in accordance with the usage and order of Congregational churches, and as to the proper course to be pursued by the churches calling it in their future relations with the Plymouth Church.

The flood of corruption which has flowed over the whole land, all summer long, abundantly justifies the wise indignation which prompted the callers of the council, and proves that the policy which they deprecated was as injurious to the cause of pure morals as it was disorganizing to the interests of their branch of the Christian church. The result of the council, though cautiously worded, entirely sustains them in this view, and affirms the mutual responsibility of [Trinitarian] Congregational churches, as distinguished from simple independency.

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In view of the considerable advances which have been made by many Unitarian churches toward the independent platform, the questions which this volume suggests deserve to be carefully pondered.

The interest of this record would be greatly increased if it had not been deemed best to omit any report of the private sessions of the council; but the speech of Dr. Storrs which it preserves is truly memorable in spirit and power.

We regret that Dr. Budington should in one of his speeches (p. 177) have given his sanction to such a perversion of the facts of history as the statement that "when, in the earlier part of this century, a portion of our congregational churches departed from the orthodox platform, they adopted . . . another name, and left us ours, so that the *Unitarian* denomination, coming out from the midst of us, was not and could not be popularly confounded with the Congregational." Will Dr. Budington seriously undertake to say that the old Congregational churches of Massachusetts have ever abandoned that cherished name? On the contrary, so recently as at the "Congregational" council held in Boston in 1865, a solemn protest was presented in their behalf, by ministers of the ancient "Boston Association," against any exclusive claim by others to that name, to their exclusion; and although that protest was answered in a somewhat unworthy spirit, it remains on the record of that council, as a statement of a right too often confirmed by decisions of the highest court in this commonwealth to be seriously denied.

Quiet Hours. A Collection of Poems. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

This is a beautiful little book, truly worthy of being the companion of the heart in its choicest moments of meditation and devotion. It is divided into ten different parts, headed "Nature," "Morning and Evening," "Life and Duty," "The Mystery of Life," "Inward Strife," "Prayer and Aspiration," "Trust and Peace," "Submission," "Death and Immortality," and "Miscellaneous." The whole arrangement indicates much taste, a sense of fitness, and a mind in sympathy with the great pulse of humanity. We can think of no more welcome visitant in the chamber of the sick, the lonely, the sorrowful, and the weary. It also has words of stimulus for the strong heart that yearns to do and dare. May it long minister to the deepest wants of our fellow-men, and reward the compiler for her pains. L.

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NEW

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THE PLACE BELONGING TO THE HOLY SPIRIT IN THE RELIGIOUS TRAINING OF THE SOUL.*

IN the idea of the Holy Spirit, it is implied that God comes into communication with the human spirit, for the purpose of quickening its powers and training it to a heavenly life. Though it expresses primarily an influence, it yet marks a real connection of God with the human spirit. I understand God to be present and active in all creatures, and to work in them according to their natures and kinds. In the case of men, however, we ascribe to him an agency of a higher sort, suited to their higher nature and rank, and designed to further them in divine knowledge and in all holy tempers and conducts. In matter and its forces, and in all life below man, God is manifested as Spirit; first in man do we come to know him as Holy Spirit, Source, and Inspirer of holiness. Man has a spiritual nature which allies him to what is highest in God, and fits him to receive the Holy Spirit. Independently of this divine help, he never

* This essay was read before the Maine Conference of Unitarian Churches, Oct. 7, 1874.

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reaches spiritual perfection. In the union of the Holy Spirit with his own powers, and in the fellowship thence resulting, he first becomes duly aware of his most important relations, and of his distinguishing worth, duty, and blessedness.

I design to offer some thoughts on the place which belongs to the Holy Spirit in the religious training of the soul. If in this I shall succeed according to my wishes, the inestimable value of the Spirit will be made apparent.

The human soul is naturally religious. It has instincts which relate it to an overruling Power, on which it depends, and to which it is prompted to pay worship. There come to it intimations of sacred duty and of law-prescribing authority. In these inward workings we see the beginnings of religion. But the religion is of little worth, almost of no service as a guide and check, till, by the aid of culture, the faculties, both intellectual and spiritual, are farther awakened and exercised. Apart from such culture, religion is but blind and wild sentiment. Culture then, if broad enough to be completely human, to stir equally and healthfully all the soul's powers, is friendly to religion, and does in part its work. How far such culture may carry with it something of divine influence, I do not attempt to say; but beyond doubt it has its place in the moral education and progress of the race. In whatever degree the human powers are called forth, and put in right relations with God, the guiding light of the spirit of holiness in really seen, though the men thus favored may not always be clearly conscious of the Source whence the helping influence comes to them, and may attribute too much relative importance to social arrangements and institutions, which are but the necessary vehicles and channels of the influence.

It would seem then that the Holy Spirit, just as much as the God whose agency it is, should be viewed in connection with the whole race, and as the assured possession and boon of the race; and this is virtually the truth. So far as men attain the best views of God, and rest in him as their satisfying portion, they always regard him as the fountain of the holiest influences. If, as we believe, such knowledge is to spread and become universal, all will in fact behold in God the giver of the Holy Spirit. We can hardly doubt that to-day, amidst the darkness and errors of heath-

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enism, some good influences are finding their way to very many souls. The hindrances, great as they are, are not complete obstructions. Strength and hope are whispered to great numbers; and besides direct aid, they are helped indirectly, through gifted men whom, at intervals, God raises up in nearly every nation, to instruct their own and the coming ages.

But the view which I would now take of the Holy Spirit lies nearer and concerns us more. It is in connection with the religion of the Bible, and especially with Christianity, that I wish to consider it.

It cannot be doubted that the men of the Old Testament, who are commended for their faith in the God of holiness, had for their time large measures of the Spirit. The writers too of those ancient books were gifted with an inspiration and knowledge of divine things, which rendered them, in matters of duty, the best guides then existing. While I would not speak of them as infallible, as declaring always divine truth in its utmost breadth and purity, and as exempt from the limitations of their time and of an imperfect religious economy, I must still account the writings which they have left us of unspeakable value as sources of quickening and instruction to men of this nineteenth century. Where, for example, can we find a description of God's omniscience and omnipresence equal to that in the one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm?

But leaving with this hasty reference the Old Testament, let us see what relation the Holy Spirit is represented as sustaining to Christ and to Christianity. I have here to call attention to a matter which has been often overlooked, or left in the background, neither orthodox theologians nor their opponents having, so far as I am aware, given it much attention. I am not about to disparage Jesus, or to decline placing him, in a just sense, at the head of the Christian dispensation. It is plain, however, that in the New Testament, and especially the Gospels, his ministry and character, and his claims as a teacher and miracle-worker, are pretty uniformly subordinated to the agency of the Holy Spirit, and based on his asserted possession of the Spirit. No careful reader of the four Gospels alone, who keeps this point in mind, can fail to see that the fact is as here represented.

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Passing the account of the incarnation, and coming down to the time when Jesus began his public work, we are told first of the descent of the Spirit upon him, in the form of a dove, at the time of his baptism; and we have the testimony of the writer of the fourth Gospel, that this Spirit "abode upon him." Evidently, the essential thing thus symbolized to sense, so far as relates to Jesus himself, must have been mainly internal. It can mean nothing less than that, from this time, he became fully conscious of a call to act as the specially appointed organ of the Spirit in preaching and starting the kingdom of heaven. It is only such an inward fact that could need the outward attestation of the heavenly voice. Accordingly, from this time Jesus appears continually guided by the Spirit. The proofs of this statement, though they lie on the face of the New Testament, I may be asked to exhibit; and I briefly indicate them. Immediately after the baptism, "he was led up by the Spirit into the wilderness" for those forty days' meditations and conflicts, in which he doubtless anticipated the substance of his appointed work, and gathered, so far as could be beforehand, strength for its occasions. A little later notice of him says that he "returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee," to enter there on his work of teaching and healing. "By the Spirit of God he cast out demons" and performed cures. The fulness, purity, and power of his teachings we trace up to this prime source of all good influences. In the synagogue of Nazareth he read and applied to himself the words of Isaiah, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." Peter at Cesarea tells Cornelius and his friends "how God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power," as if this were the leading fact in his ministry, and the sufficient explanation of its marvels. The remarkable, the almost startling expressions, which the Gospel of John puts into the mouth of Jesus concerning himself and his union with the Father, seem to be sufficiently accounted for and justified by the view here presented. Having "the Spirit not by measure," pervaded, filled with it, and in perfect unison

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with all its promptings, he might well feel himself one with the Father, as to all the interests and ends of his mission, and be able to say, "I am in the Father, and the Father in me." The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews follows the same line of representation, when he speaks of Jesus as "having, through the eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot to God." Finally, the historian of the Acts tells us that before his ascension, "through the Holy Spirit, he gave commandment unto the apostles whom he had chosen," and instructed them not to depart from Jerusalem till they should receive the promised baptism of the Spirit, as the indispensable qualification for their work.

These passages (and I have selected only the most prominent) show a very close connection between the Holy Spirit and the entire ministry and work of Jesus. They teach, I think, the fact of his dependence on the Spirit, and his guidance by the Spirit. It is not so much an inference from them as another way of expressing the thought in which they all meet, that to the Holy Spirit we owe the character and work of Jesus, — his teachings, his example, and his mighty deeds, and all the influence which has proceeded from him. In so far as he can be said to give us Christianity, we owe this also to the Spirit. Christianity, or to use the better term which he chiefly employed, the kingdom of heaven, is always the fruit of the Spirit.

Into the bearing of all this on the question as to the nature and rank of Jesus, I do not here care to enter. I am speaking, not as a Unitarian, but as a student of the New Testament on the subject of the relation of Jesus to the Holy Spirit; and I do not seek to go beyond the just limits of this part of my theme. I may, however, say that the dependent relation of Jesus, as I view it, is very far from lowering him to the position of one who simply receives and follows the *dictation* of another. It is rather the exaltation of all his powers into sympathy with the Father. The Spirit is in him, not as an alien force, but as the true element of his being, — his normal life. Hence, there is a symmetry and beautiful completeness in his character, which we find in like perfection nowhere else.

Another idea may fitly find place here. It relates to the meaning of the often vaguely used term, the Messiah, or the Christ,

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and to the sense in which Jesus may be so denominated. Is it too much to think that the Messiahship of Jesus has been asserted by some, and denied by others, without any well-defined idea, on either side, as to what the word should be taken to mean? Now, it seems to me, that in the New Testament Jesus is called the Christ on the ground of his being the special organ of God's Spirit for giving to men a spiritual religion. For the elucidation of this idea, I now content myself with what I have already said concerning the relation of the Spirit to the work of Jesus; for the other evidence to the same effect would naturally group itself around this as a nucleus. In the sense here explained, I declare my hearty assent to the one article of the New Testament confession: *Jesus is the Christ.* I will not say that an exceptional birth, and the rarest natural endowments can have contributed nothing towards making him the Christ. About these, and especially about the first of them, let men debate who will; but to the fulness of God's Spirit the result is chiefly to be ascribed. I give the reason for applying the name to him; the full evidence that he was the Christ in this sense is his whole life-work, ending with his resurrection from the dead, and his reappearances to his disciples.

A further inquiry, which I can now only indicate, is here worthy of attention. What grounds are there for identifying the Word (the Logos of John's Gospel) with the Spirit, meaning not the Holy Spirit alone, but also the Spirit generally, or the Reason which gives itself expression in nature and in universal life? Could this identification be made out, without violence to the language used by John, it would give much satisfaction to both reason and Christian feeling. The suggestion which I throw out is not new; but it seems to me that sufficient use has not been made of it. The hint can easily be carried out by any one who will compare John's proem with what is said of the Spirit in other parts of the Bible.

I consider next the relation of the Holy Spirit to the labors and success of the apostles and their associates in spreading Christianity. There is no doubt that the eleven profited very largely from their connection with Jesus during his ministry. But for him their names would never have reached us, and their lives would have been wholly different. Matthew might have remained a

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publican, Peter and Andrew, James and John, might have kept to their fishing, and the others passed their days in like humble callings. Jesus began the work of training and forming them for their new service of unparalleled difficulty; and as they were then young men, not taught in the schools, and not confirmed in the ideas of the scribes, but open to new views, he must have powerfully impressed them by his fresh teachings, and his original and attractive character and deeds. Never had men been so favored. The case of Socrates with the young Athenians whom he drew around him offers no just comparison. Yet, though the eleven looked to their teacher with sincere love and honor, they lamentably failed to understand him, and do him justice. His spirit and aims were too far above them. He had many things to say to them which they could not bear now. They misconceived the nature of his kingdom, thinking it was to be a great earthly state; and they coveted for themselves its chief places and honors.

Jesus saw their deficiencies, their narrow and false views, their little faith, love and courage, and knew that they must be greatly changed before they could be trusted to preach his religion. To work this needed change in them, he promised them, as he was about to go away, the Holy Spirit, an invisible Helper and Guide, and more than a compensation for the loss of his presence. This Spirit, or Comforter, was to be an inward power to quicken and purify their faculties, and furnish them fully for their work.

The history of the apostles, on and after the day of Pentecost, shows that this promise of the Spirit was abundantly fulfilled. From this time onward a new influence has possession of them; a power above themselves speaks and works through them. Christ did very much to prepare them for the reception of the Spirit; but the Spirit, I think, did more to give them the full knowledge of Christ. Yet allowance must be made for the influence with them of time, of changed circumstances, of new reflections, and of the call to act increasingly from their own judgment; since otherwise, the opposition between Christ and the Spirit would be made too great; for before Christ left them, as well as afterwards, their true teacher was the Spirit that dwelt in Christ. In like manner, the Spirit, after Christ left the world, may not be incorrectly characterized as Christ freed now from local and earthly

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limitations, and made an inward and spiritual, instead of an outward teacher. In several instances, Christ apparently thus identifies himself with the Spirit that was to take his place as permanent Helper and Guide. He does this when he says to the sorrowing apostles, that after his departure he will come to them again, dwell with them, fill them with joy, and be with them "unto the end of the world," — as long as the dispensation dating from him should continue.

The presence of God, as life-giving Spirit with the apostles and first generation of preachers and Christians, accounts for the early wide and rapid spread of Christianity. In the absence of this, the causes mentioned by Gibbon, in the famous fifteenth chapter of his history, would afford no sufficient explanation of so extraordinary a fact. But there went into effect, partly as cause, but more largely as accompaniment of the earnest labors of the early preachers, an agency which immensely exceeded their unaided endeavors. It was the convincing agency of God's Spirit. Were I wishing to characterize more exactly this Spirit, by noting its chief results, I should speak of it as Spirit of truth, Spirit of holiness, and Spirit of power. It was each of these with the apostles and in their age. It gave to the leading teachers the full knowledge of the Christian truth, and enabled them to declare it with unhesitating confidence. Not that it made them, in our sense of the word, *infallible*, though it did make them, for all the needs of the people, competent and trustworthy guides. But the truth belonging to the kingdom of heaven is closely allied to the highest goodness, and tends to produce such goodness; and accordingly the Spirit worked in the men of whom we speak all the fruits of love and holiness. It made even the common disciples what Paul calls a commendatory epistle, "written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God." Then, thirdly, it was a Spirit of power, which put the soul consciously in presence of God, and strengthened it with all might in him. In many cases, it quickened greatly the wonted activity of the faculties, and exalted them into "spiritual gifts" (*Charismata*, 1 Cor. xiii. 4–11) in which the boundaries between the ordinary and the extraordinary were overpassed.

This Christianity of the Spirit, taught by the apostles, and re-

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ceived in the first century, is the only true Christianity. It consists in spiritual affections and character, — faith, hope, and love. Its aim is the rectification of the life towards God and in all human relations. It was spirit before it became a letter; and with all our indebtedness to the New Testament, it is more a spirit than a letter to-day. It is much more than any mere tradition or history, for these can give us only the past; but with us and the men of our time, true Christianity, however, aided by the past, is the present living connection of our spirits with the divine Spirit; such a connection as frees the faith in God and in immortality from the doubts inspired by materialistic theories. Such a Christianity can never be to any considerable extent *ritual*, though outward worship needs forms; nor can it be *dogmatic*, any further than as a healthfully moved soul finds the germs of great truths rooted in its consciousness. These it may freely work out for itself, while leaving others to work them out for themselves; but they cannot rightly be imposed on any.

We, as liberal Christians, have no monopoly of this religion of the Spirit. Something, we trust very much of it, exists in the churches around us, which are larger than ours, and influence proportionally more minds. While compelled to reject a portion of their doctrines, we must be careful to allow the severance of none of the ties which bind us to the church universal. As Unitarians we stand — we should, at least, aim to stand, and we have no logical defence of our position, except as we are supposed to stand — on the ground of spiritual Christianity, which is at once practical and rational. With faith in God and in his freely working Spirit, not surrendering ourselves blindly either to the old or the new, but taking what is good in both, it becomes us to meet the duties of our times in the hope of the near coming of a better time, when love and unity shall take the place of existing misunderstandings.

A tolerably complete discussion of my subject would embrace several matters which I have either not named, or to which I have made but a passing reference. Among them is the relation of the Holy Spirit to the writings which make up the New Testament — the question of inspiration; the inquiry how far Christianity was fixed from the beginning, and how far left subject to change with

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new times and states of society; the matter of creeds or formal statements of faith; and the question of miracles and their evidence. No one of these is to be treated as purely a question of science, but all are to be considered mainly from the standpoint of Christian experience and life. The view to be taken of the Holy Spirit dominates every one of them; and men who believe in the reality of the Holy Spirit, and in God's continued presence in the souls of his servants, must take an interest in them, and view them in a light which mere scientists inadequately understand. In order, for example, to judge rightly of the miracles alleged to have been wrought by Jesus and by the apostles, we must consider them as products of the Spirit which dwelt in Jesus and the apostles, and be ourselves in sympathy with the mind and the works of the Spirit. Approaching them from this spiritual side, we shall see in them no violation of at least the highest spiritual laws, and no want of proper evidence; certainly we shall be slow to say that no evidence can make them credible, to me a most rash and unwarranted statement.

Finally, the theme of this essay comprises topics, which some will think of more practical moment than most of the preceding. They have respect to the various means of securing the largest aids of the Spirit, and to the importance of the faithful use of all such means, on the part of our ministers, our churches, the teachers in our divinity schools, and the young men who are in training for the work of pastors and preachers among us. I will not say that we have too much of the critical and rational spirit; but it seems undeniable that we have too little of the earnestly devout spirit to balance the critical and rational. Might there not be among us, a great increase of spirituality, without incurring any danger of enthusiastic wildness? Or would some excess of fervor be a worse evil than sluggish indifference? In my judgment, Unitarianism must show itself to be a religion of God's Spirit, or sink into a negative system, without vitality, and Christianity in little else than in name.

D. N. Sheldon.

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THE SIMILARITIES OF PHYSICAL AND RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

III.

AIMS AND RESULTS.

In the preceeding papers I have endeavored to show that the grounds and methods of science were substantially, and in many cases strikingly, the same as those of religion; that, on the one hand, science employed the methods which religion was censured for using, and that, on the other hand, religion had its foundation on the same grounds which were supposed to give science a certitude worthy of entire trust.

But perhaps it will be said, that, although science and religion have no really different grounds or methods, yet the different objects to which they are applied in each justify men in refusing to the propositions of theology the same credit that they give to those of physical inquiry. There is certainly an apparent difference of this kind, seeming to many very real and broad, which ought not to be omitted from any thorough discussion of this subject. An opponent of religion would put it something like this.

Religion perhaps may employ the same instrumentalities as science, but the trouble is, she aims to master with them truths which they are not competent to grasp. Science deals with material masses, their relations of heat, color, weight, and their changes of form, bulk, place, quality, and so forth, — all of them things visible and tangible.

The endeavor of religion, however, is to establish the existence, nature, and relations of immaterial beings, called spirits; a Supreme Spirit behind and above all nature, and minor spirits within each human body, — things which no sense can ever discern.

Science attends to phenomena, their co-existences and successions. It busies itself about those things only of which there is or can be experience. Religion aspires to go behind the empirical to the metempirical. It talks of ideal conceptions and supersensual objects.

Science again limits itself to the aspects of things in their rela-

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tions to us, under the limitations of earthly life, and as they may be clearly comprehended by us. Religion, on the contrary, dreams of the Absolute, the Infinite, the Eternal, and loses itself in the mazes of the contradictory and the inconceivable. Behold in this difference of aims and objects the ample justification of the modern suspicions of religion. Immaterial Spirit, First Cause, Eternal, Infinite, Absolute, — how can such things ever be known? What finger ever touched them, what optic or auditory nerve ever gave report of them, what telescope was ever or can ever be made so space-penetrating, what microscope so delicate in its scrutiny as to discern objects of this nature? "They are," says Büchner, "arbitrary assumptions without any real basis." "Human thought and human knowledge," he maintains, "are incapable of discovering or knowing anything supersensual." "The materialist," says Virchow, "can never be satisfied with it: he knows only bodies and their qualities; what is beyond he terms transcendental, and he considers transcendentalism as an aberration of the human mind."

Indeed, to the physical inquirer, supersensual and immaterial things are not even conceivable. "A force not united to matter, but floating freely above it," Moleschott characterizes as "an ideal notion." The idea of immaterial spirit, Carl Vogt declares to be "a pure hypothesis," and assigns it a place among "speculative fables." "The remark of a somewhat crazy, but all the more ingenious, father of the church," says the author of the "Old Faith and the New" (p. 152), has become the principle of modern science,—"Naught is immaterial but what is naught."

Similarly says Büchner, "Those who talk of a creative power which is said to have produced the world out of nothing are ignorant of the first and most simple principle founded upon experience and the contemplation of nature. How could a power have existed not manifested in material substance, but governing it arbitrarily according to individual views? Neither could separately existing forces be transferred to chaotic matter, and produce the world in this manner, — for we have seen that a separate existence of either is an impossibility."

Certainly, say the scientific objectors, it is not for man to comprehend God, — for the finite to think to find out the Infinite.

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All conceptions involving Infinity, Self-Existence, Eternity, Absolute Being (Herbert Spencer labors at length to show, in the second and fourth chapters of his First Principles, and repeats the statement over and over in every part of his writings), are but pseudo ideas, "symbolic conceptions of the illegitimate order." Every religious system involves itself in the unthinkable. Every theologian who attempts to tell the nature of God or the soul falls into contradiction and absurdity. All the real knowledge that we can attain to is, that "the Power which the universe manifests is utterly inscrutable," — a conclusion to which Profs. Huxley and Tyndall give repeated and emphatic amens. "As little in our day, as in the days of Job," says Prof. Tyndall, "can man by searching find this power out." (See his late Belfast address). Quoting the reply of Napoleon, when, to the savans who tried to account for the universe without any Divine Agency, raising his finger to the heavens, he said, "It is all very well, gentlemen, but who made all these?" Prof. Tyndall says (Fragments of Science p. 93), "As far as I can see, there is no quality in the human intellect which is fit to be applied to the solution of the problem. It entirely transcends us. The phenomena of matter and force lie within our intellectual range, and as far as they reach we will at all events push our inquiries, but behind and above and around the real mystery lies unsolved, and as far as we are concerned is incapable of solution."

Now the defender of religion would not deny that there are mysteries insoluble both to religion and science. He would not deny that we must from the nature of the case remain ever in ignorance of much, probably of most, that relates to the origin and history of the universe, the character, nature, laws, and relations of God and the soul. But he claims that though we cannot know all, though we cannot know anything perhaps with absolute certainty, yet we can know something with strong probability, — probability equal to that with which men are satisfied in the realm of science. Human intellect cannot, of course, fathom to the bottom the depths of spirit, — cannot comprehend all the mysteries of the Divine. But it can drop the plummet of thought deep enough to know whether what it is dealing with is Matter, such as we know, or something else. It can trace out a section

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of the Infinite hyperbola sufficient to show whether the curve runs by chance or by law, whether its course is towards the irrational or the rational, towards the evil or the good, towards matter or towards spirit. And narrow as the circle of warrantable belief may be in comparison with the vast sea of the unknowable encircling and confining it, yet science no more than religion confines her credence to the sphere of the senses, the circle of the material, or the range wherein nothing inconceivable or contardictory is met with. To claim that in this respect there is any substantial difference between science and religion is a most unfounded pretension. For it can be shown, here as before, that science is in the same box as religion and shoots her arrows at just as transcendental targets.

First, science no more than religion restricts its belief to what it can see, hear, touch, smell, feel. No more than its rival does it accept the horizon of sense as commensurate with the possibilities of knowledge or existence.

The illustrations of this in the circle of the sciences are countless. If human knowledge had been, as Büchner maintains it is, incapable of attaining to anything supersensual, its attainments would have been comparatively meagre. Take the most familiar instructions of science, and half of them are things which, if appearance before the bar of the senses is to be taken as the test of credence, would have to be disbelieved. It is a fundamental law in the science of projectiles, for example, that a rifle-ball or cannon-shot, discharged from the gun, describes in its flight a parabola. Yet what physical observer has followed out with his physical eye the tracing of that curve through the air from the cannon's mouth to the point where it fell to observe or verify it? Again, probably no man of science doubts that our earth has poles, — points, that is, at the extreme north and at the extreme south of our globe, so differently situated from all other points on the globe that an observer there would find his sight of sun and stars unaffected by that daily revolution, that in every man's past experience, wherever he may have been, hourly shifts the apparent position of the heavenly bodies. Here is a most singular phenomenon, opposed to men's daily experience, yet held as an unquestioned part of science. Nevertheless, no human eye has ever beheld these spots,

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or is ever likely to behold them. No astronomer, again, has ever seen the other side of the moon. Yet shall we hesitate to believe that it has one? No chemist has ever seen, grasped, tasted, or smelt, pure oxygen. Even when Andrews compressed it to the density of water, it still remained colorless to the eye, tasteless to the tongue, odorless to the nose, ungraspable by the hand, manifesting itself only by its gravitative, repulsive, chemic, or other forces. Shall we consign, therefore, to the limits of non-existence what constitutes eight-ninths of water, one-half of the earth's crust, and three-fourths of organized beings?

People in general may be forgiven for thinking that the senses are capable of detecting all that exists. But the thorough scientist is just the man who best knows or ought to know how comparatively small a part of the universe of things the senses can catch a glimpse of. He has scientifically measured them and taken the gamut of their power. With the Syren he counts the vibrations of audible sound, and finds that the ordinary ear can hear no note less than fifteen vibrations a second nor more than forty-two thousand. Below or above this limit there is silence to the human ear, yet he does not believe that the vibration of the air ceases or would be inaudible to an auditory organ of wider compass. With the prism he untwists the rays of the solar beam and by delicate processes measures their velocity. Only those whose rates exceed three hundred and ninty-nine billion vibrations a second, or fall below eight hundred and thirty-one billion (p. 312 Hersehel's Familiar Lectures), are visible to the eye. Yet the man of science does not regard the vibrations as ceasing beyond these limits. When at the extreme red end of the spectrum they cease to be visible, the thermometer and the thermopyle still detect them by their heat, and beyond the extreme violet, the phenomena of fluorescence or photo-chemical action disclose them as chemical force. The light-giving rays from any object are only a fraction, says Tyndall, of the total radiation. In the electric light, for instance, they constitute no more than one-ninth (p. 206 Fragments of Science).

There are thus sounds to which we are deaf, light to which we are blind, heat, magnetism, electricity, to which we are insensible. A thousand forms of force strike us hourly and our

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nerves know it not. A thousand objects and motions envelop us and the narrow boundaries of our organs fail to take them in. It was in the belief that there was a vast deal more to see than the naked eye could discern, that physical investigators with infinite ingenuity and patience have contrived instruments for magnifying the invisible, until it was brought within the scope of sense.

And their faith has been well rewarded. In what seemed the blank darkness of the heavens there have been revealed to them suns and nebulæ, planets and attendant moons. In what seemed a simple, unoccupied drop of water, there has been disclosed a host of both organic and inorganic bodies, the plants as actively moving as the animals, and the mineral particles dancing about with as incessant motion as if alive. In the last half century the men of science have seen these two instruments continually increased in power, — and others equally wonderful in widening the realm of observation invented and improved, — and never have they found increased power fail to discover beyond the former limit of perception still more phenomena.

Suppose these instruments still further increased, no matter how much, — and who doubts that still new sights, now undiscernible, would open before us? Or suppose that human ingenuity should devise telescopes and microscopes for the ear, for the sense of taste, smell, or touch, and who doubts that facts before imperceptible by any sense would become revealed to us? The very possibility, however, of such greater victories of sense implies real and knowable existence beyond the grasp of present sense.

In their own field of inquiry, physicists freely assert this. Tyndall justly speaks of "that region inaccessible to sense, which embraces so much of the intellectual life of the physical investigator."

De La Rive ascribed the haze of the Alps to floating organic germs; and the advocates of the germ theory of disease and the opponents of spontaneous generation maintain, as their basic fact, the profuse existence in common air of such living germs, pelting us every moment, yet unfelt and unseen. Whether or not such infinitesimal organic germs exist, yet we have in the atmosphere, as Tyndall (p. 151 Fragments of Science), "particles that both the microscope and the balance, which do not darken

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the air, and which exist nevertheless in multitudes sufficient to reduce to insignificance the Israelitish hyperbole regarding the sands upon the sea-shore."

To identify what the microscope fails to see with the non-existent, Prof. Tyndall deems so grave an error as to take pains to caution biologists against it. "When, for example, the contents of a cell are described as perfectly homogeneous, as absolutely structureless, because the microscope fails to distinguish any structure, then I think the microscope begins to play a mischievous part," and he proceeds to point out, in regard to the profound and complex changes of structure which occur when water is frozen or polarized, that absolutely none of them can be discerned by the microscope. "The causes in which similar conditions hold," he adds, "are simply numberless. Have the diamond, the amethyst, and the countless other crystals formed in the laboratories of nature and of man no structure? Assuredly they have; but what can the microscope make of it? Nothing" (Fragments of Science, p. 152 and 133).

From the mineralogist and biologist, turn to the chemist. Ask him if he makes the limit of the senses, even when widened to the utmost range that the most delicate instruments can push it, the limit, in his belief, of real existence or knowledge, — and what must be his honest answer? To show you how the whole of chemistry, as a systematized science, is based upon the existence of the molecule and the atom. When the chemist deals with his various substances, he meets such problems as these: How can a body dilate and contract, be melted, vaporized, or solidified? What puts a limit to the process of attenuation? Why do chemical substances unite only in definite proportions? And the result to which he is brought is that a body such as a grain of salt is not a simple compact body, but an aggregation of minute corpuscles, which he calls molecules, and these molecules smaller and simpler particles, called atoms. The aggregate formed by these particles seems to our senses solid, continuous, and motionless, yet in reality neither its molecules nor its atoms are in contact, nor remain a single minute at rest. By a certain repulsive power, each atom holds itself off from too close proximity to its neighbor. By a certain attractive power it draws towards it such atoms as it has an

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affinity for, disengages them from other groups, and brings them into league with itself. Through the play of their mutual forces, the atoms are marshalled in just the right number into a certain order or position. With ceaseless oscillations all these atoms are swinging to and fro, — circling around some point of equilibrium. Send a current of electricity through the midst of them, and their path becomes more or less elliptic; put them under the influence of a magnet and they assume a peculiar helicoidal motion in varying planes. Apply heat and the vibrations become ampler and more rapid. Increase the heat, and they leave their circular paths and fly off tangentially, moving rectilineally through space. Atoms clash against atoms, rebound and with ceaseless impact, cannonade whatever object would hem them in. Joule calculated the velocity of this atomic bombardment, and found that the boasted guns of modern warfare are unable to compete. Sir William Thomson has estimated their size, and set down the maximum distance of the chemical atoms in molecules as the ten-millionth part of one-twenty-fifth of an inch.

Other mathematicians have computed their weights and energies. The things which naturally give to us the highest conception of force and majesty are the grand bodies that march so ceaselessly through the heavens, the tidal movement of oceans from end to end of the globe, or the fall of huge masses under the power of gravity, — but all this energy is as nothing in comparison with that which is found to lie in the atoms. It is the nature and force of the atoms that gives its shape to the crystal, its quality to the acid or alkali, — their color, odor, softness, or hardness to substances. It is the atoms that build up every individual body from a drop of water to a whirling sun.

Now of all this, the accepted basis of theoretical chemistry and thermodynamics, how much can be produced before the bar of the senses? Of these units of matter, how many have been isolated, — separately weighed, measured, or touched? Not a single one. Of these ceaseless motions, how much has been felt or seen? Of these constant clashes, how much has been heard? None at all. If the microscope was not delicate enough to discern the particles which give the azure to the sky, or the infusorial germ which disseminates an epidemic, how far beyond its power of detection

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must be these atoms, thousands of which are needed to make the smallest of those bodies? Prof. Tyndall, alluding to Sir William Thomson's studies upon the molecular process involved in the magnetic polarization of light, has said (p. 153, Fragments of Science) "that while dealing with this question he lived in a world of matter and motion to which the microscope has no passport and in which it can afford no aid." That must be the case with every one who would learn anything of either molecule or atom. Nevertheless the scientific world believes in them, talks of them, and uses them, not only in its theoretical reasonings, but in its practical applications and current instructions.

If it receives its warrant from no sense, whence, then, does it derive its belief in these imperceptible workers, everywhere present and active, — these invisible kings governing nature by eternal laws? Evidently from just such mental apprehensions and inferences as assure religion of God and the soul.

We have tracked scientific faith beyond the farthest ken of the microscope to the infinitesimal mote, beyond the mote to the molecule, beyond the molecule to the still minuter, more undiscernible atom. Does scientific faith here at length make a halt and refuse to go farther? Ask optics, and hear for its answer its report of the existence, as it believes, of a substance still more tenuous and impalpable, still farther beyond any possible discernment by any sense. In the time of Newton, light was looked upon as a subtle kind of matter emitted from luminous bodies and shot out upon the senses. The interplanetary and interstellar spaces were voids, merely traversed by these minute missiles. But serious objections, arising from the peculiar phenomena of refraction, interference, and polarization of light successively presented themselves. To explain these, natural philosophers were led to the theory that the motions of light were those of vibration, not of translation. But where there are vibrations, there must be something to vibrate. Physics therefore filled again the whole universe with a something which it called ether, which might serve as the vehicle of the luminous waves. This ether it is believed surrounds every particle, penetrates every body, fills all space. The hardest iron is not impervious to it. The most complete atmospheric vacuum, even the desert voids that reign between star and star are full of it, and the

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absence of common matter only serves to transmit the better the ethereal waves. A ray of light passing from the sun to the earth is a column of ether in vibration. Along it run countless waves, from thirty to seventy thousand in a single inch, and with such amazing velocity that trillions of them enter the eye in the briefest glance at any object. The atoms which it bathes obey it docilely, like balls floating upon the water, rising and falling with its waves. Round their centre of rest they swing in little orbits, now longer, now smaller, now circular, now eliptical. At every point this ether exerts forces of enormous intensity. Sir John Herschel has calculated that its power of resistance to pressure (and conversely its own possible pressure on objects that resist it) is upwards of seventeen billions of pounds (Familiar Lectures, p. 282), and that the intensity of the coercive force called into action in the excitement of a luminous vibration must be thirty thousand million times that of gravity (Familiar Lectures, p. 315). In comparison with the bulk of this ether ordinary matter forms but a very trifling part of the universe. For even if we disregard the ether diffused through ordinary matter and interplanitary spaces and suppose the whole of our solar system filled with ordinary matter, the proportion between it and the ethereal sphere whose radius is the distance of the nearest fixed star would be only as one to eleven trillions.

And now if we inquire again what warrant from experience has science for believing in the luminous ether, our answer is as before, — None. Though the medium of vision, it and its vibrations are farther beyond all visibleness than the tiniest molecule. Though more tenacious than steel, we move through it momently without feeling it. Though so enormous is its pressure, no balance can weigh it. Though touching us on every side every second, no touch of ours can detect it. As Prof. Tyndall has himself said (Fragments of Science, p. 215), "the domain in which this motion of light is carried on lies entirely beyond the reach of our senses. The waves of light require a medium for their propagation, but we cannot see or feel or taste or smell this medium. How then has its existence been established? By showing that by the assumption of this wonderful, intangible ether all the phenomena of optics are accounted for with a fullness, clearness, and conclusiveness which leave no desire of the intellect unfulfilled."

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But if science may accept the perception and satisfaction of the reason as good proof of what no observation can discover, why should religion be debarred a similar privilege?

"All that we see of the world," says Pascal, "is but an imperceptible scratch in the vast range of nature." "And the claim of mere experimentalism," Papillon well adds, "is that it may sentence men to the fixed and stubborn contemplation of this mere scratch."

So far from phenomena comprising all that we can know, the truth is that phenomena give only the lowest grade of knowledge, and the highest is that which most transcends phenomena. Prof. Huxley, speaking of Auguste Comte's Positive Philosophy, says that the word "positive," "as implying a system of thought which assumes nothing beyond the content of observed facts, implies that which never did exist and never will." (Lay Sermons, p. 161). The outward and visible phenomena are but the raw material of knowledge, — or, to use the expression of Tyndall, "the counters of the intellect," "and our science," as he goes on to say, — "would not be worthy of its name and fame, if it halted at facts, however practically useful, and neglected the laws which accompany and rule phenomena." (Fragments of Science, p. 227.)

The first step in science then is, to group facts about some thought. Then these first classifications must be illuminated by some more general conception; and if a science is to be developed to the highest grade these general conceptions must be synthesized in some law of its laws, — some one grand idea summing it all up. What the physical inquirer thus pursues amid his retorts, his herbariums, mineralogical cabinets or zoölogical museums, is ideas; and in the present state of science there is nothing more remarkable than the ideal nature of its results. We have seen this already in regard to chemistry and optics. If we look at geometry we find it to be throughout a work of mental construction, grounded upon and guided by pure mental insight of space, and reasonings therefrom. Had geometrical truths required for acceptance phenomenal demonstration, we should not have known a single proposition. An exact right angle has no existence as a phenomenon, a perfect sphere is impossible as a fact.

Arithmetic and Algebra, similarly, are ideal constructions built

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up from the metaphysical conception of number. It may be said that the idea of number is simply borrowed from the phenomenal world. But as we have it, and use it, it is stripped thoroughly of concrete objectivity, and reduced to simple relations between symbolic objects. If number be a teaching of experience, where did experience observe its two poles, — zero and infinity?

In astronomy, resting as it does on geometry and arithmetic, there is necessarily the same idealness. Kepler's laws of planetary action and Newton's laws of motion are not laws of fact, but types of the scientific imagination. The postulates of the astronomer, uniform velocity and elliptical motion, have no place in exact reality. The same is true of that which the science of mechanics rests on, — uniform force and rectilineal motion. No eye has seen or shall see it.

So, again, in electricity, magnetism, thermodynamics, the subtle analyses of modern investigators have banished altogether the former theories of material fluids, and substituted the conception of invisible forces. The fact, in fine, is, as George H. Lewes has said, "Were the whole circle of the sciences to pass before us, each would in turn display the essentially ideal nature of its construction" (Problems of Life and Mind, p. 271), and again, in his Philosophy of Aristotle (p. 66), "The fundamental ideas of modern science are as transcendental as any of the axioms in ancient philosophy."

If transcendentalism be justifiable with science, why should it be an aberration of mind with religion? If the inability of sense to discern many of the things that science believes in is no bar to a valid knowledge of material things, why should it disprove the existence of spiritual things?

Because, perhaps the man of science may here respond, — because all things that science believes really to exist, — though in some cases not such as can be actually observed, owing to the weakness of our senses, are always conceivably so. Imagine our powers of observation sufficiently increased, and they would become visible and tangible. They belong to the realm of matter and its qualities; the quantity of matter may be very attenuated, but it is matter still. Whatever ideal constructions science uses are derived from material phenomena and are reducible again to

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it or translatable in terms of body and its functions, or if not are recognized as mere fictions, convenient for calculation or statement, but not regarded as things actually existing. To use the recent distinction which Lewes has proposed, science is often metaphysical, but never metempirical. All that is immaterial is, in the view of science, non-existent.

Were these statements true, there certainly would exist here an essential difference between the objects of religion and those of science. It may be venturesome to deny them, but it does not seem to me that they are valid. Science, it seems to me, in many points, implies at least, if it does not directly recognize, the existence of the immaterial. All the objects that science studies are seen in space. All the events that it traces are known as occurring in time. These two, space and time, are fundamental conditions of all science. Yet neither space nor time are themselves material things. The extension of a body, the duration of a motion or change, are, to be sure, qualities of material things. But the space which receives and encloses all extended matter, the time which is the ground of all succession or duration, these are not even conceivably to be seen or heard or felt, not even conceivably to be regarded as substances, however infinitely attenuated. Sense may tell us of the finite extension of an individual object, but sense has never and can never tell us of the Infinite Space which the apprehension of each particular extension presupposes.

From experience we may learn of the order and duration of particular occurrences. But from experience we cannot learn of the Eternal Time which is the implied condition of all temporal events. Shall space and time then be set down as fictions of the intellect? That equally is impossible without destroying the whole edifice of knowledge. For their existence is involved in the existence of every object and property of the actual world.

The existence of what is immaterial seems to be involved, again, in any satisfactory explanation of the dynamics of nature. How, for example, if we suppose no other kind of force in existence than that which is a property of material objects and seated in them, can the attraction of gravitation, cohesion and adhesion, the repulsion of heat, the occurrence of both attractive and repulsive forces in magnetism and electricity, be explained? Im-

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mense voids separate planet from planet, star from star. Yet the force of gravitation almost instantly passes from one to the other. Great intervals may separate two electric currents, or a magnet from a magnetic body; and yet the electric or magnetic force will act from one to the other. For example, it is now considered proved that the sun acts upon the earth as a magnet. Even between molecule and molecule similiar interspaces exist. In the hardest of substances, the scientific men tell us the molecules are not in contact with their neighboring molecules. Were they so, bodies would be absolutely incompressible. The fact is, however, that there is no body that is not more or less compressible. Those that are but slightly compressible by the most powerful mechanical means contract or interpenetrate under the force of chemical affinity. Sulphuric acid and water, though not sensibly yielding to pressure, yet, when mixed, give a resultiug volume considerably less than the aggregate volume of the two liquids used. According to Faraday we may cast into potassium its equivalent of oxygen, and again both oxygen and hydrogen in a twofold number of atoms, and yet, with all these additions, the matter shall become less and less till it is not two-thirds of its original volume. A space which would be filled by four hundred and thirty atoms of potassium may thus be made to contain seven hundred of potassium and twenty-one hundred of oxygen and hydrogen.

Such experiments make it evident that considerable interspaces separate even the nearest atoms. Now, if there be no form except that which is a quality of some material body, and seated in it, how can these various forms pass beyond the periphery of their respective material seats, traverse these void spaces, and act upon other bodies at a distance?

Is it conceivable that a material body can, through its strictly material force, act where it does not exist, or where no medium intervenes through which to transmit its force? Let the great discoverer of gravitation answer. "It is inconceivable," says Newton, in a celebrated passage of his letter to Bentley, "that inanimate brute matter should, without the mediation of something else, which is not material, operate upon and affect other matter without mutual contact. . . . That gravity should be innate, inherent,

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and essential to matter, so that one body may act upon another through a vacuum, without the mediation of anything else, by and through which their action and force may be conveyed from one to the other, is to me so great an absurdity that I believe no man, who in philosophical matters has a competent faculty of thinking, can ever fall into it."

Or, if more modern authority is desired, the recent and weighty words of Prof. Challis may be quoted (Philosophical Magazine, § 4. Vol. XXXII., p. 467).

"There is no other kind of force than pressure by contact of one body with another. . . . The rule of philosophy which makes personal sensation and experience the basis of scientific knowledge . . . forbids recognizing any other mode of moving a body than this. When, therefore, a body is caused to move without apparent contact and pressure of another body, it must still be concluded that the pressing body, although invisible, exists, unless we are prepared to admit that there are physical operations which are and ever will be incomprehensible to us. . . . All physical force being pressure, there must be a medium by which the pressure is exerted."

Suppose, then, in order that we may interpret gravitation and the other attractive forces as material forces, we boldly diffuse through all the vast regions when they are displayed, between star and star, between molecule and molecule, an invisible intervening medium, bathing them on all sides, and pressing them one toward another. Suppose we say, as Prof. Challis does, that the luminous ether presents to us, as actually existing, such an omnipresent, ever-pressing medium, and that the vibratory motion of atoms or larger material bodies in the midst of this sea of ether is sufficient, in accordance with Prof. Guthrie's famous experiments, and Sir William Thomson's calculations, to direct the ethereal pressure upon gravitative, cohesive, or magnetic centres. Still the difficulty is not overcome. To interpret gravitation thus, as transmission of pressure through the luminiferous ether, seems inconsistent with the instant or almost instant action of gravitation through the greatest distances. The velocity of light through the ether, though exceedingly swift, yet occupies quite an appreciable time — several minutes — in passing from planet to planet, and

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years in going from star to star. But the velocity of light, if any finite measure can be given to it, is at least, according to La Place's calculations, eight million times that of light. Moreover, if attraction be a result of ethereal pressure, what is there without the ether to press it thus ever inward? or, if there is nothing, what prevents it, as Sir John Herschel asked, from expanding into infinite space, and losing itself there? Is it conceivable that this ether — any more than other matter — should be free from all discontinuity, all division into constituent parts and intervals between them? If not, then the existence of such an unbroken, continuous substance, penetrating all bodies and filling all the interstices of grosser matter, and acting as the transmitting medium to the forces of bodies, ought to make all solids and liquids transparent to light, heat, and electricity. Such a medium ought not, at least, to be both a conductor and a non-conductor of electricity, both transparent and opaque to light, — both a heat transmitter and a heat absorbent.

Again, if the ether has no void spaces anywhere in it, then it must absolutely fill space full. How, then, is any of that motion of which all Nature is full, and which the materialists tell us constitutes all varieties of force, possible? If a body is to move with momentum, so as to give a shock, there must be space for it to move through. Before it can move at all, there must be a free space for it to move into. If it pushes weaker matter away to make room for itself, then there must be free space for that weaker matter to move into. If all space be already full, motion is impossible. Theoretically, then, the other cannot be destitute of void intervals between its parts; and, in point of fact, physicists regard it, like all other matter, as composed of its separate ethereal atoms, situated at distances which, in proportion to the size of the ether atom, are full as great if not vastly greater than the intervals of common matter. Subtle, then, as is the hypothesis of an omnipresent ethereal medium, pressing all matter together, the difficulty of action at a distance remains undiminished.

If the leaping of force over the ninety-two millions of celestial space that separates the sun from the earth requires either an intervening medium through which it may act, or some other interpretation of it than as transmission of material motion or

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pressure or other quality seated in matter, equally does the passage over the minutest atomic interval; and as we cannot go on forever, imagining finer and finer media; as we must somewhere leave the room that will give opportunity for motion; ought we not frankly to accept the opposite alternative, — the acceptance of force as something capable of acting, and therefore existing where matter does not exist, as, in fine, an immaterial principle?

Perhaps it may be said that Le Sage's famous hypothesis, which Sir William Thomson recently resuscitated, is sufficient to explain gravitation and all other kinds of attractive force without supposing anything else than motions and qualities of matter. This hypothesis supposes that an infinity of atoms fly with excessive velocity through all mundane regions, inward bound from the immensity of ultramundane space. Ceaselessly pelting all objects on all sides, the result is that any two objects at a certain distance apart will, in reference to each other, be mutually screened from this bombardment on the faces looking toward each other, and will thus be reciprocally attracted. This is certainly the boldest, the most ingenious, the most purely mechanical of all explanations of attractive force. But, leaving unnoticed its pure hypotheticalness and transcendence of all possible experience, this theory but removes its difficulties to other points. Whence is derived this celestial storm? We must go outside the world of stars for that. On this theory, as on that of Challis, "the universe is not even temporarily automatic, but must be fed from moment to moment by an agency external to itself" (American Journal of Science and Arts, Oct., 1874, p. 306). The drawing together of bodies may possibly be explained by the pressure of such an atomic hailstorm; but it presents no explanation of what is equally inconsistent with any interpretation of force as a transmission of material motion or pressure, namely, — the repulsive powers exhibited by gases, and by solids and fluids when heated, magnetized or electrified. Moreover, it brings us squarely up against another form of physical force, explicable only as an immaterial principle. I mean the force of elasticity. If these invisible pelting atoms be hard and inelastic, then every time they strike a body they must lose some of their energy. As Sir John Herschel says (pp. 465–466, Fa-

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miliar Lectures), "in the collision of inelastic bodies, *vis viva* is necessarily and invariably destroyed. . . . Taking such a system in its entirety (where force exists not), there is no possibility of its reproduction. . . . Such an arrangement must of necessity be rapidly self-destructive, and must result in the gradual but speedy dying away of all relative motion."

In order, then, that the system of nature be conceived as permanent, in order that our theory may harmonize with the observed constancy of the physical forces, the atoms must be capable of so rebounding that after a collision they shall have the same velocity as before. This Sir William Thomson perceived, and in his reconstruction of Le Sage's theory employed as materials, not hard atoms, but molecules of perfect elasticity.

But whence is this elasticity obtained, and what is the nature of elastic force? This is an inquiry, important not only in this connection, but for any adequate explanation of all those numerous phenomena, in solids, in fluids, especially in gases, in which elasticity is involved. Take a gas, for example, which presses on all sides upon the envelope containing it. The mechanical explanation of this is, that the gas is constituted of material particles which move in all possible directions, each in a right line, and which change direction without change of velocity where they meet a fixed obstacle. The pressure of the gas is due to the shocks of the gaseous molecules against the containing walls. Now such an enclosed gas, if left in an hermetical vessel, does not gradually lose its force of pressure, till it becomes nothing; but retains it undiminished. This simple fact implies that the gaseous molecules, when they strike their containing walls or collide with one another, as they are continually doing, rebound with the same velocity with which they struck. We say this is because the gaseous molecules possess elastic force, and imagine the matter explained. But let us follow out in thought the course of a molecule when it strikes an obstacle and rebounds, and we may not perhaps be so easily satisfied. First, upon the occurrence of a collision, the molecule loses all its own velocity, it comes to a dead halt for an infinitely short instant, and then it regains an equal velocity in a contrary direction. We see, then, that to effect this,

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there must be something which is capable, first, of destroying established movement; then, when the body has been brought to a state of repose, starting it again with a velocity equal to what it had before. What, then, is the nature of this something, possessed of so great and unique a power? Does it reside in the material atom as one of its properties? Let us compress our gas, observe the relation of its temperature under compression to the degree of compression, and we shall have a crucial test which will tell us whether the material atoms are elastic and variable in volume or not. If the atoms themselves are elastic and variable in volume, then the gas, the sum of them, may be compressed without increasing the atomic motion, that is, the heat in the gas; and after compression the atoms may expand without requiring any expenditure of atomic motion or thermal energy. But if the atoms be not themselves elastic or variable in volume, then compression of the gas signifies a lessening of the atomic intervals, and consequently a greater atomic velocity or heat, and the re-expansion of the gas would require the expenditure again of this atomic motion to restore the atoms to their previous stations.

The opposite results of the two hypotheses are then clear. Equally clear is the decisive answer of all thermodynamical experiments, that there is no compression without a corresponding production of heat, and no expansion of a compressed body against pressure without the expenditure of heat. The whole science of thermodynamics rests on the definite and constant correlation of work and heat, and is incompatible with variability of volume in the atoms (See Conséquences Thermodynamiques, par G. A. Hirn, p. 208).

Can the elastic rebound, then, be the result in each case of some anterior motion, in accordance with the view of these pure materialists who would hold as a first law, "no motion without anterior motion"? The sufficient answer, is that in the case of the elastic rebound, the resilient motion is separated from all previous motion by an instant, infinitely short, perhaps, but still an actual instant of rest during which the direction of movement is reversed. The difficulty cannot be escaped.

Suppose, even, we say that the atom, like an ivory ball, changes

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its form upon collision with an object, that it is composed of component parts, and that an internal vibratory movement of them is set up, in consequence of which the atom first seeks to regain its old form, and next, this internal motion, passing into translatory motion, the whole atom rebounds — the difficulty is only transferred from the whole atom to the component particles or atoms of the atom. Whence the tendency of one of these particles to return to its place? What is the force that, when it has swung to its farthest limit and stops then for its infinitesimal second of rest, starts it from rest into motion? No anterior motion can explain this, for between the anterior and the posterior motion is always this intervening moment of rest.

If, as Du Bois Reymond says, and as is logically required by the very conception of it, "the properties of matter can neither be extended outside of itself nor transferred to other material objects," then they are plainly unequal to explaining the phenomena of elasticity as well as those of attraction and repulsion. To explain adequately these fundamental, constant and ubiquitous properties of nature, we must conceive force, not as the materialists tell us we can alone properly conceive it, — as "the property inseparable from and eternally inherent in matter," as "a motion arising from some previous motion and acting through bodily contact or intervening medium," — but as the very reverse of that, — as a power which does not depend on anterior motion, which can exist and act where no material medium is present — in short, as an immaterial principle.

To sum up then our argument. Science, equally with religion, has a faith-basis. It uses intuition, authority, evidence and probable inference, and is often destitute of possible verification. Religion, as well as science, has an experimental basis. It grounds itself on observation, induction and verification. Science, no more than religion, can withhold, nor does withhold, its belief from the supersensual, the immaterial and the inconceivable; and the faults of inexactness, uncertainty and changeability in the results of their labors apply to one no more than the other.

In this similarity of science and religion is there not something that should have practical influence with that daily increasing

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number who, while accepting implicitly all the established truths, and even the wildest speculations of science, look upon religion with suspicion, if not contempt? We commend to all such the words of Huxley: "By science I understand all knowledge which rests upon evidence and reasoning of a like character to that which claims our assent to ordinary scientific propositions, and if any one is able to make good the assertion that his theology rests upon valid evidence and sound reasoning, then it appears to me that such theology must take its place as a part of science."

I respectfully ask why the fundamental truths of religion do not already stand in that category with as good a right as the greater portion of so-called science?

JAMES T. BIXBY.

SIN.

NOT a very promising theme, nor very attractive. It is not only the thing which the Lord hateth, but which all good men hate also. It a dreadful evil, as destructive to the soul as phthisis is to the body. The wages of sin is death. It bringeth forth death. As all the forces of sin press downward and deathward, so all the forces of virtue press upward and lifeward. As lust ends in debasement, so love ends in glory. Diametrically opposite forces act in the soul. For virtue is not a force, and sin a nonentity. Lust, which is sin, is as much an action as love, which is a virtue. Stealing, which is a sin, is as much an action as giving, which is a virtue. Murder is a crime, and is an act no less than saving life. If feeding the hungry is activity, so is stealing their bread. Our jails and prisons are filled with men, not for doing nothing, not for being mere ciphers in society, but for crimes, — crimes many of them demanding more thought and labor and sacrifice than acts, even heroic acts, of beneficence.

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Wrath, jealousy, envy, malice, are not these active and positive as love, pity, forbearance, sympathy? Is wrath nothing but the absence of satisfaction? Ask the man who is mad, who stands with set teeth and holden breath and clenched fists, if anger is a mere negation, nothing but the absence of satisfaction. He would suspect you as an escaped inmate of a lunatic asylum, and not as a philosopher. Look at his blanched cheeks, his white lips, his flaming eyes, his quivering frame, and then say, if you can, that this is all caused by nothing, it is a merely negative state; love is absent, that is *all!* The southern rebellion, the attempt to break up our nationality, was a mere absence of patriotism? It was produced by a negation! It had no active cause, indeed, no cause at all, for nothing, mere negation, cannot cause anything.

Would God sin were nothing but a negation, that it was in it self nothing; that it was merely the absence of goodness! Oh, would that there was no such thing as sin in the world! How soon would wars and fightings cease; how soon would our jails and prisons, our lock-ups and houses of correction, be changed into cheerful homes and schoolhouses. But, alas! we have not this cheerful hope in our hearts, — this pleasant prospect before us, — for sin is not a mere negation, like a vacuum. It is a reality as much as goodness. As sickness is not merely absence of health, as disease is not merely absence of soundness, so sin, moral disease, is not merely absence of virtue or moral health. Hatred is as positive a quality as love; it is not an adulterated love, or a diminished amount of love or the absence of love; it is positive, active, real, not a nonentity, a negation, like darkness or vacancy. Lust is a positive thing as much as friendship, and works as efficiently and as powerfully where it has sway. Lusts war in the soul, and friendships sing in it. The earth is filled with desolations caused by lust of power, lust of wealth, lust of fame, lusts of kings and kingdoms. The ravages of men's appetites and passions are seen in cities laid in ruins; gardens made deserts; fertile fields made wastes; broad lands made barren. If love, if beneficence, if self-sacrifice, have built hospitals, visited the prisons, fed the hungry, and sent missionaries to the ends of the earth to enlighten the ignorant and elevate the base, have not hatred and selfishness and

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greed and appetite filled these hospitals with the infirm, these prisons with criminals, deprived the poor of their bread, and sent to the ends of the earth the spirits which have added debasement to degredation, and rendered almost hopeless the work of the saintly? Is that foul impulse merely nothing which produces such results in society and all over the world? No. If love is anything, if beneficence is anything, if self-sacrifice is anything, then hatred and malevolence and selfishness are something, — something terrible. No. The lusts, the passions, the appetites of men, are powers in comparison with whose strength gravity is weakness. As reasonably say that virtue is a negation, nothing but the absence of vice, as to say the contrary, if consciousness is of any value in recognizing facts or corroborating reasoning. Just as well say, in the face of experience, that honesty is only the absence of rascality, a mere negation, and that all the honors which have been heaped upon charitable and valorous deeds have been conferred upon emptiness.

There is an old book, which has not yet lost all its value to some minds, which takes what appears to be the common sense view of the subject. It says, "Whoso committeth sin, transgresseth also the law, for sin is a transgression of the law," as "love is the fulfilling of the law." Sin is an act as much as an act of love, — one obeys, the other violates, the law. One is as much a reality as the other. "He that *committeth* sin is of the Devil," which in the modern reading would be, He that doeth nothing, who is a mere negation, is of the Devil. This does not seem to be quite the meaning of the apostle. Again he says, "Whosoever is born of God doth not *commit* sin." It is difficult to "commit" nothing. We can *commit* theft, perjury, arson, fraud, but to commit nothing is an act not enumerated in the books. Once more, the apostle says, "All unrighteousness is sin," and Paul tells us that "unrighteousness" is "covetousness, maliciousness, envy, deceit, malignity," and a long list of other unnamable emotions and actions which are classified as among the active powers, or their fruits, by writers on the moral and mental faculties. They are never spoken of as merely negations of generosity and good-will and frankness and truthfulness. The good old book seems to cor-

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roborate the deliverances of conciousness and experience. It certainly has that appearance.

And the old book is right. Sin is something positive, real, efficient. It is not merely letting alone, doing nothing, thinking nothing, wishing nothing. It is also acting, thinking, wishing wrongly. It is purposing, desiring, seeking wrongly; and also well-knowing that it is wrong thus to purpose, desire, seek. Sin is no misfortune. It is no mistake; no blunder. It is knowing our duty and doing it not. It is knowing the wrong and doing it. No man ever felt guilty of doing what he could not help doing. No man ever felt remorse for a mistake, for inability.

Sin, therefore, like virtue, is something positive, not negative; something, not nothing. There is such a thing in God's universe, and it is a thing that his soul hateth. It is the deadly thing which paralyzes the soul of man. Would it were only a mistake, a misfortune, a negation! But it is not. It creeps on us in deadly power by our wrong doing, and if not resisted, repelled, destroyed, benumbs, and stupefies, till the full victory over its victim is gained — "death!"

R. P. Stebbins.

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THE SHOEMAKER OF GÖRLITZ.

II.

Wem Zeit ist wie Ewigkeit
Und Ewigkeit wie Zeit,
Der ist befreit
Von allen Streit.
—*Böhme.*

At the death of Jakob Böhme all but three of his smallest tracts were still in MSS. It is to a Dutch merchant that their final publication is chiefly due, and the last of them did not appear in German till 1677. Many of them actually came out in Dutch and in English before they were printed in German. A doubtful tradition speaks of Charles I. as reading "The Forty Questions" * in 1646 with such rapture that he sent a learned man into Germany to master the language, procure Böhme's works, and translate them into English. But the English translation was begun two years before, with part of "The Incarnation" and a life of Böhme. It was not finished till 1662, being carried on at the expense of Humphrey Blundel, an English merchant, by himself and three other scholars, John Sparrow, John Elliston, and Durandus Hotham.

If "the intelligent reader" should open one of these old quartos, even if he does not light on a page where Latin words and phrases are mixed up with strange terms borrowed from Paracelsus, unless he is very fortunate in the passage that he chances on, he will be likely to conclude that he has before him a mere

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* King Charles may very well have seen the Latin version of this work made by the Jurist J. A. Werdenhagen, and published in 1632. But such a book was not likely to excite rapture in such a mind.

The old English version of Böhme's works, published mostly in Commonwealth times, was reprinted with slight alterations in 1762–84, in four quarto volumes, by the friends and literary executors of William Law, and passes with the unwary as his translation. Even the "Elucidations" ascribed to him in this edition are not his, though found in his hand-writing, nor is it complete; a fifth volume in 12mo appeared at Dublin and St. Helens in 1820.

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heap of words, to which no meaning can be attached. Only persistent reading can find a clue to the sense that underlies this verbal chaos, and much of it has always remained a riddle to the most patient and loving students. William Law confessed that, after many years of study, parts of Böhme still lay in the shadow to him, and he tells a beginner, "Read his books through, without staying at that which you do not comprehend; and you will all along see, both why you should continue reading, and why you must be content to learn very gradually."

There are many good reasons for this obscurity: (1) Like all writers of genius, he writes from his personal intuition, his "beholding," instead of reproducing traditional conceptions. And his intuitions concern the very highest problems of the most abstruse of sciences, pure metaphysic or ontology. It is a subject that but slightly occupies men's thoughts, though it is perhaps true that the mind of every man, learned or simple, turns to it at some time or other of his life. It has therefore never had a language intelligible to all men; it has to borrow words and idioms from provinces the most different from its own, and which are therefore far from suitable to its uses. Let the intelligent reader take up Plato's "Philebus" or his "Timæus," or Schelling's "Bruno," or Hegel's "Logic," and see what he will make of them. Even the first sentence of the "Critique of the Pure Reason," the very primer of modern metaphysic, will be "all Greek" to most readers: "Are *a priori* synthetic judgments possible?" But (2) this man who by his gifts of mind and heart was especially called to this study, if ever man was, had to struggle with special difficulties. His lack of all education but the simplest, and especially that he had never mastered any language but German, and had therefore never taken that initial step in all true culture which emancipates the mind from the bondage of a single vocabulary, was of the greatest disadvantage to him; nor was he less fettered in mental movement by what he did learn. His yearning after some solution of the universe, some interpretation of the Bible that went deeper than the scholastic one that he heard from the pulpit, threw him upon writings of the mystics and of the hermetic school. He must have read these

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voraciously in his early years; with the exception of Valentine Weigel, and perhaps Schwenkfeld, we believe he received little but injury from them; and yet less injury than if his had been a less creative intellect. He often filled up their dry husks with a life and meaning that they had not an inkling of; he read between their lines things that were beyond their grasp. To them, however, we owe much of the false natural philosophy and science that deface his pages. He writes best when he casts off this Saul's armor of inherited notions and pseudo-erudition. It is then that he deserves the praise which a master has given him: "He was a generative thinker, what he knew he knew for himself. It was not transmitted to him, but fought for. And, therefore, however small his faculty of making himself intelligible to the many, he has made himself intelligible to a few in a sense in which" many a famous philosopher "never made himself intelligible to any. He spoke to the hearts of those few. He made them feel that they were in the midst of a very strange world, or rather of two strange worlds, full of problems which demand a solution, and which no mere maxims or formulas can solve." * That few contained some that were very unlikely to feel what Feuerbach calls "the witchcraft" of his writings. William Law, "bred in the very straightest sect of English theology, regarding the authority of the priesthood with the profoundest reverence, practising a severe and ascetical religion," and with all a High Churchman's and all a scholar's distrust of visions and fanaticism, sat down at the feet of this uneducated Lutheran layman. "When I first began to read him" said he, "he put me into a perfect sweat. But as I discovered sound truths, and the glimmerings of a deep ground and sense, even in the passages not then clearly intelligible to me, and found myself, as it were, strongly prompted to dig into these writings, I followed this impulse with continual aspirations and prayer to God for his help and divine illumination, if I was called to understand them. By reading in this manner again and again, and from time to time, I perceived that my heart felt well and my understanding opened

* F. D. Maurice. History of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, Vol. II., p. 325.

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gradually; till at length I found what a treasure there was hid in this field." *

After what we have said, it may seem strange to add that the style of Böhme's writings is a chief attraction to many minds. Yet Böhme was in his way a man of very marked power of expression, and the fact makes itself visible on every page of his writings. Just because he had to draw his vocabulary from the simplest household speech, his language is vivid and picturesque. His theosophical interpretations of nature are often in the highest degree poetical, and conceptions that would be dry, colorless abstractions in another writer, are under his pen living things, that quiver with emotion, rush on and shrink back, hunger and thirst, as if a child were telling their story. His larger treatises are rhymeless poems, huge, unkempt, awkward epics, that embrace the tale which is after all — or at least Milton thought so — the highest, noblest, theme of human song, — Paradise Lost and Regained. Hence the charm that the writers of the Romanticist school found in him. Lichtenberg, Schlegel, Fouque, and the Tiecks vie in his praise, while Schelling found in him *ein theogonische Geist*, and Hegel called him "the profoundest of philosophers." His school abounded in sacred poets, such as John Scheffler ("Angelus Silesius"), his friend David von Schweidnetz, Gottfried Arnold, Gerhard Tersteegen, C. F. D. Schubart, La Motte Fouque, and Von Hardenberg ("Novalis"). His German-American disciples have been most prolific hymn writers, and their collections of original hymns were the first books printed in German on this continent. Among English poets Coleridge confessess his obligations to him; but he is represented more fully by Henry Brooke, Sr., better known for his prose novel, "The Fool of Quality," and the witty and devout Jacobite, Dr. John Byrom, of Manchester, author of "Christians, Awake, Salute the Happy Morn," and of that exquisite theosophic hymn, "Cheer Up, Desponding Soul."

I. Böhme is a theosopher, not a philosopher: that is, he begins where Bacon says true philosophy ends, namely, with the intuition of the supreme unity. With him God is not the last thing known,

* So told by Rev. Francis Okeley, in his translation of The Life of Behmen, by Abraham von Frankenberg. London. 1780. Pp. 105–6.

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but the first; we know other things only as we know God, and share his knowledge of them, think his creative thoughts after him. We are related to other fragments of the circumference only through the centre. We know, therefore, just what he chooses to know in us, — to open up in us.* This is true even of our most ordinary perceptions; but it is a truth that involves the possibility of a far vaster range of knowledge than the ordinary one, — of an ontology or perception of things in their own essence and being, as well as in their sensible properties. But to this deeper knowledge of God and the creature, and of Eternal Nature in God and out of God, a spiritual propædeutic is necessary. Our self-hood, our hearing and seeing as from oursleves, our unwillingness to retain God in our knowledge, stands in the way. The soul must sink itself by self-denial in the eternal silence, that God may speak to it. This is the act of the will, the central point in the man's life, as it strips itself of all self-will and reasonings, and gives itself up to the divine contemplation with utter resignation to the Will of God.

II. "But the theosopher rising to such knowledge becomes as a

* "In thy light we shall see light." Master Eckart says, "We are united to God, not in being, but in beholding." "Simple people conceive that we are to see God, as if he stood on that side and we on this. It is not so; God and I are one in the act of perceiving him." Aquinas, much more loosely: "Cum omnis cognitio fit per assimilationem cognoscentis ad cognitum, oportet et quod qui vident Deum, aliquo modo transformentur in Deum." The late Prof. Maurice says that the Apostle John teaches "that God can be known; that the knowledge of him is the root of all other knowledge; that we are only capable of knowing our fellow-creatures, and of knowing the world of nature, because we are more directly related to him than to them; because his knowledge of them is imparted in a measure to the creatures whom he has made in his image." In his first reply to Mansel he says, "All words like those into which *cum* enters — 'conviction,' 'conception,' 'conversion,' 'consciousness' — are worthy of the closest study and examination. Hardly any are so suggestive; hardly any contain so much light respecting our processes of thought, respecting our human nature. No one of them has more value than this word 'consciousness.' That it should have been accepted in any age by no means philological, . . . is one of those indications of a providence that shapes our ends, which ought not to be overlooked." It hints "that there is a fellowship between the conscious man and something else."

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god. To him there can be no more awe and reverence since he has searched the inmost mysteries."

Not so: to him still God is the unsearchable God, dwelling in light unapproachable. The enlightened soul knows of a depth it cannot know, — "God without nature or creature," the Abyss of the Godhead, the unspeakable and unresolved unity. As contrasted with the manner of the existence of all that is known, we may speak of this as "the eternal nothing;" all noble predicates may be asserted of it, and yet denied of it also. Here all after distinctions exist ideally, but are not actualized, nor even tending toward actualization or essentiality. Here is the still Eternity; here is no *this* or *that;* neither quantity nor quality nor quiddity. Knowledge and perception may be with equal truth asserted and denied of it, as indeed may *being* itself in the sense in which we conceive of being. Here is will, the will of the Unground, the eternal freedom, but it is Will incomprehensible, and with no object of desire outside itself. Here is wisdom, but yet an unresolved mystery. It is the "indifferentia absoluta realitatis infinitæ et infinitæ potentialitatis" of Schelling; the nought of Oken, that is the basis of all number, and yet is no number, is neither *plus* nor *minus*. It is and is not, and yet is. The highest angel, were he to seek to gaze into it as with and through its own "Eye of Eternity," would only be confounded at depths inaccessible, — "wonders without number, ground, or end," — the mystery of God that only God can grasp.

All the philosophies of the absolute leap from this first unity, this esoteric process of the Godhead, the En Soph of the Cabbalists, directly to the objects given in ordinary experience. The especial work of theosophy — first attempted by the Cabbalists with their Ten Sephiroth * — is to fill up the gaps, and, while confessing the Unknown and the Unknowable God, to disclose to us God as he

* Molitor, in his elaborate study of the Cabbala (Philosophie der Geschichte, close of Vol. II.), says that he was amazed and delighted to find in Böhme just the ideas that he had already discovered in the Sohar. But other authors (see Rocholl's Deutsche Theosophie, pages 45–50), while admitting a resemblance and a common purpose, point out a far profounder divergence, — one so great that it is impossible to trace a transition from the Jewish to the Christian theosophies.

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reveals himself, — the God in knowledge of whom is our Eternal Life.

III. The next process is the mediating, as the last of all is the esoteric. Here is the passage from the *Deus implicitus* to the *Deus explicitus*. The eternal freedom, the will of the Unground, moved by a desire of an object of its own love, mirrors itself in — as will conceives and as freedom begets — a heart, a centre, the mind of God, and thus attains to consciousness of itself,* which is the essence of spirituality, but not of personality. From this synthesis of subject and object is the going forth of a divine spirit of activity, — the utterance of the will through the mind. The subject of its activity is the (ideal) wisdom of God, which may be contemplated alternately as the passive mate of the spirit, and as the whole divine play of spiritual powers in the birth of the Trinity, returning upon itself into unity.

Here most philosophies of the Trinity stop; especially those that under the dualistic influence of Descartes draw a sharp line between spirit and nature. To conceive God, with Kant, as pure spirit, is to conceive him as natureless; but God, in Böhme's "beholding," though nature-free, is not nature-less. This mediate process is a will, a tendency, to something not yet realized; this conceiving will, conceived mind, and uttered spirit, are not the three persons of the revealed and esoteric Trinity. Were this the last word, God would be "the unknowable," even to the theosopher's enlightened eye. Indeed, nothing besides God could have existed, save thought.

But first note that in this birth of the Trinity a certain antithesis is disclosed, — the desire and the object that satisfies it. In Böhme's dialectic of consciousness, the antithesis is a necessary one; it is involved in the very nature of all knowledge, especially self-knowledge, and therefore of all conscious existence. He asserts a universal polarity, "all things consist of yes and no." "Were all but one thing, that one would not be disclosed to itself; even so if the anguish were not, the joy would be unknown."

* So the Roman Catechism: For as our mind, in becoming conscious of itself, maketh in itself an image of itself, which we call a word, so the Deity, in eternally begetting the word, becomes conscious of himself (*se ipsum intelligit*).

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And so in the deity he beholds the dark fiery strength of an infinite yearning, meeting and swallowed up in the sweetness and light of an infinite joy.* But the antithesis is only ideal as regards God; the two are one in the divine ground, which is distinguished but not divided in the birth of the Trinity; one also in the infinite synthesis of the mutual love and satisfaction which is the life of the Godhead; one in the going forth of the spirit of life and activity. The strength of the desire and the sweetness of the joy blend in unity; "out of the strong comes forth the sweet."

IV. The thought of the poet (or maker), brought forth out of the dark into intellectual clearness, attains to vividness and reality by being "embodied" in an image. Such also is the divine process, and its last step is the generation of "Eternal Nature," which in its completeness is "the body of God." Here the threefoldness of the self-conscious spirituality passes into tripersonality, — for person is the antithesis in synthesis of spirit and nature or body. This Eternal Nature is the imaging forth of the life of the spirit; it is therefore trine, but it is also (and especially to-us-ward) sevenfold. Its seven properties or forms are the "seven lamps" of the heavenly sanctuary, "the seven eyes of God that go to and fro through the earth," the seven colors of the rainbow about the throne. In its totality it is the "glassy sea" of the ceaseless interplay of divine powers and forces; it is the light wherewith God clothes himself as with a garment. The process of its generation, as Böhme depicts it, brings the antithesis or polarity of existence into strong light. He beholds the abyssal will bringing forth the Eternal Son though its successive seven stages. The first three (considered abstractly) belong to the eternal dark world; the fourth is the point of indifference; the last belong to the eternal light world, which overcomes and embraces all the rest. By a theosophic dialectic each involves the next. The first property or form is the bare desire of the abyssal will, the blind yearning, pressing to unity and rest, as yet unsatisfied; it is a hand that

* "I saw also," says George Fox, "that there was an ocean of darkness and death, but an infinite ocean of light and love, which flowed over the ocean of darkness. In that also I saw the love of God and had great openings." — *Journal.*

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closes upon nothing, a centripetal force that has not found its centre. The second, by necessary reaction, is extensive, tending to manifoldness and motion, a centrifugal force that strives in enmity with the former. The third is the joint result of the strife, a whirling anguish, a restless circulation, in which the dark world comes to its completeness. The fourth, by a theosophic transmutation of forces, is the generated fire-flash, which seems at first the culmination of the preceding three, but is in truth the point of transition to the holy ternary of light and joy. We have been gazing on a tempest more awful than those of temporal nature; the lightning flash that seemed its deepest horror, is in truth the opening of the eternal calm, and the victorious sunshine. The Eternal Son, through whom the abyssal will becomes the Father — our Father — comes forth to reign. In the first three properties, the Father, Son, and Spirit are darkly mirrored in the dark ground; in the last three we have the clear reflection of Spirit, Son, and Father. The seven are substantially three, but seven on the side that we see. The fifth is the gentle spirit of water, not the material water, but that upon which the Spirit brooded in the beginning, that of which a man must be born in being born of the Spirit, the quencher of *the* fire, the recipient of *the* light. It is the gentle fructifying rainfall, in which we reap the blessing of the storm. The sixth is the uttered sound, the voice that is softer than silence, the harmony in which the elements that lay unresolved in the fifth come forth, and the word is uttered. The seventh returns upon and embraces all the others; it is the perfect rest of the Sabbath, which contains all perfect work; in it all the others attain to being and substance; it is the body of God. On another side it is the essential — no longer the ideal — wisdom of God, the passive recipient of the working of the Holy Spirit, that proceedeth from the Father through the Son. It is his especial sphere, and therefore the third principle, as the first principle (the dark world) and the second principle (the light world) are those in which the Father and the Son reign.

Eternal nature is not God and not creation. It shares the divine life but not the divine consciousness; it stands related to God as the human sensorium to the human spirit in an act of thought. It has not a unity of ground, in and of itself; only the

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unity of synthesis. Its seven forms do not exist alongside each other in a mutually exclusive way; they interpenetrate completely; each of them occupies the entire sphere. The result of the synthesis is like the clear white light, when the colors of the prism blend in one ray — a "glory unspeakable," yet only the hinder-parts — the *kehrseite* that God showed to Moses on the mount.

The conception has been the *crux* of Böhme's interpreters, especially the idealists. Schelling, Hegel, and Feuerbach confound it with the temporal nature of experience, and so involve Böhme in an absurdity that he himself foresaw, when he warned his readers not to think of him as finding "cows and calves in heaven."

V. Of the first and proper creation Böhme tells us little. It was a threefold angelic world — three vast hierarchies — that God loved into being, with the Princes Michael, Lucifer, and Uriel as their kings, and each with seven subordinate thrones, and a vast variety and multitude of angelic and natural existences under them. The ideas of each existed from eternity in the wisdom of God.. They were created out of the ground of eternal nature; they shared in its sevenfold properties; but to say that they are part of God is "the Devil's religion." Each created life stood especially in the fourth property, the point of indifference between the light and the dark world, with perfect freedom to choose either. The blessedness of each was in humility to offer up to God its strength that it had of the dark world, and to receive his light. They found their delight in him, and he delighted in them, ideally from all eternity, really from the beginning of their creation. They were the channels in which the divine love and wisdom flowed to the worlds of nature wherein they stood.

VI. To Böhme this lower world is not directly, and as we see it, the work of God. It is a fallen world, a world of disorder that shares in the "anguish" which he finds in his own heart, a creation that "groaneth and travaileth together in pain until now, waiting for the redemption." The deadness, darkness, grossness, concreteness of matter, cannot be from God, the Author of life. Its rendings and convulsions cannot be from the author of unity; the uselessness of all but small surface fragments of the earth,

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bespeaks another author than the Eternal Wisdom. Its tempests and whirlwinds, that called forth Christ's rebuke, cannot have come from the God of peace. The fragments of beauty and excellency that bestrew it are but, as eastern story tells, bits of the vast palace of jewels and crystals that once lighted the earthly paradise with an unearthly beauty. Yet it cannot of itself and alone have fallen; a fall must be the act of a free will. It must be that the intelligent creatures, whom God appointed to be the open gate of all heavenly influences and life-giving powers, are become, by their own free act, the very gateway of hell and all the hellish influxes.

But man was not the author of *all* this mischief. Our universe was once the home and kingdom of Lucifer and his angels. As created beings, the sons of God, they stood in the ground of Eternal Nature, glorified and blessed in sharing the sevenfold gifts of its unsevered forms. Pride was their fall. In imagination they conceived the fierce, fiery strength of the first principle, and desired it as something grander and nobler than the meekness and softness of the victorious light and life of God. They awakened the first three properties of Eternal Nature in themselves, to the exclusion of the rest, and found there the *nichts* of the Unground,* the infinite hunger and craving, the wrath of that God in whom there is no wrath, the fire that is not quenched, the storm that passes into no calm. (1) That strong, hungry desire and craving is the worm that dieth not; its fierce constriction is the chain that binds them; its endless seeking an absent centre or ground in the abyss is their endless inward fall. (2) That expansive force is the repulsion that isolates them in deadly repugnance of hate from even their companions in sin; there is a prince, but no kingdom of hell. (3) That whirling anguish is the crown of their misery; for them there is no rest; the number of the beast is 666, a three-

* "It is a question," says Master Eckart, "what burneth in hell. The masters commonly say, 'self will.' But I say of a truth it is naught that burneth in hell. . . . If God and they that are in the light of his countenance have aught of true bliss, which they that are sundered from God do lack, it is that selfsame naught that tortures the souls that be in hell, more than any fire, or than self will." Hence damnation from *damnum* a loss, the coming short of the glory.

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fold failure to reach 7; and the Bible always speaks of Satan or Lucifer as in motion. Such are the three well-springs of their torment, their fall from life into death and the lake of fire. Nothing lights up that abyss, save the dark fire-flash of the fourth property, which now passes on to no victory and reign of life and joy, for they have turned away from that. The light that is in them is itself darkness. It is no local hell, no place made for torment; it is a hell that lies shut up within heaven itself; and its outer darkness, by which it is severed from the world of light, is a moral, not a local, separation.

VII. But the nature-world wherein they reigned shared in the dire effects of their fall, and the dark, fiery properties of nature were kindled into conflagration in it also. To quench these, and to create (by a coagulation of its confused forms) the material world out of its ruins, and then to create a new class of intelligences through whom that world might be again raised to its first glory, was the work described in the Mosaic narrative of creation. The dark world's properties were not destroyed, nor as yet removed by the victory of the light over them: they were only brought into a certain provisional order,— that in which attractions, repulsions, and circulations are the fundamental laws, — until, by "the manifestation of the sons of God," the redemption should come. Man, that is, was to be the new channel of divine communication; but he, too, must stand in the seven properties of eternal nature. The paradise of his unfallen life was no spot of this material earth, though the Eden wherein it grew and sprang was such; it was that which the Apocalypse promises with its tree of life "to him that overcometh." Between the tree of life and the tree of knowledge of good and evil, Adam stood — in the fourth form of eternal nature — in the point of free indifference between the light and the dark, or rather the mixed, world. Instigated by envious Lucifer, he chose the latter. The story of the fall is the story of the deep sleep that came upon him, — of the division of the androgynous being into two, by the separation of the meek and womanly nature that looked up to God from the masculine and lordly nature that looked down upon the outer world. It is also the story of the eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, the yearning after the material satisfactions of fallen

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nature, in which the severed worlds of light and darkness are blended in imperfect and provisional synthesis. Unlike Lucifer, man desired not the world of pure evil, but the mixed world. He fell by sensual lust, not by pride, which latter is always the deeper fall. The heavenly body, the garment of light, was rent away; man became conscious of his nakedness, and sought for his covering in material nature; and the fig-leaf covering and the coats of skin are merciful incorporations, — the first baptisms; for this world and this life were to be the standing ground for repentance and regeneration. Hence the hold by which man grasps this outer mixed world of light and darkness, that he may not, with Lucifer, sink into the abyss. But at the same instant the redemption was begun. The divine seed of light was mercifully shut up in each man's heart, in the ground of the soul, as the treasure hid in the field.

VIII. To man thus fallen there is but one escape, — the incarnation of the Son of God. The light and heart and life of God — he who reigns in the second principle or eternal light world — must break through into this alien ground, must shine into this darkness until it grasp him, and he overcome it. "No salvation out of Christ" is an axiom of Böhme's theosophy; but then, to Böhme, "He is the true light, that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." The light and dark worlds are struggling for the mastery in every man's heart, and every temper of mind or imagination of the heart is a victory for one or the other. The escape "from darkness into light" is from "the power of sin and Satan unto God."

The expressions of the popular theology, in regard to the redemption, Böhme finds to be true in very awful senses that are not commonly attached to them. "God out of Christ is a consuming fire;" "Christ drank the cup of the divine wrath, due to us for sin;" "Christ made satisfaction to the divine wrath;" "Ye were the children of wrath." The ordinary legal sense put upon these sayings, and the consequent denials of the truth that "God is love," were as hateful to him as to any liberal. And yet they are to him true sayings. That *was* the work of Christ; he was treading the wine-press of wrath alone, pierced with sorrows, yearning for man's love. Therefore, as the quencher of wrath,

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the bruiser of the serpent's head, he is the source of our salvation. The process of Christ must be actualized — not repeated — in the regeneration of his people. Christ must be formed within them, must be born there, grow up in strength, question and confound the Doctors in the Temple, be baptized, carried into the wilderness to be tempted; must do his miracles there, multiplying food, healing the sick, raising the dead, stilling the tempest, casting out devils, smiting barren trees with destruction; must speak there his parables of wisdom, his blessings and his declarations of woe; must pour out his soul unto death to be raised to life and glory. And so the epos of human redemption is transacted in the human breast, not "in the Councils of Eternity."

But the regeneration is not purely spiritual; "He is the Saviour of the body also." In his incarnation he took not merely a physical body from Mary of Nazareth, but a spiritual body from the essential Heavenly Wisdom, the mate of the Holy Ghost, whom Mary represented. Of this body, his people are made partakers in the regeneration, the sacraments being the special though not the exclusive means of participation. They feed upon this body by faith, — on his mystical flesh and blood; they are members of it, — of his flesh and bones. Thus is born and nourished in them a spiritual body, enclosed within that which is natural; at death it comes forth in glory, the sensorium or ground of their conscious spiritual life, in whose use they are now truly body-free, but not bodiless. The other is sown; this is reaped. The dying saints are "not unclothed, but clothed upon" when "the earthly house of this tabernacle" that burdens them is laid aside. In what we call death "mortality is swallowed up of life."

IX. Like all mystics, he speaks much of the emptying of the human vessel that God may fill it, but not of its annihilation; man is to become not self-less, but self-free. God must bring the soul out "into the wilderness," before he can speak comfortably to it, — into the dark silence of the first nothingness, where all desire, save the first craving for Christ, the Heart of God, is stilled and forgotten. But from that silence to the glory of the kingdom of joys the way is the way of the cross. The soul must be brought through the dark world, the everlasting burnings, the anguish of the birth, ere it rises to light and freedom. It must pass through

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the fiery sword of the cherub into the Paradise Lost. The storm comes before the calm; the evening and the morning are the day; for the act of God is, after all, but one; only the sphere of the act differs. The birth of the eternal ideal trinity, the generation of eternal nature, the creation of the angelic worlds, the restoration of the fallen world of nature to a material order, the process of Christ, and the regeneration (or new creation) of man, are but instances of the same threefold and sevenfold act, — the victory of the light over the darkness, the victorious synthesis of the first and the second worlds, issuing in the third. The theosopher's eye, in grasping the meaning and the manner of one, has the clew to them all.

X. Böhme's theosophy is as comprehensive and catholic as it is intensive and Christian. He finds no difficulty in believing that God can save Turks and heathens. Over the conflict between light and darkness in every human heart he sees the spirit of God yearning to reconcile the strife by quenching wrath in love; and when he prevails, it is not the victory of this or that notion or opinion of the head, but a change in the centre of the man's inmost nature, — the will. It is a victory of "sweetness and light," of "the mildness and sweet reasonableness" of Christ in man's inmost life. Those who know not the awful significance of the historical incarnation may, indeed, blaspheme the Son; but it will be forgiven them. Only the blasphemy and the rejection of the Holy Ghost, who is seeking to work in them the process of Christ, cannot be forgiven; they count themselves unworthy of eternal life. Böhme was not a Universalist. He seems to imply the final loss of part of mankind, and he distinctly disavows any hope of the restoration of the fallen angels. His view of the future of the unregenerate may be inferred from what has been said already. So long as man lives in this world, even though envy and wrath prevail in his life, and though the prodigal has wasted his substance, there is a certain quenching of the inward fire, a satisfaction in the swinish husks. The light of the sun, because it images an invisible sun, and the satisfaction he finds in the creatures, furnish some poor assuagement of his misery, but no real rest and fullness. But when he is cut loose from all this, and goes forth into the outer darkness, "where their fire is not

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quenched," what a misery of unsatisfied lusts and cruelties, what a tempest of evil passions and envies — "lust hard by hate" — must rage in the soul that has never "escaped into the heart and life of God." It is a "wandering star, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever." Hence the awful phenomena of demoniac possession, — lost spirits striving back to the light of day and its alleviations of their misery, and even craving bodies of humiliation if they can reach it by no other. "They besought Him that He would not send them forth into the deep," — into the herd of swine rather.*

Yet a majority of his school have been Universalists, and did much to give currency to the doctrines of final Restoration. Jane Leade, in England, and Gichtel, in Germany, led off in this direction. The latter — his biographer, Ueberfeld, tells us — continually offered up his soul, in the discharge of his "Melchisedekian priesthood," for the souls of the lost. After years of wrestling in prayer for the soul of a friend who had committed suicide, he was permitted to follow it into the region of the lost, and, like another Hercules, to bring it forth in triumph. He long sought for, and at last obtained, permission to offer salvation through Christ to the fallen angels, but was driven back with bitter scorn and mockery. Yet William Law has hopes for even them. In some inmost recess of their being, God — he thinks — may well have shut up a secret seed of life and light, in the very instant of their fall, which he will yet quicken into life and power.

XI. Böhme's views underwent another notable change at the hands of his school. No life could well be freer from asceticism than his; he rebuked it in Dr. Walther as unchristian. Yet

* Compare Baader's strange description of Satan, quoted in Hare's Guesses at Truth, p. 540–1 (Boston Edition). So in his Life and Letters (Werke, XV. 245–6) he writes to Dr. Von Stransky: "Sickness can never strictly and properly make itself substantial (or take a nature upon it); for it is unnatural, and manifests or utters itself only in destruction, in partial or complete disembodiment or undoing, since it is capable of no permanence (*bleibens*), so also of no embodying (*beleibens*), and keeps up its existence merely as evil spirit, that is capable of no permanent embodiment, like the host of the fallen spirits, whose ever-changing, fantastic, and monstrous formation is the very proof of their inability to attain reality, to fix, that is to organize, themselves."

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almost all his followers — Baader and his philosophic school excepted — have been ascetics; generally such before they knew of him, and drawn to him by the natural affinity of his theosophy for asceticism. The religious societies that Gichtel and Mrs. Leade founded in Holland, Germany, and England, were especially such; as are the Rappites of Harmony, and as were the old Böhmenist colonies on the Wissahicken, and at Ephrata, — all three in Pennsylvania.* The scanty fragments of doctrinal opinion that we find in Shakerism are derived from one of the old Philadelphian societies of Böhmenists, of which Anna Lee was a member in early life. William Law draws inferences that would have delighted his favorite De Rance, the founder of the Trappist Order, from Böhme's views as to the fallen condition of outward nature.

It is hardly necessary to point out how profound the antagonism between Böhme's ideas and the popular conceptions and applications of the Lutheran theology. It comes out on every page of his writings, in his almost passionate protests, that men could clothe themselves with "the purple robe of Christ's merits and blood," by a bare historic faith that never pressed through to the *substance*, and then, after living as they pleased, "go to heaven" when they died. The only heaven that he beheld was the heaven in man himself, — the kernel of heavenly light and life shut up in his "ground" in the very instant of his fall. That must be opened up in him, if he was to enter heaven, — opened by the process of Christ; just as hell, once equally shut up in him, was opened by the process of Satan. After that change the man would live in God, sharing, through his communion with eternal nature, the life of the Trinity itself, and standing in a blessedness far higher and more steadfast than that which belonged to unfallen man.

To the ordinary mystical theology Böhme's theosophy stands in very close relation. It embraces nearly the whole range of the thought of the mystics, but much more besides. It avoids many of the mystic's perils. The three stages of the inner life of the mystic are "purification, illumination, and union." In the bold-

* When John Murray, the founder of the Universalist denomination, came to Boston, in 1771, he found a Böhmenist society in existence there, and was very kindly treated by one of them, — a Mr. Williamson. Can anybody trace them?

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est thinkers the last becomes numerical unity, absorption, the extinction of the individual life in the sea of the divine love. The intense realism of Böhme's theosophy made such a catastrophe impossible to his thought; his last step is the clothing the regenerate man in the spiritual body, that reflects while it obeys the inner life of the spirit, and is the eternal pledge of its distinct personality.

To mystic and orthodox alike it was a stumbling-block, that Böhme seemed to place the ground of evil in the divine nature itself. Of evil in one sense, this is true; the sense meant by the prophet when he says, "Is there evil in the city, and hath the Lord not done it?" The evil — or pangs of the birth of nature, of man, of history, and pangs of the death of the old Adam, and of the body — he does behold as rooted in that Eternal Nature which images forth the life of God; but voluntary evil is in his view rooted in the will. He can give you no clew to this mystery, beyond what James gives: "Lust, when it is conceived, bringeth forth sin, and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." The evil of the lost spirits is not in their "standing in the three properties of the dark world;" through those very three the divine will must carry the regenerate soul, in passing from the awful silence of the first nothing to the kingdom of joys. Their evil is in this, that while the divine pulsation throbs ever onward, through the darkness to the light, they have set their faces against that divine stream of saving impulse, and are seeking the darkness as a good in itself, — as nobler in its strength than the light in its sweetness; and so the dark world has its birth within them according to their wills, — not as a purifying fire, but a consuming one. They are literally a *perverse* generation, turned away from the light; to be saved is to be converted, — to be turned clear round with the stream of the divine will. So, in nature, the sun's thermal and atomic influences, that bring light and health to the living, are the instrument of the destruction of the dead body, turning its juices to corroding acids. "With the froward, Thou wilt show Thyself froward."

Objections will occur also to the ethics of the system; it presents the feminine side of the Christian ideal to the exclusion of the masculine. It will be said that it exalts meekness and gentle-

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ness and patience to the exclusion of the complementary virtues. It seems to proscribe all the manly indignation and just wrath even of Christ himself, — as an out-birth of hell. Böhme did not so construe it in his own life; he found room for indignation and burning words, while he was yet the meekest of men. The same apparent antagonism appears between the teachings and practice of his Master. The Sermon on the Mount goes certainly as far as he does in urging the feminine virtues; but it does not spare the outflow of just indignation upon the blind guides, the unfaithful shepherds of Israel. John brings the apparent contradiction into still sharper antithesis of statement; he speaks of "the wrath of the Lamb." Nor does Böhme's theory of the two worlds and their relation at all involve any such namby-pambyism as is supposed. The strength is only saturated with the sweetness; the light transforms the darkness without destroying its strength. Out of the strong comes forth the sweet; the tempest passes into calm, but every force that clashed against another in the previous discord, is just as present and as mighty in the concord of the calm.

On the other hand, his ethical analysis of the vices, tracing all — as the apostle James does — to the root of lust, and making that the immediate cause of anger and murder, has seemed to more than one good judge a very profound suggestion. "It is strange," says Novalis, "that the real ground of cruelty is lust." The same truth flashed on Charles Julius Hare, "as I was looking into a bookseller's window, where I saw 'Illustrations of the Passion of Love,' standing between two volumes of a 'History of the French Revolution.'" Baader also points out how "the impulse of love transforms itself into that of murder, whether the latter displays itself merely physically or psychically, in what the French call *perdre des femmes*," and in old English was called the undoing of such victims. Milton notes that Chemosh (or lust) enlarged his orgies —

> "Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
> Of Moloch homicide; lust hard by hate."

I have sought to reproduce, in intelligible outline, the thought of this untaught seer, whose "beholdings" have exerted, and are still exerting, no slight influence upon the philosophy of his coun-

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try. I have avoided — as far as possible, and for clearness' sake — his grotesque phraseology, his *lubets* and *flagrats*, and *verbum fiats* and *turba magnas*, and *cagasters* and *Iliasters*, his pious anagrams, and other fantastic turns. I have also — for brevity's sake — been forced to pass over his childlike vividness and *naiveté*, while feeling its charm, and often wishing to let the man speak for himself. My sketch is not a complete one; a large volume would not contain all the details of the system, and the reader must not, even after getting the sense of what I have written, expect to find all of Böhme's writings as clear as water to him, or suppose that there are no more profound intuitions or poetic suggestions in them. Perhaps some few of my readers have mastered Böhme more thoroughly than myself, and can point to places where I have failed to grasp his meaning, and discover deep sense in what I have spoken of as dry husks. I know, however, that they will be the first to rejoice in any honest and painstaking attempt to attract attention to his thought. I have taken some pains, for I have read Böhme largely, though by no means completely, — first in the old translation, and then in the original; and I have availed myself of the helps furnished by four of his commentators, — Dionysius Andreas Freher, William Law, Franz Baader, and Julius Hamberger.

I have no cut and dry judgment to pronounce upon the man and his opinions. I am not of his school, though I have learned some things through the open door, — set open that others "may the better hear that sweet, harmonious music." At any rate, I remember the two Scotchmen's colloquy about Edward Irving: "Jamie, yon man's crack't." "Sandy, whiles there's light comes through a crack."

ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

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EWALD'S FIFTH VOLUME.*

THE present volume of Ewald's great work bridges, in a general way, the space of about six centuries from the end of the Old Testament history to the beginning of the New: more precisely, from 586 B.C., the time of the carrying away into Babylon, to 6 A.D., when, at the death of Herod, the Great Judea became a Roman province. This period consists of three very unequal portions. The first is the Captivity proper, about fifty years, to the restoration by Zerubbabel under Cyrus; to which may be added another half century, down to Ezra, — a time during which there were almost no events at all. The second is of not quite three centuries of the "hagiocracy," a religious community, a sort of protectorate under the shadow of the Persian and Greek monarchies, last- to about 170 B.C.: during this time the events were wholly subordinate to the great political drama which was playing out on that stage. The third is the century and a half of quasi-independence following the heroic revolt of the Maccabees, ending in the reign of Herod, and the "fourth monarchy" of Rome.

It is convenient to take this brief chronological outline, in considering the precise task which the historian had in hand. The first thing to notice is, that it almost exactly corresponds in time with the most interesting and best known period of the ancient world. The Persian power first became known to the Greeks through the same Cyrus, whom a Hebrew prophet, in the flush of hope at Israel's restoration, calls "the anointed of Jehovâh." † The Maccabæan revolt was against the military monarchy established by the armies of Alexander, and rested on the moral support of Rome. The turning point of Herod's fortunes was when Mark Antony, beaten at Actium, rejected his advice to make his

* The History of Israel. By Heinrich Ewald, Professor of the University of Göttingen. Translated from the German [Third Edition, of 1864] by J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A. Vol. V. The History of Ezra and of the Hagiocracy in Israel to the time of Christ. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

† Isaiah xlv. 1.

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peace by killing Cleopatra, and when his own prompt submission won the complete confidence of Augustus, now lord of East and West.

The story of Israel, it must be owned, makes but an obscure figure on this brilliant stage. Material for it is very scanty, and much of it is of more than doubtful value. As soon as we get beyond the few incidents hinted in the prophets of the Captivity — Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the later chapters of Isaiah — with the sequel to the Chronicles which goes by the name of Ezra and Nehemiah, we grope as we may, with only fragments and legends for our guide. The tales of Judith, of Susannah, of Tobit, of Bel and the Dragon, with the wild story of Jewish vengeance (not much more authentic) told in the book of Esther, are nearly all the glimpses we get, direct from Jewish sources, of that most important period of the sojourn in the East. The story of the Maccabees, that most noble and touching narrative of the "Apocrypha," is heralded by the strange marvels and symbolic hints of Daniel — the prophetic voice of that time of martyrdom — and followed by the yet wilder visions and predictions of the "Book of Enoch." With some coherency and skill, Josephus pieces out the traditions of the time that follows, and so brings down the narrative to an age of clearer history. But, for most of this long period, it is only by glimpses and guesses that we trace the source of the slender stream.

Several ways were open to the historian. He might patch together the sequence of events, as best he could, into an orderly narrative; trace the character and work of the chief actors, giving it, as far as might be, a human and dramatic interest; study the effect of circumstances, and the bearing of events outside; and so work up the fortunes of the little pilgrim colony, the troubled "reign of saints," the tale of persecution and martyrdom, the heroic revolt, the brief dynasty of native priests and princes, into a chapter intelligible, pathetic, brilliant perhaps, in the history of that great time. He might take the period as a chapter in the history of opinions and institutions; describe the treasures of tradition which the Jews brought with them from the East; examine their earlier scripture to see how far it may have caught the lights and shades of later experience; study the effect of Ori-

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ental manners on Jewish character and of Oriental or Greek speculations on Jewish faith. He might see from a Christian, or trace from a modern scientific point of view, the "preparations of the Gospel," going on through the long period when Israel had ceased to be a state, and subsisted (so to speak) only as a legend and an idea.

Ewald has not chosen either of these courses. And we may as well confess a feeling of disappointment which the reader finds at first taking his work in hand. It is not a clear story of events, not nearly so full or so clear as the materials allow. Still less is it an exhibition of this touching and tragic episode in its relation to events better known on our grander scale, which occupy a wider and better lighted portion of the field. Neither is it such a study of human character and opinion as we might have wished for, hinted or illustrated in the story, and moulded by the presence of events.

Still further, — for we must know the limitations in the historian's mind and plan if we would know the real value of what he has done, — it is not such a history of Jewish mind and opinion during this most important period as we had fairly a right to expect. This is a very serious limitation, but it is one that has to be borne in mind. It seems to be due to two marked qualities of the historian, one which affects him as a scholar, and one which affects him as a critic. As a scholar, he has his own field, in which we suppose him to be unchallenged and supreme. In intimate familiarity with the Hebrew records, in masterly knowledge of language and dialect, in profound appreciation of the national character and genius, we suppose him to be quite unrivaled. It concerns his pride as a scholar to do his own work, and not another man's. It concerns his temper, strongly jealous and polemic, not to admit another man's work to check or qualify or help out his own. It belongs to his conception of the task he has undertaken to follow it out with a single aim from first to last. That aim is to be an interpreter of the Hebrew writings, and of the Hebrew mind and life as embodied in these writings. He does not even claim to give a "History of Israel" in the sense in which that term is most naturally understood, — that is, a history of the state, and of the men who made and carried on the state.

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That is his translator's title, but it is not exactly his own. His title is "History of the People of Irsael." He individualizes as their own prophets did the mind and character of the race, its religious instinct, its prophetic gift, its passionate fervor, its intense conviction of being the one chosen and peculiar people. Setting out to do this one thing, there are several other things, almost as well worth doing, which he does not try to do. For example, the effect of the Captivity on the development of the Hebrew thought, the earlier germs out of which grew the tradition and fancies of the Talmud, the blending of Jewish and heathen speculations in the schools of Alexandria, — these, as well as their relations between the monarchies of Babylon and Egypt, and the dynastic struggles that involved the little state of Judea, have been well worked up by other hands, and are very important matters of special study to those who really wish to understand the history. But Ewald will not borrow or confess an obligation to the work of other hands. His reader must be prepared to accept what he gives, and look elsewhere for what he does not give.

And, as critic, he appears jealous of admitting anything within his own field which he cannot evolve from the materials he has chosen to define his task. He is an expounder of the mind and character of Israel as shown in the literary tradition of that race, and in none other. Not, of course, that he is ignorant of the sources which another man might make of much more account. He is a German scholar, which means that his learning has made him familiar with all the ranges of erudition that lie anywhere near his own path. With rather a preference in his foot-notes for what he may find in kindred dialects, Arabic or Syriac, or in native historians, as Josephus, and especially with the incessant cross-reference which illustrates text by text, and record by record, within the body of Hebrew scripture, he shows himself incidentally, when the occasion calls, equally at home in all the needed detail of classical erudition or philosophical speculation. But this is only by way of side-light and incidental reference. It has singularly little effect on the course of his argument, and serves very little real purpose of illustration.

This we hold to be a defect and not a merit, though it may be a defect inseparable from the particular merit of his work. It is

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as if he had "determined not to know anything," except what can fairly be shown to come from Hebrew sources. There is a certain willful felicity and skill with which he fills out his scheme of the history by vital evolution (so to speak) and the rejection of alien matter. For a curious scholar, it is quite as interesting a thing to study that blending of Hebrew and Oriental thought which took shape afterwards in the strange Babylonian tradition. To the enlightened student of human thought in its wider bearings, and especially of the foundation which was slowly preparing for the Christian philosophies that have shaped the creed of all generations since, it is quite as important to watch the process going on during this period in the schools of Alexandria. We are disappointed that this great Orientalist brings back so little from his explorations where the exiles hung their harps by the waters of Babylon. Knowing how brilliantly the Alexandrian period has been dealt with in general histories of philosophy, and in many special treatises, we regret that Ewald has chosen to regard "Philo the Jew" as quite outside the line of Jewish development, and the Hebræo-Greek theosophy as having no place among the antecedents of the Christian scheme. This view of it — which we have had from his own lips — seems to us to hurt seriously the dignity, range and value of the work. It is a loss, however, which a far inferior scholar can easily make good from other sources. But it appears to us to result from an undue jealousy for the claims of his own preserve; and to be of a sort in keeping with that peculiar intellectual pride betrayed in some of his prefaces, as if he only were the chosen guardian of a sacred trust, and as if the whole world of scholarship, in clique and class, had all gone astray from the one true faith.

Still, as we have intimated, the unique value of his history is due in some measure to the same source with its limitations. Its great merit, we are inclined to say, is not intellectual so much as ethical. That is, the merit is not that of breadth so much as depth, not so much of intellectual judgment as of moral power. There seems even an exaggerated sympathy with the times and people he treats of; as when he says, of the sorrows of exile, that "of their severity it is hardly possible to form a sufficiently vivid conception." There is a sort of truth in expressions like this; but it

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is not the sort of truth we demand in an historian. Doubtless there were poignant griefs connected with the exile of Babylon. But from all we know, the policy of the conquerors was humane and merciful; beyond the bare fact of exile, there appears to have been nothing that can fairly be called oppression. At least, not that anybody knows. The Jews, at any rate, throve and prospered well in Babylon. Most of them were too contented there ever to go back to Palestine. As plain matter of fact, it may be doubted whether these unimaginable griefs, while on a much smaller scale, were nearly as keen as those of the voluntary exiles from Alsace, or of the involuntary subjects in it, between the writing and the translating of this very sentence.

This exaggerated tone, we say, spoils the historical perspective. Still, there may be something better than historical perspective: that is, a keen, distinct, realizing sense of how a people have lived and felt and suffered, to be got from the earnest and thoughtful study of their own traditions and songs and passionate prayers. This is what Ewald has attempted to give throughout his great work, here and there exaggerating and distorting what would appear better in simpler shape; but again, and often, throwing a gleam of light upon dark places, waking unexpected sympathies, developing new and genuine significance out of words that lay lifeless and cold upon the page. We may complain of him, here and there, as sentimental and subjective in his treatment of an epoch or an event. But we see that he is so not from weakness but from theory; and the new interest under which he teaches us to see it makes, after all, one of the highest values, if not the highest, that history can have for us.

In short, we have here a great and learned history, filled with the newest and amplest scholarship, which proceeds almost as much by way of textual exposition as the crude disquisitions of a century ago. The strength and the weakness of the book may be summed up, with a fair approach to truth, by saying that Ewald is among the last and most eminent of a school which belongs to a past generation. He is, in genius, a theologian, a scholar, a dogmatist; not a master of the science or the method of history as it is understood at the present day. He is one of the last and most eminent of a class of men, who are being succeeded by men of

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another order of mind, trained in other ways of thinking, and doing a different work for a later generation. The historian of the people of Israel deals with them as an exceptional phenomenon, a "peculiar people." Doubtless this is true of any people to a considerable extent; and it is only by studying it in its individuality, that a true and adequate knowledge can be had of it. But the scientific historian will be careful to study it not merely, or even chiefly, as a phenomenon; but rather in the antecedents and surroundings that make it more natural than exceptional. No knowledge that throws light on this is outside his province. No national life can be fairly read, except as it blends in with and is modified by all the circumstances of its time. It is the main thing, no doubt, to get at the heart, mind and inner life of a people, autobiographically told in its own scripture. But we want something else, even to understand that as we would. And while the English student is grateful for the rich gift of this magnificent and learned essay, the English reader must still seek something more in Milman's plain, old-fashioned narrative, or the diffuse rhetoric of Stanley.

A cardinal point in dealing with documentary history, especially when its monuments are scanty and unsupported, is that which teaches the age and genuineness of the documents. As to this, Ewald's criticism, as is well known, is exceedingly independent; sometimes it seems quite willful, as little satisfying to the newer rationalism as to the older dogmatism. Thus we think the state of the case, as it lies before the critical scholarship of the day, justifies the expectation that Ewald would at least examine the question how far such books as Leviticus and Exodus, which deal with the earlier ritual and statistics of the Hebrew commonwealth, — to say nothing of the legends of the creation and the flood, — may have been the production, or at least may reflect the mind, of this era. It is at least a plausible suggestion, that the old Levitical dispensation, with its elaborate theocratic scheme, may be very much, after all, the ideal of this later age, thrown back upon the distant past. The question is one which belongs to the period under review, and which a critical historian ought to have discussed. The most unsatisfying part of the early volumes of the history is that in which the Levitical institutions are adjusted to

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the times of the Conquest and the Judges. That earlier age, at any rate, we have to see as the Jews of the "Hagiocracy" saw it: they had the gathering, the revising, perhaps, often, the rewriting of the ancient monuments. Nay, one of their own traditions has it, that when all these monuments had perished in the destruction of Jerusalem, Ezra the scribe was miraculously inspired to write them all out from memory. This inspiration of memory and not of prophecy, looking to the past and not the future, is curiously characteristic of the later Judaism, and it may have its bearing on our way of understanding the earlier traditions. It were to be wished that Ewald's critical canons had not quite ruled out such conjectures and hints as these.

As to the documents of the time in question, his criticism is reasonable and explicit, while not at all lacking in the sympathetic treatment before spoken of. Thus, the book of Esther "could not have been written earlier than the opening years of the Greek age." Its description of the monarchy of Xerxes "is such as to imply that it has long ago disappeared." Its story of Haman's malignity, the promotion of Mordecai, and the frightful vengeance the Jews were allowed to execute, is simply a monument of a loyal revival among the exiles, "to commemorate the happy dating of an unexpected deliverance from great danger through which the people had formerly passed." Its details must be taken for no more than they are worth, resting only on recollections and passions at least a hundred and fifty years old. At best, "there may have been an enemy of the Judeans high in power at the Persian court; there may have been a Judean named Mordecai living at Susa, . . . who may have got into favor with Xerxes, and averted much evil from his co-religionists," as Nehemiah and Ezra did, and so on (p. 231).

Again, the book of Daniel is set very precisely at the date of 170 B.C., — close at the end of the wars in which the Macedonian power was crushed by Rome; while the name of the prophet himself is taken from the list of the earlier captivity in Nineveh.* The

* Compare Ezekiel xiv. 14, who wrote some fifty years before the destruction of Babylon in which Daniel is made to appear as a conspicuous figure at the Babylonish court.

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arguments for assigning this date are familiar to scholars, and we shall not repeat them here. But the interest of the book is wonderfully increased, and its meaning cleared up, if we connect it with the age of martyrdom under the frightful cruelties of Antiochus Epiphanes. Its author "wrote after Jerusalem had fallen into the hands of the apostates exclusively, in some corner of the country, under the dominion of the utmost terrors. It was at this crisis, in the sultry heat of an age thus frightfully oppressive, that this book appeared with its sword-edged utterance, its piercing exhortation to endure in the face of the despot, and its promise full of divine joy, of new and sure salvation. No dew of heaven could fall with more refreshing coolness on the parched ground; no spark from above alighted with a more kindling power on the surface so long heated with a hidden glow. With winged brevity the book gives a complete survey of the history of the kingdom of God upon earth, showing the relations which it had hitherto sustained in Israel to the successive great heathen empires of the Chaldeans, Medo-Persians, and Greeks, — in a word, towards the heathenism which ruled the world" (p. 303). In short, the true parallel and illustration of the prophecy of Daniel is to be found in the heroic story of the Maccabees.

We have made such remarks as have occurred to us in the perusal of this volume, chiefly as suggestions to those who will read it, and make a study of it. For the information of those who do not, we add a word of its shape and substance. The translation of Ewald is an exceedingly difficult task, as we can testify, having tried it in single portions. What had been admirably begun by Mr. Russell Martineau has been continued by Mr. Carpenter with equal evidence of scholarship, fidelity, and skill. It is a task which, in one or another set of hands, has been long in accomplishing: the earlier part of it was waiting a publisher (we were told at the time) nineteen years ago. At that time the sixth volume — fifth of the German edition* — had just been published. We suppose it may be looked for before long in English, rendered by the same competent hand, with a companion volume of "Antiquities" by a different translator.

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* Geschichte Christus' und seiner Zeit. Göttingen. 1855.

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The present volume treats of the following topics: the period of the Captivity, with the relations of Israel to its heathen conquerors, and the preparation going on for its religious revival in the "Hagiocracy;" the Persian period, including the new growth of Jerusalem under Ezra and Nehemiah, and the development of priestly rule; the Greek period, with the development of Hellenistic culture (which included Sadduceeism and the philosophic literature of the "Apocrypha"), down to the persecution of Antiochus Epiphanes; the period of the Maccabees, and the rule of the Asmonean kings, their descendants; the rise and reign of Herod, at whose death Judea passed into the condition of a Roman province.

JOSEPH H. ALLEN.

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THE OBLIGATIONS OF OUR COUNTRY TO COLLEGE-BRED MEN.

A SERMON.* BY REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS, D.D.

"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places. How are the mighty fallen!" 2 SAM. I. 19.

THIS is the lament of David over Saul and over Jonathan, his son! A like lamentation was raised in the seat of our most ancient university, on Tuesday last, where the sons of Harvard celebrated, with fresh grief, the loss of her noble children, the beauty of Israel slain upon the high places of a nation's peril, in the conflict which their valor helped to bring to a righteous conclusion. All over the land, stones of memorial have been set up in honor of the brave and patriotic youth that fell in the country's cause in that great and awful day of the Lord that saw this young nation, like Jacob and Esau struggling in the womb, torn with the strife of brother with brother, and rent with the horrors of civil war. And all over the South I have lately seen such monuments as their poverty could afford erected in memory of the bravery and devotion of those who, to us, represented the delusion and madness and treason of fellow countrymen striving to throw of their allegiance to our flag and our common laws, but to themselves the defenders of local rights and invaded states and constitutional prerogatives, — men who were at least willing to die for their opinions and their construction of the fundamental law. It was pleasant, even there, to see that valor and self-sacrifice and heroism were held sacred, and to notice that the inscriptions on these monuments were so skillfully worded that they might be read even by a Northern patriot without dissent. True, they meant what is treasonable and destructive of union and national duty, and doubtless the Southerners still put upon them a construction which we cannot respect. But they perpetuate on their face and in their letter only ideas and feelings which are common to all parts of the land; and they will require no change when the happy day arrives when

* Preached in All Souls' Church, New York, June 28, 1874, the Sunday following Memorial Day at Harvard.

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the memory of sectional jealousies and our strife is lost, and the South has returned to the hearty and undissembled allegiance which is sure to come in another generation. So, in the sculptured inscriptions in Memorial Hall, at Cambridge, numerous as they are, not one word is found that recognizes the sectional nature of the struggle in which the heroes and martyrs fell whose name and praise are there recorded. It is only patriotism, self-sacrifice, devotion to law, to liberty and duty, that are handed down to perpetual imitation and honor. Probably, the brave soldiers — those most maimed and marred — who, on either side the line that marked our awful partition into enemies, yet survive, would be the first to honor the feeling that thus commemorates the heroism of their antagonists, even when mistaken in its aim. I believe that Gen. Grant would weep at the tomb of Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and a hundred other misled but honest and conscience-driven men, who fought him and his armies with unflinching courage and dauntless persistency; and the day will come when the descendants of Lee and Jackson, or the sons of those slain by us at Gettysburg and Antietam, will become grateful scholars at Harvard, and read without murmur or dissent the inscriptions that praise the memory of those that slew them.

There is no monument in the world more touching and appropriate than the Memorial Hall just dedicated at Cambridge! It stands on the old Delta, well remembered by all alumni of Harvard as the scene of that mimic war, in which class rallied against class in the muscular game of foot-ball. How well I recall the onset and melee, the bruised shins and bleeding noses of those fierce struggles for mastery and defense of bounds, and victory for the boldest and strongest! and who shall deny that the passion for bodily exercise and manly sports does something in our colleges, to nourish and maintain the valor and emulation on which the country draws, in times when physical powers must be added to moral courage, to make brave and effective defenders of national rights? At any rate, there, upon the ground trodden with the feet of generations of striving antagonists in manly games, now lifts itself the proud and magnificent building that commemorates what the sons of Harvard did, to make the courage and energy of their youthful sports tell upon the rescue of the invaded

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peace and liberty and very life of their country. As high as Bunker Hill Monument rises the mighty tower of this temple of memory. For any topographical reason to the contrary I now recall, the banner waving on one height might exchange signals of joy with the one on the other, just as the spirits of our first revolution are in full sympathy and union with those of our second and greater. Inlaid in the walls of the majestic hall of entrance, on which glorious windows of stained glass throw tints of blood and gold, — the hall by which every approach must be made to the vast refectory on one side, already in use, and the great theatre on the other, designed for commencement and other crowded occasions, and soon to be erected (the lacking funds were made up as soon as the deficiency was announced on Memorial day), — inlaid, I say, in the walls of this lofty resonant hall,— exquisite in its design, its roof, its staircase, and its floor, — are the spotless marble tablets, one for each class fortunate enough to have contributed a life to the sacrifice, which bear the names of the fallen heroes who left the peaceful studies of Harvard, or the callings they had there fitted themselves to fill, for the country's urgent need, and died in the field, or from the wounds and diseases there encountered. The future students of Harvard cannot approach their daily meals, nor visit the great lecture room of the theatre, without passing by these stones of testimony. Their teaching must necessarily sink into their hearts. There are no influences more subtle, more pervading, more lasting, than those which proceed from the monuments of valor, worth, and self-sacrifice; and the nation that does not thus keep its youth perpetually at school to patriotism, courage, and public duty, and the knowledge and praise of heroic goodness, must not expect to rear generations that shall maintain what nobler predecessors have won for them. Economical beyond all other outlay, the costly monuments of the nobler dead; and feeble and shallow the policy that would ever associate some vulgar utility with the box of alabaster broken upon the head of heroes and martyrs. The use of gratitude and worship must not be weighed in the grocer's scales, nor calculated by arithmetic; and when we set up statues to Shakespeare and Schiller and Humboldt, to Morse and Clinton, Lincoln and Sumner, we know that their shadows will fall with healing

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upon generations that pass under them, and that eyes yet unmade will drink inspiration, incentive and honor, patriotism, piety, and worth, from their contemplation.

But Memorial Hall celebrates a peculiar and altogether exalted kind of worth. It is the beauty of Israel, slain upon her high places, that is there lamented! Who that witnessed the glorious procession of the sons of Harvard, that filed through the paths of the noble quadrangle which the wealth of grateful Boston has chiefly erected, — a procession containing representatives of the successive classes, from 1794 down to 1874, all boys again in feeling, — failed to notice the immense contribution this seat of learning has made to all the professions, all the arts and sciences, and the leadership in state and church, commerce and society? There statesmen, judges, governors, poets, historians, artists, warriors, princes in commerce, inventors, theologians, great physicians and great lawyers, walked in serried ranks, as if the picked men from a whole nation had been summoned to form the rank and file of the grand army of social progress. Hardly a great name in American letters was missed. *There* was the *real* Harvard, not in the buildings, vast and splendid as they are, but in the men of intellectual vigor and moral worth and spiritual aims and masterly wills and honest love for truth and goodness, who, having nursed at her bosom, were there to bless and honor the dear old mother whose praise, whose wisdom, and whose truth they had first and more greatly honored in their lives and their life works. There stood the men that keep New England what their predecessors from Harvard largely made her. For who can deny that Harvard College is the glory and strength and safety of Massachusetts, and Massachusetts the head of New England, and that Boston could better suffer a hundred such fires as that which, two years ago, turned her proudest streets into ashes, than lose the graduates of Harvard out of her courts, her counsels, her marts, her pulpits, her schools, her homes! Let bigots and zealots curl their eyebrows as they will at the alleged unsoundness of her faith, the disrespect into which her Puritan creeds and Puritan manners have fallen! It is safe to defy the world to produce a community as highly civilized, as deeply moral, as unaffectedly and practically religious, as widely and profoundly penetrated with the love and

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practice of justice; in which there are so many pure and happy homes; where worth and labor are more honored, and vice and idleness more despised; where wealth is so great, and yet so little able to overshadow intellect or belittle goodness; where ideas are so soon welcomed, and so soon tested, — as in the community living ten miles around Harvard College! Her chimes would fill the ears of the best cultured, most advanced and most blessed million of human beings that ever yet heard together the bells of any one watch-tower! Harvard College has done, is doing, and will continue more and more to do, what many younger American colleges, all her spiritual children, are doing also nobly and gloriously, — the work of elevating the choice youth of our land, by training and culture, to a higher plane, from which more of truth, more of happiness, more of God and justice and God's laws, and more of the pass-keys to wealth, virtue and knowledge, may be commanded. Ah! who can estimate the value of one highly-developed human creature, — one human being made the very most of? When an Agassiz or a Sumner dies, we have some vivid conception of what they have been and done by the awful chasm their departure leaves. And what made them so priceless to the nation and the world, but that they were deeply, broadly trained, — scholars, thinkers, students? They might, left only to native force, without college training, have been, one the pride of some village debating club, the other an amateur collector of fossils! There are hundreds of brains just as good as theirs, — mute, inglorious Miltons or Hampdens, — ploughing in fields, or building stone wall, or shoeing horses, in New England, or retailing cottons in Washington Street! It is the taste for high things, the reverence for great examples, the willingness to undertake humble, precise, laborious details of study, the modesty and self-knowledge acquired by collision with academic peers, the contempt for riches as compared with knowledge and usefulness, which makes the uses of college education so vastly important and precious. I know the contempt in which the book-learned and the scholarly class are held by the so-called practical minds in America, — the men of action and affairs. But if there be one deadly peril hanging over this nation, it is the place and station given to under-bred, half-educated, coarse-fibred, ungentlemanly

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persons, whose only merits are energy, ambition and success in leading vulgar followers. We suffered our worst defeats in our war from self-taught generals who despised West Point. We have suffered worse defeat since from judges that could not read the dog-Latin of their old law authorities, and who went to the bench from the primary school; men without culture, the instincts of scholars, or the training of gentlemen; without the brains which long studies have mellowed into wisdom, or the respect and reverence which only full and long acquaintance with the thoughts of dead sages can inspire. What might not some of the most mischievous men in this country, reputed leaders of our last Congress, have been, had they enjoyed the advantages of Harvard College; learned to respect their peers, to know and feel their own vulgarity, to restrain their self-love, and to blush for their want of all moral discernment? I tell you that practical men, who lack intellectual training and moral discipline, are the worst and most dangerous men in high places, — in the presidential chair, on the bench, in our pulpits, on our rostrums, and upon our financial committees. They have all the confidence of ignorance, all the energy of men unchecked by the fear of wounding truth, duty and the sensibilities of the best; their energy is often that of madness, their strength that of intoxication. I have been lately looking at the portraits of the men who fill the English House of Commons, as they have successively appeared in the "London Graphic," and with a deep mortification to observe the contrast they form to the men who make up our American Congress. There is hardly a face among them that does not indicate scholarly training, good breeding, gentlemanly culture, refinement, self-respect and fitness to lead in counsel. I will not further characterize our own Congress, but it is certain that a large part of our representatives are men of the most ordinary character, and the most accidental training, and have never seen the inside of a college. If there were more graduates of Harvard and Yale at Washington, we should have something beside futile sessions, debates unworthy freshmen on matters of political economy and finance, and manners that smack of the village bar-room.

We must increase the honor and confidence we put in trained mind, and diminish the respect and trust we put in crude mental energy. There is a perilous disposition to exalt mother-wit and

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native force, and self-made men and rough energy, which has made our council-chambers, of late years, everywhere degenerate. There is no reason why power and energy and sense should not be purified, increased, and made tenfold more potent, by being duly trained. Ignorance, prejudice, passion, are all the more dangerous when united with energy and self-confidence.

It is the want of drill and discipline in our people that makes them undervalue drill and discipline in their leaders and political representatives. The same is true of all the professions which have lost tone by admitting men of hasty and imperfect academic education into their ranks. We ought to raise every year, instead of lowering, the standard of requirement for admission into any of the professions. Quackery, litigation, superstition, all thrive on the vulgar, shallow, crude materials that now find their way to medical degrees, to the bar and the pulpit.

True, colleges cannot make sages, nor theological schools, saints, out of men that nature intended for masons and ploughmen. Genius, on the other hand, will overcome all obstacles and all deficiencies of training, and we have noble examples of self-trained ministers and statesmen. But the rule holds good.

Amongst the chief sources of the decline of learning, ability and sanctity in the pulpit, is the mistaken system of charitable aid for drones and low-toned men, without spirit or force, who accept the gratuitous support afforded them in colleges and theological schools, and inundate the country with their debility. It would be well if no man could get into the pulpit who had not fought his way by a proud independence to a thorough education, not necessarily a college one, but commonly such. I wish, too, with all my heart, that our legislators were not paid for their services in money, but only in honor and influence. I know all that is said about the exclusion of poor men which such a change would make in our congressmen. But certainly if we could stop the itch for office in America, it would be a great blessing, and the sooner legislation falls into the hands of men who have not sought it, but have been sought by it, the better. We may talk until others are deaf about democratic principles and customs! There is no theory or principle which will make ignorance, vulgarity, crudeness and coarseness, safe and beneficent at the helm of the state, or in the pulpit, or any other part of public teaching.

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It is well, then, to honor the memory of the trained intellects and wills that went from their peaceful studies, with the accumulations of years of mental toil, to risk and to lay down their lives for their country.

It was an awful sacrifice of scholarly, high-toned, accomplished and thorough-bred manhood, the loss of which is not to be told in money! And it is well that we should learn from the number of brave, efficient soldiers that perished out of Harvard and other colleges, that books, culture, learning, and refined tastes do not disqualify for action, but specially prepare for it the genuine scholar, — the man who is in college, not because a rich father insists upon sending him there, but because he thirsts for its advantages. To act is the only proper fruit of thinking. And all true and proper thinking, reading, training, leads to true and noble action. None admire heroic, virtuous action more than scholars. And men who act without much thinking or training or scholarship, and are therefore often called men of action, are usually as futile in their activity as they are deceived in their notion of the relations between thought and action. We want more and more of our men of action in politics, commerce, and war to be men of trained and disciplined thought. It is useless to send dull, uninterested, unwilling boys to college, but no matter what his calling is to be, let every bright, vigorous, aspiring youth that can, go to college, and to the best college he can find. We want disciplined, methodized, trained minds in this country, sorely. We are perishing of blind impulse, wild, scatter-brained legislation, low-toned thinking and feeling, bad ethics in the pulpit, ignorance and vulgarity in high places. We cannot afford to go on in this way. And, therefore, I rejoice in the attention which the existence of such a noble monument as Memorial Hall must arouse to the claims of educated men, their services to the country, and the relations of our college to the higher interests of society.

One graduate of Harvard, not upon the roll of her sons who died in the war, but a hero in another field, was buried on Commencement Day, and it was my fortune to go directly from his funeral, where with others I officiated, to Memorial Hall, where I acted as chaplain. I refer to the Rev. Charles Lowe, for six years the energetic, devoted, and beloved Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, the most noble and successful of all the

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men that ever filled that office. By taste a scholar, once a tutor in Latin and Greek at Harvard, his health failed him at the very outset of his ministry. After three courageous attempts at holding a pulpit, first, at New Bedford, second, at Salem, and last at Somerville, — each ending, after brief terms of labor, in hemorrhage from the lungs, and a prostration threatening speedy death, he was obliged to content himself with the less regular and periodic duties of the secretaryship. This office, which he found a neglected, unpopular, and unthriving routine, he made alive, attractive, and prosperous, by his zeal, devotion, and wisdom. He filled it to the admiration and gratitude of all the churches, and we owe his memory generous gratitude for what he did for our denomination and cause. I think his prudence, wisdom, and love were among our chief securities for peace and progress. He reconciled the contentious, held together the antagonistic, and smoothed the way for all. His character was of singular beauty and worth. If he had faults, his closest observer did not find them out. Devoted to duty, punctilious in his word, incapable of deceit or double-dealing, despising hardship, and trampling on his own infirmities, he did more work with his deseased body than most well men accomplish with vigorous frames. He was a hero in his will and self-sacrificing temper, and he fought his disease, consumption, for five and twenty years, and never gave up until two days before he died. The day before his death, he dictated a letter to the publisher of "The Unitarian Review," which he had just revived, beginning, "I am much grieved at the trouble my death is about to give you and our enterprise." Thus calmly, could this saintly man confront the last enemy! He died in the gentlest and most peaceful manner, with a joy and confidence most consoling to all who loved him. He was so very close to my heart, on account of his devotion and efficiency in the Unitarian reorganization, which we undertook ten years ago, that I can never sufficiently attest my sense of his value to us, or his nearness and dearness to myself. "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places! How are thy mighty fallen." Let us take heed, for the time is short; and when we fall, as fall we must, may it be from high places, and may the best in the land lament that in us more of the beauty of Israel is slain!

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EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

A THEOLOGICAL REVIEW.

In resigning into the hands of the more permanent editors the conduct of "The Unitarian Review and Religious Magazine," with the close of the present year, the editor would commend the journal under its prospective management to the good will of its readers, and to the wider interest of all who believe in the possibility of establishing an organ of religious thought on the basis of a broad yet positive Christianity.

The foundation-principles for the conduct of this review were carefully laid down by Mr. Lowe in his prospectus in the number for March, 1874, and in his editorial article on "The Unitarian Name," in the same number. It has been the plan of "The Review," in accordance with these principles, to preserve the qualities which have long endeared "The Religious Magazine" to a large class of the most devout minds among us, while directing more especial efforts, in Mr. Lowe's well-considered words, "to the end of making this a thoroughly able Theological Review, that shall represent the best learning and culture of our time as applied to the questions of Christian theology." This plan, as laid down in the articles in the March number to which we refer, had been fairly demonstrated to be feasible, by its founder, in the four numbers of "The Review" which were issued under his care. His sudden death left "The Review" in the hands of the writer, who had undertaken to relieve him of its care during the illness which it was hoped would only temporarily prevent him from its charge. Under these circumstances, it became a sacred duty of friendship to ensure the permanent continuance of "The Review" on the basis already so satisfactorily established, by keeping it without a break, so long as other pressing duties would permit, and until arrangements could be made which would secure a satisfactory permanent editorship. If any of our readers have found "The Review" to fall short at any time of the ideal standard which they have formed for it, we would ask them to remem-

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ber that in the nature of the case the perfect organization of a Review of this kind requires in all its parts a considerable time. It is to be expected, therefore, that in the future it will steadily more perfectly attain the ideal of a theological and religious periodical.

There can be no question in the minds of those who are conversant with the state of religious and theological thought in our time, that there is great need in America of a journal occupying exactly the ground which this review undertakes to cover. The signs on all sides indicate a broader and freer fellowship of Christian scholars, in sympathies that go beyond denominational lines, and in a simpler yet more profound view than formerly of the essentials of Christianity.

The Unitarian body is providentially placed in a mediating position among the churches, and should be specially able to furnish a journal which should occupy the position of an organ of the American Broad Church. Under the auspices of "the unsectarian sect," such a journal can open its pages to all reverent and thorough students of Divine Truth, while heartily loyal to the Christian affirmation on which the Unitarian body in America unequivocally stands and proposes to remain. A journal which shall hold in this country something like the scholarly, liberal, Christian position which "The Contemporary Review" holds in England, must do a great work for good among the fermenting, chaotic conditions of religious thought in our time.

In this connection, we must express our regret that a passage in the report of the council at our recent National Conference should have been in some cases so misunderstood as to be supposed to state that the efforts of Mr. Lowe in this direction had been unsuccessful in obtaining proper support from an appreciating public. On the contrary, Mr. Lowe, to the writer's knowledge, found the success of "The Review" under his management equal to his expectations; and the conditions have not altered since his death. So long as the arrangements made by him with the publisher and with the American Unitarian Association shall continue in force, there is no reason why "The Review" should be regarded as insecurely established; and it may reasonably hope for a steady increase of its readers, and may safely promise the

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best contributions from the best Christian thinkers of our time. It should not fail to be noted here, that the special arrangement with the publisher, by which the editor was authorized to receive new subscribers on the "editorial list," with the understanding that all profits so received should be applied to improving the quality of "The Review," is to be continued hereafter, under the charge of Mrs. Charles Lowe.

In consenting to return to a joint editorship of "The Review," Dr. Morison meets the wishes of its readers, who have shared the regret expressed by Mr. Lowe at his withdrawal, in behalf "of all who have known the marked ability with which he has conducted the magazine" during his former editorship. His colleague, Mr. Barber, will bring to the editorial chair, as the friend and pastoral successor of Mr. Lowe, a thorough sympathy with his aims and spirit in the conduct of "The Review;" and they will have the co-operation of able contributors in this country and abroad.

H. W. F.

THE CONGREGATIONAL COUNCIL.

The meeting of the Saratoga Conference of our own denomination, in September, was soon followed by that of our Orthodox brethren, at New Haven, where their triennial council held its session from Wednesday, September 30, to Sunday, October 4. The animated discussion which had taken place at Saratoga, concerning the sending of a delegation with a fraternal message to this body, probably caused many of us to watch its proceedings with the more interest. It is evident from their religious journals that this meeting of the Congregational representative body is regarded as a successful one; and it may be profitable for us to consider a little in detail some of its most characteristic features.

In the first place, it is to be said that the papers presented to the Congregational Council, which have been printed in "The New York Tribune," and in a high degree the opening sermon preached before it by Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D., of Brooklyn, N.Y., of which, as it was extemporaneous in form, only a full abstract has been given, were thoroughly worthy of a great ecclesiastical occasion. Dr. Storrs is one of the three or four leading preachers of the country, combining with the thorough culture of

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the scholarly student the fervid power and magnetic sway over an audience of a pulpit orator, with all the advantages and apparently none of the drawbacks of extempore address. He wisely chose for this occasion a theme large enough for the loftiest treatment, — the reality of our knowledge of the Living God. Even from the partial reports which have been given to us, it is evident that the discourse was one memorable for combination of exact thought, vivid imagery, glowing rhetoric, and spiritual insight. We quote from such a sketch, the following striking vindication of the validity of the soul's intuition of God: —

"'The pure in heart, they shall see God,' and this is a revelation not of Scriptures only, but of philosophy. Any moral state in us discerns the same in others. By love to God do we see him who is love. So Jesus saw him, so Paul, so others of the apostles, so Edwards, so Augustine, whose several experiences have been so many Apocalypses to the world of what had lain forever hidden to its external sense.

"See, then, why science does not discover God. Because it is working with wrong instruments, — with physical analysis and metaphysical speculation, instead of with the moral nature in exercise. It is like hunting for love with a microscope; like sweeping up music with a broom. The Alpenstock is well to climb the glacier with, but to measure the Matterhorn the scientist needs the barometer, and to sweep the horizon he needs the telescope; and so no matter how high he may climb in his search for God, he needs at the summit the lenses of faith and love.

"Suppose I am told that Naples is not, but my memory of the vision of its beauty none other than a dream; that Venice, lying anchored at her lagoons, and Mont Blanc, raising its dome in the sky as if it were the Great White Throne itself, are naught; shall I disbelieve what my own eyes have seen? So men who have not been able to find God tell me that there is no God. But I put over against the negative that is in them, the positive that is in me; the revelation which this soul of mine, illumined by the Spirit of God, has had of him; and I stand invincible in my faith upon him. You may reason the blue out of the heaven that is above us; you may untwist the strands of the ray of light as it comes to us from above, and prove it to be but darkness; you may dispute that there is any air to breathe, — but not till then may you wrest from me the knowledge that has been vouchsafed me of this God of love and truth. Against this knowledge the shaft of argument cannot prevail, but falls shattered like the lance before the unyielding bronze."

No less than seven able papers were read before the Council. (It had been intended to have as many as ten, but fortunately,

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considering that the receptivity of audiences is finite, three of them failed to be presented.)

Several of these were practical discussions of matters of denominational policy and method, but two at least were of universal interest, that by Mr. Murray on the question, "How to make the Pulpit effective with the Masses?" and that by President Fairchild, of Oberlin, upon "The character essential to the Religion that shall take firm hold upon the American people." Mr. Murray's paper is pronounced by "The Congregationalist" to be "in his characteristic vein, both as respects matter and manner." He urged with force that the preacher should address, not "the theoretical man, but the real, actual man, the average man of our age as he exists, embodying the weaknesses and the strength, the good and the evil, of the time."

The paper by President Fairchild was especially noteworthy for the breadth and catholicity of its statements and spirit. He laid down the principle that "the religion which shall take strong hold upon the people *must ask nothing of faith which reason cannot grant.* Rationalism is a name of ill omen, but we are not to discard true reason because of the extravagances of a blind impulse which calls itself reason, and is not. Indeed, the spread of rationalism is proof that a reasonable theology is needed. It must be a *theology*, and not a mere philosophy."

He earnestly criticised the "failure, in churches of the Puritan family, to present religion as consisting in true righteousness." "One of the results of thus exalting piety above integrity, has been the decline of emotional experience itself. And when there has been an attempt to cultivate it, the result is but a poor imitation, and not a genuine emotional experience. Worse than this, in putting religion above righteousness, a false standard of character has been held up, and the hold of genuine goodness and honesty upon the public mind has been weakened. These common virtues which make up a reliable character need all the support which religion can afford."

The concluding words of this noble paper meet our heartiest assent: —

"This, then, is the result of our inquiry: We need a religion with a simple and reasonable theology, gathering about the great central fact of

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God, in his personal nature and character, ordering and governing the world upon the self-evident principles of reason, wisdom and love; a gospel which presents the Immanuel in his personal character and work; the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, the highest manifestation of God's fidelity and wisdom and love; a 'Saviour who is over all things to the church,' a living and present Saviour, as he is set before us in the sacred record; and a Christian life, in which obedience to the Master is the grand idea, and consecration to all duty the outcome; in which responsible character is first, and emotional experience second, as a test of genuineness. In short, we need the old gospel in its simplicity and power, divested of the theological bewilderments which have gathered about it, and brought home to the soul with all its claims and motives and inspirations."

The practical work of the New Haven Council was largely directed to the discussion of the affairs of the benevolent societies of the Orthodox body, with the evidently underlying sentiment that more economy and efficiency would be obtained by some plan of consolidation. A growing desire seems to have been apparent, especially among the Western representatives, for a more compact and strong denominational organization.

A resolution was adopted, appointing a committee to consider "whether the best interests of Congregationalism do not require disuse of the society (or Parish) system, . . . and whether it be not the duty of the churches, as such, to assume the responsibility of seeing that those who labor in the gospel live of the gospel." This we take to be simply a recognition of the fact that the most religious members of a society are likely to be most vitally interested in its management, and an attempt to secure it from being carried on upon mere "business principles," and not primarily for sacred and spiritual ends.

We must not omit, in speaking of the practical work of this Council, to refer to an excellent paper on "Comity between Denominations in the Home Field," by Dr. Coe, which contained some excellent suggestions in regard to the waste of money and force resulting from the rivalry of effort between the churches of various religious bodies, particularly in our smaller communities. He cited Bishop Coxe, of Western New York, as having lately mentioned a town in his diocese where five spires pointed heavenward, but no minister preached, owing to sectarian strife. Under such conditions each church insists on maintaining its own exist-

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ence: one because it is the first, another because it is the strongest, the third because it is the largest, and the fourth because it is the "highest." For the correction of the evils designated, Dr. Coe recommended no laying aside of denominational preferences, but a policy of concession and agreement, based on the principle of "the survival of the fittest." This, it is true, would require the disbanding of some churches, which, however, are dead already, so that we should only be providing for the disposal of their remains! Dr. Coe expressed the opinion that a hundred churches could now be named who had special interest in the remark addressed by our Lord to Peter, as to "by what death he should glorify God."

We trust that the time is not far distant when this principle may be frankly and unreservedly applied, to the great gain of vital religion, as it can be wherever Christians meet together in a large and wise spirit of mutual conciliation and good will.

One of the most interesting features of the Congregational Council was the reception of delegations from other religious bodies. In view of the cordial feeling which has since been expressed by its leading men, it is to be regretted that the delegation appointed by our body at Saratoga concluded not to appear in person, but only by letter; and this was particularly unfortunate, as the letter failed to arrive, by some delays in the mails, until after the adjournment of the Council. In every case where such delegations presented themselves, they were courteously received, and similar committees were appointed to reciprocate the act of recognition; and it is authoritatively stated that special preparations had been made to receive the delegation from our branch of the congregational body.

The entirely admirable letter of the committee appointed at Saratoga should be placed on record in our pages. It is as follows: —

BOSTON, Sept. 25, 1874.

To the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States, greeting: —

Brethren, — At a meeting of the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches, held at Saratoga, N.Y., during the week last past, it was

Voted, That a Committee of three be appointed by the President to convey to the National Council of the Congregational Churches meeting in New Haven, in October,

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our sympathy with their work in maintaining and defending the freedom of the churches from ecclesiastical authority, and our wishes for their success in advancing Christian life and work in our land.

Under this vote the undersigned were selected, and we beg leave to say that we take great satisfaction in the discharge of our trust. We are grateful for our Congregationalism, and are glad to know that, as Congregationalists, the company of Christians that we have the honor to represent in this business, and you whom we now address, are one body in the New Testament faith, that where two or three are met together in the name of Christ He is in the midst of them, and that "the visible church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men in the which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly ministered according to Christ's ordinance in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same," — a body fallible indeed, yet inspired of God, ready, indeed, to invite and welcome counsel, sympathy and co-operation, but responsible in the last resort only to the great Head of the Church. We lament all those antagonisms which weaken the hands by dividing the minds and hearts of Christians. We long and labor and pray for the day when the Congregational body, true to its precious memories and traditions, shall again be of one mind and one heart in Christ. We are glad to think that our differences now are rather as to the forms of truth than as to the truth itself; in the letter, and not in the spirit; in what has been said once rather in what we are trying to say now. Most earnestly do we pray that in the new day, which, as we believe, is rising upon the Church of Christ, you may be prospered in all your work and labor of love, and that the spirit of the Master may dwell in you richly to the enlargement of the kingdom of our common Lord.

For the Conference, with sincere regard and respectful salutations,

RUFUS ELLIS,
Minister of First Church, Boston.
EDWARD E. HALE,
Minister of South Congregational Church, Boston.
DORMAN B. EATON,
Lay Delegate, &c.

HARVARD COLLEGE, AND THE CAUSE OF HIGHER EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

One of the most excellent movements which have recently taken place for the better service of the community and the nation, by elevating the standard and increasing the opportunities of the best professional education, is that now going on to obtain a suitable building for the medical school of Harvard College. The debt which New England especially owes to the men who have been educated to be physicians and surgeons in this school, is one which

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cannot be adequately estimated. The whole country owes this school a debt whose amount will be unfolded more and more in years to come, for the large and wise plan which has been resolutely adopted by it, first, and alone among American institutions of the kind, for the more thorough teaching of the great branches of science with which it has to do, in the recent enlargement of its requirements and opportunities. In thus "nearly trebling the amount of instruction and the number of exercises," the school set an example to its fellow institutions, at the risk of losing a large part of its students, which has been rewarded against many prognostications, but as it deserved, with success. And the whole world owes it a debt which should be remembered, as the institution whose students first saw the anæsthetic effects of ether demonstrated in surgical operations.

No word can be spoken too strong in testimony of the gratitude which is due to the good physician, and of the aid which society owes to the effort now making to give such adequate opportunities to secure thorough training in the blessed art of healing in place of the inadequate facilities to which the school has hitherto been condemned. The picture has been well drawn by a distinguished teacher of the profession, which describes how the physician's life is one of sacrifice. "He gives up not only his ease if necessary, his health, and even his life, but what is dearer to some men, I might almost say, than any of these, — namely, his habits. He drops his novel with the last chapter unread; he leaves the theatre with the fifth act just working itself up to agony; he gets up from a meal that is untasted; he leaves his pillow unpressed, or springs from it in the dead of night to brave the wildest storms of rain or snow; he has not an hour by night or day when you cannot summon him as if he were a slave and you were his master. He does more than the good Samaritan, — he goes to the wayside to look for the wounded travelers, and carries them in his ambulance to his hospital, which is an inn where there is no landlord to pay. He will stoop to wash your feet, if you are bruised and maimed, and do for you more than menial service at the call of humanity." And such a life of sacrifice is a noble school of character. The Christian Church honors among its most shining examples those followers of the calling ascribed to St. Luke,

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whose devotion and unselfish service have embodied the very spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

In the College itself, this autumn has seen a striking illustration of the manner in which an addition to its resources in brick and mortar, seemingly most apart from its daily use, can be made serviceable to the material needs and to the higher culture of the great body of students. The grand present Memorial Hall (whose dedication is alluded to by Dr. Bellows in his sermon in this number of "The Review"), reared to commemorate the sons of Harvard who died for their country, and filled with the most impressive memorials of them and of the worthies of former generations, is opened for use as a dining hall by the students, under suitable regulations. It is impossible to estimate too highly the influence which must proceed to successive college generations from the constant association with such inspiring objects, appealing so persuadingly to the sense of honor and duty, in what is probably the most stately building of the kind in the world. Perhaps it is not too much to say that this is the greatest step which has yet been taken toward supplying exactly that element of culture which has hitherto been lacking in the training of American students, — the education of the sentiment of historic continuity, by quickening the tradition of intellectual and moral ancestry.

And the great boon of all this is, that it is American, in the sense that it is absolutely open to the poorest as well as the richest youth. The mistake is sometimes made of supposing that Harvard College is a sort of aristocratic nursery, and that young men of scanty means are not welcome there. If this were so, the loss to the future of the College itself would be irreparable; for, as the President of the College recently said well, "No institution of high instruction can afford to lose the young men who have nothing in the world to depend upon but their intelligence, determination, and ambition." The fact is, however, that there is probably not another institution of learning in the land where so many inducements are held out to youth of such a kind to share its privileges. Besides the advantages which only a great and ancient university can offer, in the ability and number of its corps of teachers, and in its libraries and collections, as well as in the indefinable aroma of intellectual life which is in the very air of an institution of

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learning having a grand history, — there are now so many scholarships awarded for merit alone (to say nothing of the loan funds that are available for needy students), that no young man of good abilities and good character, whatever his bareness of pecuniary resources, need doubt his power to work his way through Cambridge.

Of course, in a great college there are always many rich men's sons who will carry out in college life the free habits of expenditure which they learn at home. It would hardly be expedient to forbid their coming, simply because their fathers are well off, provided they do not misconduct themselves. The number of wealthy families in the country has immensely increased within a few years; and, in such, to send a son to college is a natural and laudable effort toward the culture which money alone cannot bring. But still in all our colleges, probably, the number of young men from families of moderate means increases in as great a proportion; and as a fact, Harvard, at any rate, is filled with the sons of what would be denominated in England "the middle class." And if they have some examples of lavish spending and luxurious living before their eyes to tempt them, it is only what they will have in the great world outside. The college is as good a place as any in which to begin to learn the wholesome lesson of independence and self-respect; and there is no community in the world in which these qualities under a plain coat are surer to win respect than in the microcosm of college life.

The best answer to the theory that Cambridge of necessity fosters expensive habits in the students, is to be found in the actual facts of the case; and we have been at the pains to obtain from the best authority an exact statement of the necessary expenditures of a Harvard undergraduate, who wishes to live as simply as possible, and yet with comfort. He can live, then, in a

Room, with a chum, in Hollis or Stoughton Hall, or the College House,	$30 00
Board in the Commons at Memorial Hall, 38 weeks (the College year), $4 00 per week,	152 00
The College bill for tuition, &c.,	150 00
Light, if he burns a kerosene student-lamp, will cost,	5 00
Coal, and wood (half of the fire), 4 tons at $8.00, and 4 feet of kindlings at $1.50,	19 00
Text-books will cost,	25 00
Washing, $1 00 per week,	38 00
	$419 00

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To these necessary expenses must be added the cost of clothes and traveling expenses in summer journeys, &c., which are purely voluntary expenditures, determined by the means, taste, and sense of the individual. The vacations may be spent in cheap ways, if not, as many do spend them, in earning money. A small additional item of expense is in the assessments for college clubs, most of which are very small, as their rooms are occupied rent free by the leading societies, — as the Institute of 1770, the Natural History Society, the Everett Athenæum, the Hasty-Pudding Club, and the religious societies of the Liberal Union and the Christian Brethren. It is safe to say that scores of students do not spend as much as six hundred dollars a year. And if it still be objected that this life costs more than it does in smaller colleges, or than it did in Cambridge a generation ago, it is safe to answer that it costs more because it is worth more, in the opportunities of broad and generous intellectual training, and not less, certainly, in those of training in character. It is the classes which grew up under the influences of but a few years ago which sent from a third to a half of their number to our war, and filled the chief part of the pages of the Harvard Memorial Biographies with their grand story of valor and self-sacrifice.

The best answer, too, it seems to us, which can be made to much of the loose talk which is frequently heard nowadays in favor of what is called "a national university," is to be found in considering the conditions under which the really strong universities in this country, Harvard and Yale, have risen to their eminence as a part of the historic life of the land, taught by generations of men who have grown up in them and feel a filial pride in their success, and with their business affairs administered by careful men who for generations have been appointed to the trust solely because of their fitness for it. The contrast is certainly not inspiring, which is presented to this picture by the vision of an institution organized to imitate the state establishment of Berlin, for example, but which must be administered by a government lacking all the characteristics which qualify the Germans for that work, and especially lacking the characteristics of permanence and culture. When our civil service is purged and made decent, it will be time enough to consider the fitness of our political lead-

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ers to organize what is far more difficult, — a great national institution of learning. Just at present it seems to be a peculiarly unsuitable time for urging such a plan, in view of the emphatic condemnation which the people of this country have recently pronounced upon the men who would at any time within the last ten years have had the ordering of such an institution.

OF THINGS AT HOME.

The Universalist-Unitarian Conference at the West is quite a marked event in the history of the two denominations, and we trust it will be followed up by an increased good-will and fellowship on the part of both. "The Liberal Worker," a new paper started in Wisconsin for the purpose of promoting religious unity, has given very interesting reports of the Conference, which our readers have probably seen.

We are glad to see that our own religious papers are taking up the cause of the Indians, by desiring to aid in sending out a delegation to confer with them. Our friends of "The Index," we believe, were among the first to herald the public meeting which took place; and perhaps it is owing to their movements that women were put on the committee as well as men, for which step we feel grateful, both as an indication of the sign of the times, and also for the practical advantage which we think will arise from the working of both sexes upon the mind of the Indian.

The different denominations are undoubtedly each doing their work, but their operations are not combined, their influence is local, and we need some general demonstration which shall represent the moral force of the entire country, and the determination on the part of the community that a stop shall be put to the incessant inroads of the gold-seekers upon soil solemnly set apart for the Indian by the United States government. The insatiable grasp of civilization also comes nearer and nearer to the poor savage, but it comes often to "destroy and not fulfill," through the greed of low-minded adventurers, who hold the life of an Indian no better than that of a dog. The white settlers, too, on the borders of Kansas, we regret to hear, are reckless and revengeful in killing their poor neighbors at the least provocation. We

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trust this delegation carries with it the good will of all the best minds among us, and also a generous contribution of money to defray the necessary expenses. "The Index" gives us a valuable letter from Mr. G. W. Conway, late superintendent of education in Louisiana. The letter, we believe, first appeared in "The Tribune." It is interesting to hear from one, on the vexed question of schools at the South, who has had experience there, and who does not appear to be under any determined bias or theory at the outset. He was evidently studying into the question, looking at causes, comparing results, and verifying his conclusions by actual observations, gathered from his every day experience. He comes to the opinion that political prejudices are at the bottom of all the bitter oppositions to schools containing both black and white children. The opponents of the Civil-Rights Bill cannot point to a single instance of schools being failures on account of their receiving children of both colors. In Louisiana, where the question has been well tested from 1868 to 1872, no one could affirm that the experiment was not successful, as Mr. Conway could prove during the period of his own supervision of schools. He goes on to narrate a little of his experience in a manner which ought to convince any fair-minded person that the writer is honest, candid, and desirous of getting at the real truth. We quote a portion of his letter: —

"When the question was boiled down to a very nice point, and when I was carefully reflecting as to the wisdom of excluding any of the colored applicants to our schools because of their color, I must confess that it was a serious matter; the more so for this reason: Admitting, for argument's sake, that a black child might better be excluded from a white school, what was I to do with children who were half white and half black? Again, what was to be done with those applicants who were three-quarters white and one-quarter black? Again, thinking of the future, I said, 'If I exclude these children now, then I help put upon them and their posterity a brand of disgrace which has its birth in wrong, which is at war with the spirit of equality that inspired the makers of the Declaration of Independence, and, above all, one so utterly in conflict with the spirit and teachings of Christianity as to render me unworthy of my opportunities and responsibilities, and deserving only of the contempt of all just men if I were guilty of it.' With these thoughts and feelings I issued an order, through the newspapers, to the effect that from a certain date all the public schools should be open to the children of the various districts, regardless of race, color, or previous condition.

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On the publication of this order, I was advised to leave the State of Louisiana. In one day I received as many as one hundred written notices to the effect that unless I left I would be assassinated: and one letter contained a picture of my coffin. This intimidation did not move me.

"The day came for the opening of the schools. As expected, the colored children came with books in hand. The whites were ahead of them. Seeing the colored children admitted, the white pupils all left. (I speak now of those schools where this test was made.) I sat in my cab anxiously beholding the result of my own course. For awhile I confess I was full of sorrow. I thought I had been guilty of an indiscretion which bordered closely on crime, and yet I felt as if I was squarely meeting an issue imposed upon me by my oath of office. Well, the white pupils left, and the colored ones took their places. This was the result one day.

"Now for another aspect of the case. The day on which this took place, I saw, at the close of school hours, the children who had left and those who took their places — the whites and the blacks — playing together, as usual, on the green under the wide-spreading live-oaks. This sight prompted me to ask some of the white pupils why they ran away from school in the morning? The answer was, 'Our parents told us to leave if colored children were admitted.' Then I asked, 'Why do you play with colored children?' The answer was, 'Because we want to — we do so all the time.' This convinced me that there was really no antagonism between the children of the two races except that which sprang from older persons, who were possessed of the bitter prejudices derived from slavery first, and from the war subsequently. The next day came, with the excitement somewhat abated; and then, very soon, the whites seeing no prospect of a change of policy, sent their children back to school, and the year actually closed with a larger number of white pupils in the schools than ever before."

In keeping with this subject we will mention an interesting letter which we have read in "The Christian Recorder," the African Methodist Organ, upon Liberia, written by Prof. E. W. Blyden, a colored man of culture and ability, who has resided there for more than twenty years, laboring in the cause of education. He speaks of the first great political change in the colony, when they declared their independence of the whites, with a just pride in the capacity of his race for self-government. But the energies of the best young men of the country were drawn away from questions of education and reform, from the natural intensity with which they threw themselves into the political arena. Although those young men had widened their experience and en-

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larged the horizon of their view, outside causes have suffered from the first flush of their success in establishing a government. Religion had declined, the aborigines of Africa were being neglected, and he calls upon the Methodist Church to renew her zeal and send out laborers. He thinks there is great need of the white element in Liberia, of thoroughly educated, able, and religious white men. His whole letter proves the natural connection of this subject with the Southern wants of our country, and shows how the early contact of the blacks with the whites would kill out all antagonism, and act favorably upon the general development of both races.

REV. DR. EDDY.

It is good to look over the calendar of our brethren in other communions, and see how the loved names are also fading away from their list, and shed tears with them, although we know God will send forth more laborers into his harvest. We have been much impressed with the closing hours of this devout man, who was taken almost while at work in the Vineyard of Christ, and who was so warm and eager to be at his post, that, when the summons came from the Angel of Death, he was slow to believe it possible that he should be taken, — he who so loved his calling, and saw the fields all around him white for the harvest. Yet, when his mind fairly took in the overwhelming thought, nothing could be more beautiful than the sweetness and docility with which he accepted the truth. The accounts of his last hours are so interesting that we quote them from "The Christian Advocate." They are given by a friend, who was at his bedside. Such records as these among the ranks of our brethren around us, lead us to feel that we are not "strangers and foreigners" to each other, but "fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God."

"Sunday, midnight, October 4, Dr. Eddy's physicians advised me that he must die, and suggested that I should impart this information to him, which I did as best I could. He received the intelligence with great calmness, but said he thought his medical attendants must be mistaken. His exact words were as follows: 'Clinton, it does not seem possible that this can be my fatal illness. There is too much work to be done that I must accomplish. I am just in the prime of life. I know how to work for Jesus, and I love to work for his cause. Does it not

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seem strange that I should be called home from the vineyard when there are so many laggards in the field whitening for the harvest? Nevertheless, God's will be done. If I am to die now, there are certain items of business I must adjust. Sit down here with the family and I will dictate my wishes.'

"After deliberately disposing of his every interest in this world, he dismissed all thought of his earthly affairs, and summoned us to prayer at his bedside, in which service he was himself the most fervent. In the most touching manner he spoke to each member of his family present, and left messages of love and earnest words of invitation to holy living for absent ones. From this hour — 2 A. M. on Monday morning — until daylight, the scene in the chamber of this good man was impressively solemn, and his golden words would make a volume. He left messages for his associate secretaries, for his Conference (Baltimore), for the Missionary Society, and the church at large. Speaking of his life-work, he said: 'I have no regret that my life has been spent in holding up Jesus to my fellow-men as their Saviour. Preaching Christ is the only work which brings sweet, perpetual contentment. Dying is a fact — that takes care of itself. Faith in the great hereafter, through Christ, is my strength. I am now in a most sweet state of mind, nearing the gates. Tarry not, O Lord, but come now.

'Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home — sweet, sweet home;
Oh, how sweet it will be there to meet
The dear ones, all at home.'"

"At five o'clock Monday morning the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered by Dr. Chapman. The entire household, visitors, attendants, and servants, were summoned to his room. As Dr. Chapman was beginning the communion service, Dr. Eddy sat up in his bed, looked around the room, and said, 'Wait: tell Annie to come, too.' (Annie is the colored cook, and was a great favorite of the doctor's.) Annie was specially called, and on her arrival at the bedside the most impressive communion service I ever witnessed began.

"For more than an hour of his last night he uninterruptedly spoke of the great needs of the church, and the imperative demands upon our Missionary Society to take advanced ground. 'Forward is the word — no falling back; we must take the world for Christ. Say so to our people. God calls us louder than thunder on the dome of the sky; the Lord strikes the hour; we must throw down our gold in the presence of God. Amen.'

"More than a score of times he called upon us who stood beside him to see to it that the church be roused to its plain duty to possess the

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world for the Master. His face was beautiful, as the light of the gates of the celestial city flashed upon him.

"One very pleasing incident, before losing power of speech, was that of stretching his hands over the heads of his weeping family and pronouncing the benediction. How emphatic were the words, 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be upon, and abide with you, evermore. Amen.'"

M. P. L.

OF THINGS ABROAD.

The Episcopal Congress at Brighton, England seems to have been a very interesting occasion. We do not know whether there is anything in the nature of a "Congress" which makes it more valuable to religious thought than Synods or Conventions, among our Episcopal friends, but certain it is, that in both England and America there has been a freedom and largeness of discussion in the Congresses not to be found in the Conventions. It is probably owing to the voluntary character of the former, and the consciousness on the part of every one that he can speak his mind without officially committing his brethren, or making the church responsible for what he says as an individual. The gay watering place at Brighton was overrun with the English clergy and many zealous and philanthropic men and women. The sessions of the Congress were held under the Royal Pavilion. This building was built for George, Prince Regent. It is Eastern in style, covered with domes, and underneath is the grand concert room, where the meetings took place. The Bishop of Chichester presided, and made a very happy opening speech. The topics for discussion were "The Old Catholic Movement," "Home" and "Foreign Missions," "Education," "Church Choirs," the Ritual Question, "Recreation," "Skepticism;" "Spiritual Life," and many other subjects. About four thousand persons assembled to hear the accounts of the Old Catholic Congress from Dean Howson and Dr. Nevin of this country and others. The subject of church patronage was taken up at another time, and Bishop Wordsworth read a paper on the propriety of lessening the number of church livings. Several English lords spoke in favor of retaining the present system of patronage, while the lawyers present were desirous of abolishing it, and carried a good deal of popular opinion with them. A paper on skepticism was read in response to Prof.

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Westcott's attack, and an answer was also given to Prof. Tyndall by Prof. Prichard. Dr. Hayman, the late head-master of Rugby, made an infelicitous speech, with personal attacks upon Dr. Arnold and Dean Stanley, which were looked upon as in very bad taste at least by the audience. Some thoughtful papers on "The Spiritual Life" were given, and several other fine speeches. The Patriarch of Syria was a distinguished guest at all the meetings. This allusion to the Syrian Patriarch leads us to quote a very amusing passage from "The Pall-Mall Gazette," in regard to his Reverence and the Athanasian creed: —

"Some very curious anomalies sometimes come from the keeping on of forms for ages after their meaning has been forgotten. Thus all orthodox members of the Church of England stand up thirteen times in the year to declare, not only that certain large classes of people are in error, not only that their spiritual state is dangerous, but that every one who belongs to any of those classes shall, without doubt, perish everlastingly. Yet when any member of one of those classes appears in the flesh, he is always greeted as a specially beloved spiritual brother. We do not know when the Archbishop of Canterbury last repeated the Athanasian Creed, but it appears from elaborate accounts in more than one newspaper that he has been lately fraternizing in things spiritual with one of those whom, whenever he last did so, he pronounced to be beyond all hope of salvation. We are far from blaming him for so doing. What we do blame, or rather what we wonder at, is something quite different. It is quite certain that the Archbishop of Canterbury would not have dealt with any prelate of the Roman Catholic Church as he has just been dealing with the Jacobite or Monophysite Patriarch from Syria. Yet no member or minister of the English Church is bound to assert or to believe that the Pope or any of his followers are beyond the pale of salvation; while all who go through the whole course of her yearly services must thirteen times make that frightful assertion of all who believe as the Syrian Patriarch believes. The truth is that the great mass of the anathemas in the Athanasian Creed are read over without any one really thinking against whom those anathemas were denounced. People do not remember that when they are uttering them they are pronouncing the condemnation of whole churches and nations with whom they have no kind of quarrel, whom many of them know nothing about, and whom many make a special point of treating with peculiar friendliness. People do not remember that what they are really doing is to pronounce the eternal condemnation of all who belong to the ancient national churches of Armenia, Syria and Egypt, and that it is by no means clear that the anathema does not further extend to the Orthodox Churches of Russia, Greece, and the rest of the East. Now if what we are called upon to

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do were to curse the Pope, large congregations would doubtless be found to go through the ceremony with a hearty good-will. But nobody has the slightest interest in cursing the Greeks, the Copts, or the Chaldees. Yet we have no form provided for cursing the Pope, whom we look on as an enemy. But we have an elaborate form for cursing the Copts and the Chaldees, and perhaps the Greeks also, whom no one looks on as spiritual enemies, while many look on them as spiritual friends engaged in the common warfare against Rome. In short, in this matter of anathemas, we are much in the same case as David when Joab charged him with loving his enemies and hating his friends. Let no one think for a moment that we wish the Pope to be cursed: we had much rather not curse anybody whatever. We only wish to point out the singular anomally that we do not curse those whom a great many of us would have a hearty pleasure in cursing, while we do curse those whom no one has the faintest wish to curse."

We have only space to allude to the "Congregational Union," which took place of late among the Dissenters. Mr. Rogers, the chairman of the meeting, made a calm, clear, and dignified statement of the wants of Dissenters, their disadvantages, their weaknesses, and their great opportunities.

THE OLD CATHOLICS.

The fourth annual Congress of the Old Catholics, held at Freiburg, has proved a very stirring occasion. Bishop Reinkhens was present, having been traveling over the country confirming believers, encouraging the faithful; and, in his opening speech, he declared that he might say he represented more than a hundred thousand Germans. The object of his work, he said, was "to take away everything that stood between the soul and God." One day he had a large audience of three thousand persons to hear him. He announced some of the broadest principles of Christianity. He said, "The Church of God is one, but it is not confined by one creed. Her unity is that of the Spirit through the bond of peace. The heart of Jesus Christ is not confined. All who do after their consciences are united to him, though it may be that they have never been baptized, or have never heard the gospel." Pasteur Harsler spoke of the different religions, as all having for their object to bring man to God, and Christianity had the highest place, because the longing of the heart, "Thou shalt love, was only satisfied by the religion of Christ." Von Schulte

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described Old Catholicism as "an effort for liberty of conscience," and Huber, from Munich, spoke of their system as being "truly religious and truly free." He said, also, "if the people would go with them, Christianity would be again built out of its ruins." This speech received great applause. The Chairman concluded the meeting by addressing the foreign representatives, saying that the Old Catholics returned their greeting, and "looked upon all who could kneel and say with them, 'Our Father, who art in heaven,' as their brethren in Christ." Bishop Reinkhens' tour seems to have been heralded in the provinces by torch-light processions, ringing of bells, and many demonstrations of joy. The Conference at Bonn followed soon after, under the presidency of Dr. Dollinger. He and the Bishop declared themselves in favor of the validity of the orders of the Anglican Church. The Bishop of Pittsburg thanked Dr. Dollinger, on behalf of the American Church, for their expressions of sympathy, and said that his share in the meeting of the Conferences would be remembered as one of the grandest recollections of his life. We have heard somewhere that the Old Catholics were thinking of renouncing the word "Old," and adopting the term "Liberal." We hope they will not be so unwise as that. The term "Old" they have a right to use, as they are returning to the liberty of the primitive church, and it satisfies the conservative feeling of the masses. If our Unitarian forefathers had been able to preserve some name equivalent to this, instead of selecting a new name, we think they would have carried a much larger portion with them in the farming towns of New England. We have no wish to exterminate our good Orthodox brethren; but it would have been better for the world to have had the division of parties more equal. The term "Old" might with propriety have been taken by us, as in many ways we also were returning to the liberty of our Pilgrim Fathers, who, in the words of John Robinson, declared that more truth was yet to break forth from God's Word. But numbers and names are nothing, compared with the invisible power which we believe has gone forth from our little band to enlighten the other churches of Christ.

M. P. L.

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REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Recent Theological Publications in Germany.

1. Eberhard Schrader is now by general consent at the head of Assyrian scholars and interpreters. And no work of his has aroused more curiosity and been more extolled, not only in Germany, but in France and England, than the "Alt-babylonische Epos" which he has deciphered, and which he entitles "Istar's Journey in Hell (die Hoellenfahrt Istar's). Istar is the Assyrian Astarte, or Venus, and she seeks the lost Adonis in the underworld. The poem has not only philological importance, as showing the structure of the Assyrian tongue, but it throws light on comparative Semitic mythology. Historically, it has less value. Very few critics, of course, are competent to pronounce upon the accuracy of Schrader's rendering.

2. Sooner or later, every Biblical scholar must undertake to expound the doctrine of the Apostle to the Gentiles. It is pity that the learning and patience of Superintendent Hermann Opitz, exhibited in his octavo of three hundred and ninety-five pages (das System des Paulus nach seinen Briefen dargestellt), has not produced better fruit. The centre of Paul's teaching, as we have it here, is *salvation;* and Herr Opitz aims to make this clear: first, by showing what salvation is; second, by reviewing its history among heathens as well as Jews; and third, in the demonstration of its moral character. Yet he is not able to say any new words on these fertile themes. He accepts all the Pauline letters as genuine, though his references are mostly taken from the four that are unquestioned. In spite of excellent fragmentary remarks, as an exegesis of the Pauline system, the book is a failure.

3. A more extraordinary work on the Pauline doctrine is that of the Catholic Joseph Wieser (Pauli Apostoli doctrina de justificatione ex fide sine operibus, et ex fide operante biblico-dogmatice discussa et illustrata). As a polemic work, it has merit, and it certainly discredits the Lutheran theory. But it neglects the main source of Paul's plea, the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ, and reasons only from isolated texts, which, however carefully examined, cannot be decisive tests of doctrine. Herr Wieser's view is more reasonable than the view of Luther, but it is not the view of Paul himself. In-

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deed, no loyal Catholic can adopt the Pauline doctrine as it is found in Paul's letters.

4. Dr. Ferdinand Piper's book, biographies of the "Witnesses of the Truth" (die Zeugen der Wahrheit), is very convenient for use, as it gives these in calendar form, associating them with the days of the year. In this first volume, of eight hundred and twenty pages, there is a vast amount of information. But the author makes the mistake of supposing that the saints are all ecclesiastics, and that lay biographies have not much to do with the Lord's work upon the earth. He confounds, too, legend with history, treats all the Biblical personages as historical, and even makes Adam and Eve edifying witnesses to the heavenly life. The reader must separate good wheat from mock chaff.

5. Dr. Henry Ernest Bindseil's edition of the letters of Philip Melanchthon leaves, as the French say, nothing to be desired. The notes and historic explanations are adequate, and the text is nearly faultless. The larger part of the five hundred and eighty-five documents have been printed before, but the one hundred and forty-five marked with an asterisk are new in this edition. The letters are not all written by the Reformer. Some are partly written by others and signed by him; some are written *to* him; and some are written *about* him or his opinions, and so bear upon the story of the man and his time. The chronological order is kept. The volume has more that six hundred large octavo pages.

6. The Humanists, so called, were the rationalists of the sixteenth century. Of late years, it has been a passion of German writers to restore these neglected names to their proper fame. The latest attempt in this kind is by Adalbert Horawitz, who, by ransacking all the great German libraries from Vienna to Gottingen, has brought out a mass of detail about the life and teaching of the martyred priest Caspar Bruschius. The volume is valuable, not only as biography, but for the pictures which it gives of towns and cities and of the schools of the time. Horawitz is not an undiscriminating eulogist, but shows the shade along with the light in the life of his hero.

7. In the work of biography filial piety is often an aid, while it is sometimes a blind and a hindrance. What Dr. Theodore Kolde writes of his famous ancestor, the Chancellor Brueck, is at once judicious and sympathetic. He shows the great part that this statesman played in the rise of the Reformation, and especially at the Augsburg Diet, and in the forming of the Confession. Full justice, nevertheless, is done to the work of the ecclesiastics, while the secular

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side of the Reform is brought into bolder relief. The title of the book is "der Kanzler Brueck und seine Bedeutung für die Entwicklung der Reformation."

8. A singular chapter of autobiography is that of Dr. Karl Albert, Freiherr von Reichlin Meldegg (das Leben eines ehemaligen römisch Katholischen Priesters). It reveals many strange things in the education of the Romish priesthood, and the strict rule and tyranny of Catholic seminaries. The writer broke with the Roman Church because he found the doctrine of celibacy intolerable; and he has been for years professor of philosophy in Heidelberg. His book contains personal sketches and remembrances of leading scholars in Germany, both Catholic and Protestant. It is anecdotic and scrappy, and shows an old man as the author.

9. "Lehrnst Rom kennen" is the war cry of an anonymous enthusiast who professes to rouse the German people against the wiles of the modern Babylon. Yet the real drift of his book is almost that of a Catholic partizan and of a Jesuit in disguise. He discovers in the Calvinists and the philosophers the worst foes of the German religion, and is free in vituperations. Hegel leads to self-worship; Humboldt is a conceited egotist, without patriotism or piety. Such Lutheranism as this is nearer to Rome than to reason, and it denies the grand principle of Protestantism. The call is a "false alarm."

10. A specially interesting book is the story of missions in South Africa as Herr Dr. Wangemann tells it in his pleasant volumes (Geschichte der Berliner Missionsgeselschaft under ihrer Arbeiten in Süd Afrika). Herr Wangemann is more than our American Dr. Anderson, as he not only tells about the missionary work, but describes well the physical and social peculiarities of the regions that he has visited. His first volume is as published four or five years ago, and is now followed by two more, which describe the Koranna land and the country of the Kaffirs. These lands are unpromising soil for Christian missionaries; and the quiet and plodding Germans stand less chance than the more enterprising "angels" of the Anglo Saxon race, who occupy the ground. But the report is hopeful, and the Berliners are satisfied with their scant success.

11. Robert von Schlagintweit, the survivor of a famous traveling family of brothers, varies his tale of Asiatic tribes and mountains by an account of Utah and its singular people (die Mormonen oder die Heiligen von jüngsten Tage von ihrer Entstehung bis auf die Gegenwart). His history is drawn from trustworthy sources, and has fewer mistakes than English writers usually make. The pictures of the

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book help to make the story attractive. One of the queerest is the fac-simile of the new Mormon Alphabet, in which the prophet proposes to print the literature of the saints, and which, as he once informed us, is in the end to be the sole and universal alphabet of the race of man.

12. That skillful archæologist and scholar, Dr. H. Holtzmann, in an ingenious book ("Die Ansiedelung des Christenthums in Rom") brings the ruins and churches and monuments of the Eternal City into a story of the growth and development of Christianity there. He only applies to the Christian story the method of J. J. Ampère in his interpretation of the classic busts and statues, — a method from which great historical gain may come.

13. A book which has made a great sensation in Germany, of late, is the explantion of Kaulbach's great picture, by Prof. Zingiebl (Peter Arbues und die Spanische Inquisiton). Arbues was one of the great masters in tormenting heretics; yet he has been canonized, and is a saint of the Church. Zingiebl is an "Old Catholic," an associate of Huber and Doellinger. His book will be translated into English, and will interest English as well as German readers.

14. We mention, in addition, as a literary curiosity, though not properly a theological book, the translation of Shakespeare's play of "Othello" into the Hebrew tongue, by G. E. S., to which Peter Smolensky has added a critical introduction of thirty-two pages, also in Hebrew. It is amusing to read the passionate dialogues of the Moor and Iago and Desdemona in the phrase of Job and the Pentateuch. More in this kind is promised.

15. A book that is English in form and language, but German in its minute and thorough investigation, is the work of Mr. John W. Nutt, "The Fragments of a Samaritan Targum," edited from a Bodleian manuscript, with an introduction containing a sketch of Samaritan history, dogma, and literature. Of this we hope to say more hereafter.

Geometry and Faith. A Fragmentary Supplement to the Ninth Bridgewater Treatise. By Thomas Hill. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1874.

All who read Dr. Hill's little book when it first appeared, twenty-five years ago, will be glad to see this new and enlarged edition. They will be pleased both with what is old and what is new: with the first as showing that so long a time of study and thought has not impaired his confidence in the truth of his views and the validity of

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his reasoning; and with the rest as showing that science in its progress unfolds to the thoughtful believer new illustrations and proofs of his faith. They will recognize the same absolute intellectual conscientiousness now as in the former edition, which is a marked trait in all of Dr. Hill's productions, and which makes the reader sure that no sentence is written merely to dazzle or startle, but with the most careful endeavor to express the writer's simple thought and conviction. Dr. Hill's movement makes one think of that of a solid body of infantry, while that of the common run of writers, on the more fashionable side, seems like the dash and glitter of light horse troops, half blinding by the flash of their armor, and half hidden by the dust they raise. There is no waste in this little book, — a good thing for the reader who cares more for mental food than for entertainment.

It is not a treatise, but a series of essays, only slightly connected, though all bearing upon one point, — namely, the identity of certain purely mental conceptions of man with laws found to be embodied or illustrated in the works of creation. It is chiefly with ideas of space and time Dr. Hill deals, hence the title of his book. Geometry is the science of the divisions of space, but these divisions do not exist in nature. They are purely mental ideas and conceptions. Yet sometimes natural forms suggest them so distinctly as to show the presence of the same intellectual conception in the maker. On the other hand, sometimes men devise *a priori* such forms, study their nature and laws, and then afterward it is found that these same ideas and laws have been embodied or illustrated in natural facts.

We are naturally pleased with symmetrical forms, and those that have an obvious regularity not symmetrical, yet suggestive of symmetry. With a natural conviction that there is a meaning in such forms that is capable of intelligible statement, men study them to ascertain the mathematical law embodied in them, then to find the mechanical law by which they are formed, and so are gained our practical and economical knowledge of the things about us. It is a tacit assumption that the same laws of thought rule in nature and in our minds.

No conception can be more purely ideal than that of the extreme and mean ratio, so called, since it represents a ratio which no means known to us enables us to reach. We can only express it by successive approximations. But we find in nature two embodiments of such a series: one in space, or geometrical, — namely, the various arrangements of leaves about the growing stem; the other, algebraic, in the relative periods of revolution of the planets about the sun. Economic reasons for these respective compliances with an abstract mathemat-

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ical law have been suggested. Inasmuch as the grace and beauty of vegetation is largely due to the observance of this law, Dr. Hill suggests that in some way perfect or ideal beauty is wrapt up in this to us unattainable ratio.

Symmetry in time is either rhythm or harmony, and the mind is as naturally pleased with it as with symmetry of form. But the mind had been conscious of delight in tones and colors ages before it was discovered that tones and colors are results of rhythm too rapid to be recognized as such.

The conception of number is purely mental, and the human mind has always found delight in studying relations of number, ascribing to them mysterious powers. Nature sets before us instances of the smaller numbers: unity in the individual, duality in the sexes and the balanced parts of the body, triplicity in the three dimensions of solids and the triple constitution of our own being. The points of the compass are four, the fingers five. Thus she fosters man's love of the ideas of number; but only the science of chemistry, within the past century, has revealed the wide use of the numbers two and three in composing all the vast variety of substances around us.

The calculus is not merely the product of the mind, but of the mind in its most abstract operations. Yet with the calculus, the man of science walks through all the range of natural creation, and finds his instrument universally applicable to explain the more mysterious operations and laws of the universe, and ever as he increases the range and subtilty of his mathematical formulæ and reasonings, he finds new mysteries to which his new inventions are the key. If the physicist says that the mathematics are only a key to the science of things, the mathematician rejoins that it is more like the truth to say that the visible universe is only a set of models and diagrams to illustrate the purely spiritual realities of mathematics.

We pass over the chapters on motion, and those which aim to turn the truths of motion to a practical and spiritual use. A part of them have appeared recently in our pages, and of the rest it would be difficult to give an abstract. Different minds will differently estimate the value of reasonings which turn on points so purely abstract that the reader is in danger of being confused before he gets to the application, or of losing the moral lesson in the mental curiosity. The argument is similar to that in the little book called "The Stars and the Earth," and the objection to both is one,—namely, that the moral quality of actions does not lie in their physical character, and can neither be seen nor felt.

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The last, and to us one of the most interesting chapters, is on the law of chances. It may be one of the Creator's methods to act on multitudes where the result aimed at is not dependent on that which befalls any individual, as in forming the glaciers of innumerable snow-flakes, and securing the perpetuity of a species by a vast surplus of germs to compensate for a low average chance of the individual's survival. We must suppose in the case of those animals that deposit an immense number of eggs, a foresight of and allowance for a great variety of adverse circumstances, to guard against the respective dangers of the extinction of the species on the one side, and on the other of its increase to such an extent as to extinguish all others.

The evolutionist may reply that the chances for and against the survival of the individual are not a fixed amount, but diminish when the number of individuals is lessened, so as to counteract the tendency to extinction; and increase, when the number of individuals increase so as to counteract the tendency to a fatal multiplication: but the theist rejoins that in this sliding scale of checks and encouragements is revealed only one more instance of those thoughts of God for his creatures, which are more in number than the sand.

With this imperfect analysis, we commend to our readers a work, the full value of which can only be known by careful and thoughtful study.

Christianity and Science. A series of lectures delivered in New York, in 1874, on the Ely Foundation, &c. By Andrew P. Peabody, D.D., LL.D., &c. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 282.

We rise refreshed from reading these ten lectures, and invigorated, as one who has revisited his native mountains. They constitute a brief, attractive, interesting, yet scholarly, thorough, and logical defense of our Christian faith; meeting the latest forms of unbelief with strong argument, but with perfect fairness and courtesy, — unless a few touches of delicate, yet caustic irony, be deemed uncourteous. The title is somewhat misleading, for the discussion of the scientific problems occupies an insignificant portion of the volume. In the first lecture he shows that human science is built upon human testimony, — no observer, and no mathematician, ever verifying all his data for himself; so that it is not a weakness of Christianity that it is built on testimony. Five lectures are then given to an admirable discussion of the testimony of the apostles, and of the objections usually brought by modern skeptics to accepting the truth of their accounts. Nothing can be finer than the way in which Dr. Peabody

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brings the recondite learning of the biblical critic, and of the metaphysician, into a form intelligible and attractive to an unlearned reader, without impairing the demonstrative force of their reasoning.

Three lectures are then occupied with a discussion of the experimental proof of the truth of Christianity, the value of the experiments being tested by the canons of the inductive logic; and the tenth lecture closes the discussion by showing that the doctrines of Christianity, alone of all religions, become, after long practical acquaintance with them, so clear to the inward vision as to be with difficulty distinguished from intuition, — which is considered as the crowning test of the great scientific generalizations. Two of the forms of argument concerning the testimony of the apostles are put into legal form, and we have heard three gentlemen of the legal profession, who heard the author deliver them, speak with great delight of the simple and satisfactory way in which he states the common sense ground of the statute of limitations, and applies it to the question of the evidences; and of the accuracy and force with which he argues from the fact that the earliest arguments against the authority of Christ were of the nature of demurrers.

We were about to mention two other points which had impressed us still more forcibly; but as we glance over the volume, to refresh our memory, we see so much which is elegantly and forcibly put, that we hesitate whether to speak of any one passage lest we should seem to do injustice to the rest. In our own mind, however, Dr. Peabody's argument to show that miracles are needed to ensure nature's accomplishment of her greatest ends, is peculiarly impressive. We have heard one of the great physicists of the times say the same thing, and are glad to find it so well stated here. Another very impressive argument is that at the close of the sixth lecture, — that so far from the evidence of the resurrection of Christ being weakened by time, it grows stronger through the ages.

The notes at the end of the volume make an interesting addition, but by an oversight of the proof-reader the references to all after H. are wrong. The one other blemish that we have perceived in the volume is a slight omission in one of the arguments, p. 117, in which the author replies to the objection, that it is incredible that, in the press and throng of habitable worlds, our earth should be specially signalized by the grand theophany of the Incarnation, by asking, Who knows that it is specially signalized? We think he might well have added, and who knows that there are other habitable worlds? Mod-

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ern astronomy is making that point more doubtful than it was, — it may be that we are the only intelligences clothed in material robes.

Sermons and Songs of the Christian Life. By Edmund H. Sears. Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co. 1875. Price, $2,00.

The writings of Dr. Sears do not need to be made known to the readers of this journal. The rare spiritual insight, the poetic beauty of diction, the glowing Christian faith, which have given him so high a place among the religious teachers of our time, characterize this choice volume in abundant measure, and will make it a chosen companion of the best hours of the best souls. The nineteen sermons which it contains are parted from each other by poems of different length, whose interlude comes in like the hymns or organ-notes in a religious service. Among these twenty-three poems are some which have already sung themselves into countless hearts, like the two exquisite Christmas hymns, and that touching poem "Little Willie's waking up," and others which are new friends, but bear the poet's sure impress. We have taken special pleasure in that entitled "Chambers of Imagery," which is full of memories of a day spent by the author among Wordsworth's chosen haunts. A beautiful Vesper Hymn by Miss Scudder finds a congenial home among these devout breathings.

The sermons stand apart from and above controversy, though clear and strong on all points of question which come into the course of their discussions. But they deal with the highest spiritual themes, touching the great Christian days, "and the Christian life and experience which grow from a living apprehension of the system of truth which rests upon them," and so they enter into the still places of communion with the eternal verities, where Christians of whatever name come near together. In a noble plea in his preface, the author indicates and vindicates the method which he has pursued of loyalty to his own branch of the church, not so much by drifting on its surface-currents of prevalent opinion, but by going down into the deep places where the tides of God are felt and followed, — a method for which his own denomination owes him much and is grateful to him.

We had intended to anticipate the religious refreshment which we trust that few of our readers will fail to find in this volume, but are compelled by the limits of our space to defer a fuller consideration of it until the next number of this journal. In these days, which are sometimes said to be given over to sensational preaching, there is unmingled comfort in turning to these eloquent and lofty meditations,

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and in knowing that by such preaching as this some of our congregations are built up in faith and hope and love.

Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith. By Alfred P. Putnam, D.D. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

We call attention from advance sheets, to this forthcoming interesting collection, prepared by Dr. Putnam of Brooklyn. His main object has been to show how the Liberal Faith has expressed itself in song and poetry, and what contributions it has made to this store of the church's literature. The work includes the names of over seventy of our American Liberal writers, giving a biographical sketch of each, selections of their best hymns or brief religious poems, besides a variety of notes illustrative of the selections. The list of authors cover a wide range in belief, from Andrews Norton to Theodore Parker and his followers. These pages are enriched by numerous sacred memories which will be welcome to our readers and our churches.

The volume will be an appropriate gift-book for Christmas and the New Year.

Christianity the Science of Manhood. A Book for Questioners. By Minot Judson Savage. Third Edition. Pp. 186. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875. Price, $1.50.

With the author's transfer from Chicago to a Boston pulpit, this thoughtful and earnest argument for a Christianity which is spirit and life comes also with a Boston imprint upon its new edition. In the September and October number of "The Monthly Religious Magazine" for 1873, the attention of our readers was so fully called to it, in detail, that we need now only repeat the hearty commendation of it then given. The author's preface to the present edition mentions as a significant "sign of the times," that it received as cordial a welcome on its first appearance among the Orthodox body, to which he then belonged, as among Liberal Christians. It should receive it still; for its noble plea goes deeper than any differences of the sects, to the essential heart of Christianity and the living power that is in Jesus Christ. We trust that in many more editions it will reach readers who need to be strengthened in faith or in charity.

Owing to the pressure upon our pages, the usual list of publications received and reviews of a number of books are postponed until the January number.

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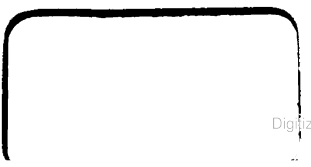

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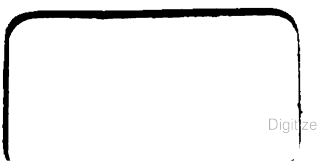

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